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MY BROTHER'S FACE

I. 'MAHATMA GANDHIKI JAI'

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It is the unwritten law of every Hindu that he shall revisit the place of his birth at least once in twelve years. Did our sages formulate this law from a profound knowledge of the soul's need? I cannot say; but it is true that I, a Brahman, after many years of wandering in foreign lands, grew conscious of a longing for my home, which reached its climax in very nearly twelve years after my departure from India. I had spent hard outcast years in America, followed by years when I was admitted within the precincts of Western caste; I had traveled in England, France, and Norway, and had felt everywhere a deepening fellowship with men; but instead of lessening, these human contacts intensified the emptiness that surged within me.

Was this because I read in the eyes turned to mine some reflection of my own poverty of soul? Was it that Western men and women were seeking, though perhaps unconsciously, a freedom of the spirit from the burdens heaped upon it by a century of progress? Then in a flash it came to me that I might find in the age-old peace of India some balm of healing for other minds as well as for my own.

One day in the winter of 1920-21, as I was mounting the lecture platform of New York City's Town Hall, I looked into the faces of my audience and into my own heart, and found with consternation that I was a man without a message. Then through confusion came the clear summons, 'Go to India, and at the feet of Holiness renew thy spirit!'

So, almost literally with the begging bowl, I set forth upon the ancient pilgrimage of my race in search of Holiness.

I

India at last! The hills of the Western Ghats gleamed so intensely emerald that it hurt one's eyes to look at them. This afternoon of late March throbbed with colors clean and brilliant; russet and gold, purple and green, cerise and blue, alternated and mixed with one another as we drew closer to the wharf. Suddenly all these warm colors — warm and humid like the day — took supple and fully defined form. The ebbing and flowing currents of iridescence burning the strand shaped themselves into Indian women walking slowly back and forth, drawing about them the long flowing ends of their saris.

It was not a city but a fairies' paradise that had come out to the sea front to take the evening air. Thus I beheld India once more. In my country when one is enchanted he cries, 'What word!' — as though to beg the God of Poetry, 'Oh, give me some word to describe it!'

As the boat was moored and made fast the crowds ashore shouted, 'Gandhiki Jai!'

'What does that mean?' I asked.

'They are giving thanks for the safe arrival of the boat at this shore,' I was answered.

'But they shouted, "Victory to Gandhi!"' I remarked, still puzzled. I had returned to India in the very midst of the Gandhi ferment and, during my first week, I found that the sound of his name rang like a refrain to everything I did.

'Is n't Gandhi the voice of love and longing? To shout for his victory is to acclaim the coming of God,' I was told.

The next thing I remember is my brother's face. I gazed into his eyes and read there not a man but a continent. India, India, India — I took the dust from his feet. My elder brother — the head of our house now that my mother and father were no more; and I saluted him, putting my forehead on his feet. No word can describe my meeting with him after all these years of exile.

After we had bathed and dined, our talk flowed hour after hour till, suddenly, the white bird of dawn spread its wings and tore the throat of darkness with its burning silver talons: the darkness of night bled in floods of crimson for a few moments — and was gone.

As if a curtain had been lifted from before us, people and faces were suddenly revealed moving about as they do on the stage. Such is the effect of day-break in India. It was only half-past five. By six o'clock the whole world

was astir, like ants about an anthill. We tried to snatch a few hours' sleep before making plans for a long pilgrimage.

I had hoped to visit Gandhi in his prison, but my brother told me it would be impossible as, at that time, the Mahatma refused to see even the visitors permitted him by the Government, and spent his days in fasting and meditation. Therefore, since the cotton mills of India were all congregated in the city where we had spent the last twenty-four hours, we decided to plunge ourselves into the life of the mill districts first.

It was nearing the sunset hour. We put on our best silk robes and went forth toward a Hindu temple to attend meditation and evensong. As the sun sank into rest the blue dusk, like winged silence, ran through the long dusty lanes that snaked their way between some buildings old enough to remind one of the tenth century, and others new enough to awaken a sense of horror toward all progress. Sometimes I saw beautiful seventeenth-century columns and porticos pulled down in order to widen the streets that two automobiles might go abreast.

That sight brought vividly to my mind the real conflict in India to-day: the best of the eighteenth century at war with the best of the twentieth; 'modern progress slashing its way through the beauty and squalor of the Renaissance,' as my brother expressed it.

Suddenly we turned a corner and beheld the tall temple of ochre-colored stone leap like a golden column into the deepening emerald dusk of the sky, while at its foot surged and pulsed the throng of worshipers clad in saffron and green and gold. They too were entering the temple for the evensong. Fearing that we should find no seats if we lingered, my brother and I entered the shrine, though I was longing to stay without to feast my eyes on the phan-

tasy of color that was fast sinking into the black silence of night.

Within, the odor of *dhoop* (incense) and *dhoona* (frankincense) greeted our breath, and far away beyond us, over the heads of the worshipers, gleamed the half-lit inner shrine where the two sapphire eyes of the god glowed above his robes of crimson brocade. It is said that these sapphires are the largest in the East. What a sense of art these priests had, to dress in crimson a god whose eyes were two sapphires, glowing blue stars, I thought.

At this moment, a silver bell rang from afar: it sounded like large drops of water falling on a tranquil lotus pool. It stilled the worshipers into an inert mass. Both my brother and I had already sat down and had begun to meditate.

I found it hard to fix my mind upon the eagle of immortality in the midst of a beauty which I had not seen for thirteen years. So I opened my eyes and looked at my brother's face. It astonished me to see how quickly he had entered into Silence. In the strangely lit atmosphere of the temple his noble forehead shone like the brown bark of a tree in springtime. There was not a line, nor the shadow of a wrinkle, varied and violent as was the life he had led; for this man had been the head of the militant Nationalists of India, living as a political rebel and a fugitive from justice for six years, at the end of which time, he had, for a motive not yet clear to me, abandoned his doctrine of revolution and signed a truce with the English Government, with all the honors of war. It seemed to me that only to hear my brother's story would be a sufficient reward for my long journey, and I knew that he would reveal it to me in time, but that I must not hurry him.

In the meanwhile, I learned his oval face by heart: it glowed with serenity;

the long black lashes of his eyes quivered, his mouth, ever so austere, now relaxed its corners and smiled, as if to me, with an intimation of the joyous mystery that his soul was just then entering. The rest of his face, the pointed yet smoothly modeled chin, the aquiline nose, a direct inheritance from my father, and his ears — large, delicately wrought like the Buddha's — I studied while he meditated.

Every now and then I said to myself, 'And this is the man who was alleged to be the head of the terrorist party, a subverter of law and order, a monstrous anarchist!'

Since thoughts are noisy in the presence of Silence, my brother's eyes suddenly opened and their black pupils cast a glance that scorched me; then they closed for a moment. I said to myself, 'Don't think noisy thoughts; they wound his meditation!' But he opened his eyes again, now calm and sweet with a light that was human and fraternal. He rose to go and signed to me to follow him. As we walked through the meditating crowd I could feel the stillness beat against my unashamed preoccupation with the mere beauty of the spectacle. I never knew before that thoughts could be stentorian.

Once outside, my brother's large eyes, lotuslike indeed, rested on my face with a kindly expression in them. 'Thou art too inquisitive about the trivial,' he remarked. 'Those who count the feathers on the wings of Silence are ungodly.'

'If my thoughts disturb thy meditation, how canst thou meditate in a noisy city?' I asked.

He answered: 'The noise of a city is like the chatter of lunatics in an asylum; no sane man heeds it; but the chatter of a sane man's thought is like clamoring kindness to one who needs more than kindness from his brother. Look, peo-

ple are going to the theatre. Let us follow.'

'What kind of theatre is it?' I asked.

'It belongs to the Europeans and the Europeanized Indians. Let us take a taxi and go thither.'

Yes, we came out of the Silence to drive in a taxi to the European theatre, and what a theatre! We found there a group of Hawaiians with yellow flowers, straw skirts and ukuleles, dancing, droning, and playing, and this in the country where Shakuntala has been played without any interruption for two thousand years. The Europeanized Hindus, descendants of Kalidasa, were applauding that droning and drumming of half-obscene imported dancing. I could not stand it and no more could my brother. We fled, and drove to Dhulia, to the theatre of the mill hands.

As we took our seats my brother remarked, 'I see that modern progress offends thee. Now our mother's spirit will rest in the other world. I so feared that the Western civilization might have tainted thee!'

The short play we were watching — an allegory, 'Love Conquers Death' — was about to end. The God of Death bowed his head before the chaste and devoted wife. He could not take her husband, for the fire of devotion proved impregnable even for Kala — Death — the Black One. At this point an actor dressed like a priest came on the stage saying, 'May all women strive to be like Savitri, and all men like her loyal and true lord Satyavan!' Then came a classical dance, the Song of Songs, given by the younger members of the cast. Again the old gestures of hands and arms, the clear archaic angular movements of the feet and the bodies. To conclude the performance, the voice from behind the stage spoke three times with the deep sombre intonation

of an oracle: 'Rama, Rahim Ek Hai! Allah Bhagaban Ek Hai!' — (Rama and Rahim are one; not two. The God of the Mohammedans is the same as that of the Hindus!)

Then rose a deafening shout as a dramatic answer from the audience: 'Gandhi Maharjki Jail!' — (Victory to Kingly Gandhi!) Thus they took leave of the play of Savitri — 'Love Conquers Death.'

When we walked out into the balmy night, my brother said, 'Canst thou doubt where lieth the exact dwelling place of Our Soul? Mother India is moving to a dimension higher than we see with our blind outer eyes. Gandhi is one of the many pilgrims from that interior tiger-guarded place.'

'It is the common people who are her soul.'

'Yes, they are Our Mother's own pang-born and pang-bearing ones. During my years of exile I have traveled all through India. At every peasant's door I found God, and in every workingman the effort to articulate. Hindus and Mohammedans are but two babes sucking India's two breasts, and the babes know now that there are two breasts to drink life from. Each can draw the song and sap of life without injuring the other. The breasts of the one ancient mother: two sons of the One Heart! India is safe. Gandhi is not a cure as the foreigners think; he is the sign of our convalescence.'

II

The next morning, we visited some of the mill hands who were on a strike which, like strikes the world over, raised more problems than it solved. However, this strike being the first one in India to come under my observation, I paid much attention to it. I did not ask the strike-leaders' opinion, nor that of their opponents, as to the exact

nature of the trouble. On the contrary, I went to a barber who cut the strikers' hair. He was a curious man. His head looked like a coconut shell with a few holes here and there to give the beholder the impression of a face. He wore a fine Gandhi silk turban on his head — an ivory halo to the coconut — for Gandhi's handwoven silk, though coarse in texture, is fine in color. Like all barbers, Nao talked profusely and that was why I went to him.

'Eleven hours a day,' said he, 'feeding those hot monsters of metal, sir, week in and week out. Sundays are no vacation — they are but days of recuperation; we cannot love the devil of the West.'

'We'? I asked him.

'Yea, I too once worked at nursing those hell-begotten metal-mouths,' he went on. 'But I gave it up. Now I barber those who feed the beast. I earn less but I get more time for singing and idleness. Was time meant to be counted by clock-strokes and screeches of factory whistles?' cried the inspired barber. 'Did not the gods make time for men to fashion dreams? Mahadeo, Mahadeo! The men strike because they live like earthworms crawling between machines eleven hours a day. They strike because they need the cure of indolence for their rusty limbs. Is man a centipede that he should crawl on his belly fast as the lightning to feed monster mouths hither and yon? Their wives toil too: between bearing children and giving suck to machines they grow scrawny as scarecrows and their voices sound like the very cry of filth. Women lose their bloom and men their gods; they visit no more temples, nor do they sing songs. God goes a-begging for a votary in this our old God-enchanted land. Nay, sir, the factory is now the God of these men and women, and the whistle is His speech.

'They know not what they strike for:

but I know. They strike because they are sick of feeding the hot mouths of metal when they should be feeding their own babes who have just grown teeth enough to bite the father's finger for fun, or the nipple of the mother's breast, to show that, though small, they too can make jokes.'

'But I was told it was Gandhi who made these men strike,' I said to the barber.

'Ho-ho! The evil spirit sat on the tip of that man's tongue who told you the tale out of malice.'

'Nay!' I exclaimed.

'Gandhi has been in jail now six weeks. The strike started the day of his trial.'

'I mean the spirit of Gandhi,' I explained.

'Spirit?' he questioned. 'Gandhi can do no ill in spirit or in body. Strikes come because men are giving up their gods for the hell of factory work. Gandhi is no counselor to such men. If he were to walk by here you would say, "An *avatara* hath passed."'

'Dost thou consider him holy, Nao?' I inquired.

'Did I not see his ugly face? Did I not hear his words? I behold him as I see you. And I marveled at the monkeylike countenance without beauty. Then as the earth throbs when the fire-chariot pulls a long train, a quake broke in my heart, and I said to myself, "That man is my soul's thousand faces in one face: that man unlocks his lips to give out words of precious truth. If he asks for my life I shall give my life to him."'

'Thou wouldst give thy life?' I stressed the question.

'Yea, that is the utmost I have. Had I more —' But here the barber's wife came out and offered us some cool drinks in brass cups.

After saying good-bye to them, my brother and I visited the homes of the strikers. They lived in an appalling

squalor that beggars description. I was unable to bear it and I begged my brother to take me away.

On our way to Poona we met a silk vender. He was a short, lean, hawk-faced Gujrati, who was selling Gandhi silk and linen. I asked him why he did not sell foreign goods.

'Brother,' he explained, 'I took a pledge before the Mahatma that I would sell nothing but purely domestic manufacture.'

'Would you give a pledge of life to him?' I asked further.

'Why should I not? But he, Gandhi, will not take your life. He wants your soul.'

'But why shouldst thou give him thy soul?' I pressed.

'Ah, had you only seen him! Those lips of his smiled at me. And I said to myself, "That mouth speaks no idle word: it is like God's mouth." And, brother, if God say to you do thus and so, would you not do it, would you not give what is yours — your soul?'

About six hours later, near the Karli Cave temple, one of the finest works of ancient Indian art, I asked my Mohammedan tonga-driver about Gandhi. He flourished his whip and shouted, 'Gandhi is bad.'

'Why bad, O thou true believer?' I asked.

'He saith whenever a community is in trouble, it should cease work for a day or two and pray to Allah to purify itself. Why should I purify myself? If Rahim be a rogue and steal Mobarak's goat as well as his wife, why should you and I and the rest of the village pray to Allah? *We* have not sinned. Have we?' he asked me.

'Then thou dost despise Gandhi?' I evaded the question with another.

'Nay, nay!' he exclaimed vehemently. 'I saw him once. He is as one in whose eyes shines the peace of Allah.

He speaketh as no mollah can. He gladdens the heart and maketh the soul sweet with happiness at his words. Is it not good to perspire on a hot day? Is it not good then to hear him who hath Allah's blessings on him? But I ask you, can one as low as I live as high as he? He saith that I should pray for Mobarak, the thief and lecher. But how can I pray for that rogue when I forget to pray for myself? Nay, Gandhi is too high.' He shook his head with a strange expression of dismay and admiration.

After a pause he lashed his horse, saying, 'Thou brother of an ass, dost thou not wish Gandhi wert thy driver to give thee a life all hay and no work! Thou son and begetter of mules, get up!'

The beast understood enough to slacken his pace even more.

III

We were on our way to see a man named Govrind who was a member of the Servant of India Society. This body is the real heart and soul of the Indian Moderate Party. Although many Indians agree that the Moderate Party is made up of rich and powerful men and women who are abjectly pro-British and who exploit the Servant of India for their own self-interests, there is not a soul in India who would ever dare allege that the Servant of India Society has any selfish motive back of its programme. Every member is like the founder, Gopal Krishna Gokhale, the idealist, who lives under a vow of poverty and devotion to India's political betterment, and Mr. Srinivasa Sastri, a poor man who never takes office in the Government, and lives for his country as unselfishly as Gandhi.

However, Sastri is not Gandhi; he has no spiritual genius nor faith in the political greatness of his race; and

no doubt that is why he is a Moderate, preferring India to remain under the tutelage of Britain until such time as she is able to rule herself. Govrind, the man my brother had brought me to see, explained something of this point of view to me.

A blue Persian rug of severe design in the centre of the red-tiled floor was all the decoration in the room into which we were ushered by an old maidservant of the house. We sat down on the rug, squatting in the ancient way, and with large russet napkins wiped the perspiration from our brows. The heat of the day was like warm hands pressing against temples and forehead. It was so hot that even our freshly laundered napkins clung to our hands as wool to the fingers of the knitter on a July day in New York; but somehow the Indian heat was more bearable than that of New York, for Indian life is ordered and Indian homes are built to withstand it.

Just as these thoughts were crossing my mind, the violet doors to our left opened wide. We could glimpse a fountain in a large space surrounded by impeccable white walls. The small fountain sang on, now much nearer, with a sound like bees about a honeycomb. It kept the house cool, just as a radiator in every room keeps a house warm in New York.

Now softly, as if keeping time to the music of the water, came our host through the open doorway and embraced my brother as men do in the East when they greet an intimate friend. Govrind then touched his palms and bowed to me as I was presented to him by my companion. He said in Hindi, 'I am a southerner. I know very little Hindi, so I must speak in English. Next to Hindi it is the common tongue of India.'

As we were seating ourselves comfortably on the Persian rug, I examined

Govrind's face more closely. He was dark as the blue sea after sundown. His eyes were large but set too close to each other. He had a nose like the ancient Egyptian, and the rest of his face was modeled like that of the goddess Sekhmet — strange, enigmatic, and fierce. But as he smiled at me, it became quite clear that the man's heart was as tender as a child's. His upper lip was shaped like a bow, and the lower one was almost straight from one corner of the mouth to the other. When he stopped smiling, the enigmatic expression once more took possession of his face. He was no more a man but an Egyptian god.

I spoke in English. 'I thought almost all Indians knew Hindi; is it not our common tongue?'

'Yes, it is,' Govrind answered; 'outside my sixty million southerners, nearly two hundred and twenty million speak Hindi. If you northerners could teach Hindi to us of the south, India would have a common language.'

'He has come from America, Govrind,' my brother put forth, 'to find out how you Moderate leaders feel toward Gandhi. Since, when we speak English we become direct, unpoetic, with shrill voices, let us plunge into the subject immediately and have done with it. I can't stand speaking English. It makes us nervous and turns our voices falsetto, which never happens when we speak any tongue native to India. Come, attack Gandhi in the best style of a Moderate!'

Govrind smiled that enchanting smile of his. Then again he drew his lips together, sphinxlike. After clearing his throat, he began in a very unhappy voice in English. He even gave the title of his discourse: *GANDHI'S INFLUENCE OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS* — which proved to be a short account of the Gandhi movement since the Amritsar massacre in 1919.

'But look here,' I said to him, 'you are not giving me your reactions as a Moderate of the most honest order. You are neither rich, nor powerful, yet you are a Moderate. Now tell me why you are a Moderate, and what you really think of Gandhi.'

'I think,' he said, 'we are Moderates simply because in moderation lies wisdom.'

'But most Moderates are so rich and so thoroughly fed on privileges that I should imagine your society, as an unselfish body, would shrink from them,' I interposed.

'I am happy to hear your appreciation of our society. But could n't you praise us without condemning somebody else? It is so easy to praise one thing at the cost of another.'

Thus beaten by Govrind, I returned to my former question. 'What do you think of Gandhi?' I repeated. 'Is he opposed to your Moderate Party?'

'First of all, he is the most spiritual man living now,' began Govrind. 'But I don't think his spirituality gives him the insight of a statesman. What's more, I do not hold that Gandhi is a great thinker. I must admit, however, that he has done for his country that which no one else has been able to do: he has made the masses fully conscious of their political birthright.'

'Do you think that India is fit to be free?'

'No. Not in the absolute sense. But,' Govrind continued, 'I think we shall be ready for home rule in ten years if Gandhi's men consent to coöperate with us, the Moderates. Otherwise, — if they continue to noncoöperate, — India will drift into unheard-of difficulties.'

He went on to discuss the Montagu-Chelmsford reform, saying that he was satisfied with it as a working basis, and a good start toward home rule, and from that, to explain what he con-

sidered the stumbling block of Noncooperation and the proofs of failure of Gandhism to achieve its ends. He finished by saying: —

'If Gandhi is released to-day, his followers will give up Noncoöperation to-morrow. No doubt it is his incarceration that has united them so closely against the Government and against us who are coöperating with it. The noncoöperators identify us with the Government simply because we have accepted the Montagu-Chelmsford bill for the good of India. They don't see that we love our country as much as they do.'

With these last words Govrind's face grew dark with pity. And I said to myself, 'This man is as unselfish as Gandhi.'

The Moderate politician did not believe nonresistance could be suppressed by imprisonment, or even by hanging. Any large attempt at suppressing it would drive it into military resistance.

IV

When we left the house of the Servant of India, the afternoon sun was far behind the walls and there was no need to fear his shafts of light. Therefore we walked along the red roads between groves of mangos, till we were outside the city.

My brother exclaimed, 'How dreary it all sounds when a man talks an alien language. Govrind could not use a single figure of speech. When we speak English, even elephants could not drag a jeweled metaphor out of us. I want to sing to relieve the pain in my heart:

"Every time I ask a question, God,
Thou dost smile with stars.
People call Thee loving —
How can that be true
If thou dost only smile
While questions spear my heart?"

He sang his song twice. Then as if the question was answered, he pointed to a small house ahead of us and said, 'Let us go to that peasant's home. I know him — he speaks Hindi; he will make talk that will satisfy our thirsty fancy.'

Under the light of the setting sun the peasant's newly thatched house had a glow of gold. Even the walls of brown throbbed with the singing grandeur of the sunset that was now deepening into purple in the western sky against which the palm-fronds were spread in peacock-fans of gold and emerald flames. As we drew near the prosperous-looking hut, the peasant family of four came to welcome us.

After greetings and explanations were over, the owner of the house sat down beside us and talked. The pauses between our talk were punctuated by the cooing of a dove in the neighboring mango grove. I asked, 'Can India soon be free?'

The peasant answered, 'How can one be free when his soul is not free? To have a free country we must have free souls.'

'What is thy opinion of Gandhi?'

The peasant answered to the rhythm of the swaying coco palms, 'The dust of illusion still darkens men's eyes, but a day will come when all the people of the world will see that the Mahatma is their Lover. He speaks like a holy one, for he *is* holy, and when he smiles he has brought us God.'

'Wilt thou give thy life if Gandhi commands?'

'Yes, that I will. But he will not command it. Only he whom the Antaryamin — God Within — prompts, shall give his life. For God is the life-giver. He alone can ask us to yield life.'

'Hast thou seen Gandhi? Hast thou heard him?' I questioned further.

He answered, 'Do you remember the

old saying, "The fragrance of a flower goes but with the wind, but the fragrance of holiness goes even against wind?" Why should I need to see Gandhi? His holiness reaches me, despite my nature. Come, sir, perform the evening meditation in my house. It will gladden my wife and my children. Behold the sun hath set.'

'The evening comes on wings of silence! Tone down the voice of mutiny; listen to the Silence for Whose worship the stars are lighted.'

With those words we sat down and meditated till the whole world slipped through the wicket of sunset into the larger spaces of night. Then the lady of the house raised the earthen lamp before her on a level with her eyes and went about the rooms propitiating the spirit of the night. It was sweet to watch her. The half-veiled face floated in the darkness above the lamp and I can see it before me now — as she carried the light outside and bore it three times around the sacred plants, symbol of Life.

When she went indoors again she set the lamp down on the floor, her body bending almost in two and rising quickly as a willow branch bends down and rises, the instant the pressing hand lets go its hold. It was all grace and simplicity!

After this, we said farewell to the peasant family and walked on into the fragrant starlit space. We wandered for some time, and then decided to go to a temple near by, in order to spend the night in the priest's house. Though the evening worship was over, there was a large throng of people seated in the outer court, where from a wooden platform a man was reading from the Mahabharata. He no doubt had it all in his memory, since he looked very rarely at the book before him; if he did, I am sure he saw very little, for the

small earthen lamp that was burning beside him was almost completely curtained with hovering moths. I felt a pang of beauty as I heard him roll out the majestic Sanskrit lines.

Next day we spent with that priest, talking of Gandhi. He said: —

‘One day I beheld Mahatma Gandhi. It was like seeing honey harden into a rod. He was so sweet yet so flinty. So I said to myself, “Thou hast praised God in a walled space and prayed for guidance; now behold God has sent a face for thy guidance; wilt thou go with him into the open, or wilt thou stay here in security burning more incense?”

‘To that question mine own heart answered, “Go thou, follow the face of him who is God’s witness.” There was naught else for me to do. Therefore, I went and told my tale to the Mahatma and he said to me that I should grow and live truth — Satyagraha — as a tree bears fruit. So like a tree I stayed rooted where I belonged. I preached Gandhism from my temple door.

‘One day I spoke to the people as I preached to them last night, not of God, but of Satyagraha. I said: “The British race are not enemies of India, but their Government is. It behooves us to destroy that government at once.” Hardly had I finished my speech when two protectors of peace without their constable’s uniform, leaped upon me. Neither I nor my hearers could resist, since we had promised nonresistance to the Holy One, and so I was taken to the English prison. It was the week before the Prince of Wales came to our town.

‘When we reached the prison yard, I found the place guarded by many of my own people in the service of the Government. The moment they saw me they all shouted, “Mahatma Gandhiki Jai” — (Victory to Mahatma Gandhi). I was so startled by such a

cry from men in this position that I could not believe my ears. But when they shouted the same thing again and again I knew to what extent Mahatma Gandhi was loved, even by those working for the Government; but their feeling did not help my trouble, for one of these very men locked me up in a cell full of low-born drunkards. In there, disgusted, standing in a pool of disgorged dinner, I shouted “Mahatma Gandhiki Jai!” And lo, hundreds of other voices shouted, as if echoing my cry: “Mahatma Gandhiki Jai.” And still other voices from the distant parts of the prison took up those echoes and the booming shook the prison walls as the flood shakes the walls of a mountain cave.

‘Suddenly I felt a hand pulling mine. It was a follower of the Mahatma trying to speak to me in spite of that terrible noise. He drew me toward a corner of the cell and, as the noise died down, he said to me, “The whole prison is full of our people under arrest. Do not shout. They think thou art being tortured by those in power and they shout back to give thee courage.”

‘The corner he had led me to was clean and dry; and we started to make ourselves at home there. Hardly had we settled when a dozen of the followers were marched into our filthy cell amid deafening cries of “Victory to Gandhi!” My heart jumped in my breast when I saw their homespun Gandhi caps and the broad red bands they wore across them from shoulder to chest. They were men from the university who were forbidden to bear these signs. When they recognized us in the half-dark, they began to tell us that thousands had been arrested, and that many had been sent away owing to lack of space to keep them in the prisons. So these were requested to offer themselves for arrest the next day, and this they did, in large numbers, according

to their word. Some prisoners were obliged to wait until factories and private buildings were made into jails for their safe-keeping.

'Hardly had the young men finished telling their tale, when the cell door was flung open and an English sergeant stood in the doorway. He said: "Any noncoöperator can get his immediate release if he will sign this note of apology." We made no answer. And again the sergeant gave the same message, and only a drunkard replied. The sergeant said, "Silence! (*Sowarko-batch* — you son of a pig) I am speaking to the Gandhi men!"

'I answered, "Gandhi men do not apologize," and the Son of Anger answered back, "You shall pay for this at the trial to-morrow!"

'Then we were locked in our cesspool again for a day and a night.

'The morning after, we were again asked to apologize. One consented, to our shame, and he was released; the rest were sentenced by the Court to various terms of imprisonment.

'Because I am no vender of news, nor a prostitute, I shall not tell you how bad was that jail. We were treated like the vilest criminals. But this was our enlightenment,' the priest concluded, 'for it taught us how bad pris-

ons have been heretofore, and how many brother souls have been murdered for centuries because we were ignorant of their tortures. The only way for us was to make protest, and we refrained from eating food for a long period — some, indeed, abstained for sixty-five days. The common criminals took interest in our method and in a few days they too went on the hunger strike. No doubt this overcoming of prison discipline, as they called it, frightened the rulers, for, at last, having failed to conquer us, they set about to alter our conditions. Now, even cut-throats and robbers are being transformed into noncoöperators of high courage because Gandhi has penetrated into their prisons. The light of God penetrates where even the sun cannot shine.'

I asked him if he still believed that Gandhi was helping him and he answered, 'Can my soul ever be weaned from the Mahatmaji? As the unseen God guides the stars, so his meditation is guiding us through its invisible way; inscrutable it is to the eye, but not to the soul. Unfathomable is the power of sacrifice.'

After talking with that priest, I decided that I need see no more people, for my purpose.

WILD-ANIMAL PAINTING IN THE JUNGLE

BY ISABEL COOPER

I

A LONG while ago I formed a vague, magnificent idea of the perfect job for a young woman with artistic tendencies. It was to be so interesting that it would seem more like play than work; it was to require extensive travel in rare and foreign lands; it was to make some use of the artistic tendencies. I used to dream of such a job as I went bleakly about my various occupations, such as assisting at the legerdmain of interior decorators, or degrading oriental perfections to terms of a modern rug-factory, or building feeble disguises for player kings and queens, or filling in the cracks of my time with painting lessons, sadly convinced the while that you cannot learn to be a painter and accomplish anything else the same year.

And lo, the dream came true. The perfect job is mine. The vague, magnificent idea had given me no hint of the fantastic delight in store for me. Several years ago I began to try my hand at sketching animals from life, at the Tropical Research Station of the New York Zoölogical Society, in British Guiana. Lately this nebulous project has become a real and fascinating job — Staff Artist of the Station; and it combines the best features of work and play. It necessitates travel to some of the most wonderful places in the world, and it has used and developed my artistic tendencies. It has the additional charm of being practically unique. I have had to work out for myself many of the details of my pro-

fession. For instance, there is no such thing as a school of snake artists, so when the problem of making a portrait of a snake presented itself I had to think up the technique for myself. There were many odd little worries connected with this problem, such as the invention of the proper anæsthetic for deadly reptiles, to put them out of the misery of posing and yet allow the colors of life to linger from day to day. Then the temperaments of wild creatures have had to be studied. I have had to discover — by the process of elimination mostly, I am afraid — which were friendly, or curious, or sedentary, and which preferred a long leap into the unknown to any dealings whatsoever with me.

There is considerable contrast between this work and the usual job. The environment, for instance, is so far removed from that of most working artists: all the difference between a shelf in a steel honeycomb at the end of a trail between cigar stores and subway pillars, and a clearing in the midst of the South American jungle. And our trail southward from New York leads over mountainous waves and the submarine ranges below, and is varied by visions of the Antilles, and enhanced by a diversity of beings — travelers, colonials, natives, an endless procession of outlanders who seem to have only human nature in common.

I love the moment when our ship, which has been so recently roped to the

edge of Brooklyn, is tied up to one of the mouldy, molasses-scented wharves of Georgetown, and becomes again, by the magic of a lowered gangway, merely a peculiar and absurdly elaborate piece of a continent. Between this end of our ocean voyage and the last lap of our journey occurs a merry interlude in the queer little capital of Demerara. Nearly all the inhabitants hate the place, and can never understand our enthusiasm for it. I should probably not be exhilarated at the prospect of spending the rest of my life there, but I enjoy every inch of its funny, seedy streets.

The Georgetown market is a tropical marvel. You cannot imagine it ever coming to an end, there is such perpetual motion to it. It is like a scene gotten up by a conscientious stage-manager who is bent on missing no detail of color or noise or incident. And nothing ever seems to happen. They just go on rehearsing with energy, apparently waiting for the travelers who drive up in cabs and go strolling about with calm detachment. There is much to be seen. Vegetables are changed from their dull selves into actual scenery. All kinds — with no names, but many colors — are laid out under your feet. Piles of mangoes and star apples and breadfruit bulge around and through all partitions. Immense oceans of pink macaroni are gathered in braids and ringlets. Barter is frantically carried on by brilliant creatures who range through all the extravagant out-sizes peculiar to the black race, and who look more like caricatures of themselves than anything else. Tubers of every known variety and hybrid are humped about the toes of huddled little coolie women, themselves hardly distinguishable from their wares, they are so brown and dusty and sombre, with only the faintest spark of visibility in the gleams of sifted sunlight on nose-

ring and silver anklet. These little coolie people are quiet, but all around them is the din of the market-place, and the uproar of savage color, and the scent of many casual curry-colored meals.

We emerge from Georgetown and its diversions by way of the most freakish little railroad. Then come the last laps of our journey — forty miles of the Essequibo River by Government steamer, and finally a few miles of the Mazaruni in our own unspeakable 'Evinrude,' which lives or not as the mood takes it. And there we are at Kartabo Point, the nicest place in the world, where I can sit in a bamboo grove, with my pet monkey companionable at my elbow, and thoroughly enjoy myself sketching anything from a rainbow boa to a vampire bat.

II

The Director of the Tropical Research Station has written most comprehensively and delightfully about our life and work in this beautiful camp. I wish merely to give an idea of my share of the work, and something of the effect the wilderness has on myself, an artist inmate, as I pursue my profession at the edge of the dark rain forest, with vivid serpent or tapestried lizard in one hand, and the best grade of Japanese paintbrush in the other.

My especial task is to record, as accurately as may be, the natural colors and expressions of the lesser creatures of the jungle: snakes, frogs, lizards, insects, every type of animal whose appearance is seriously altered by death and museum preparation. The integuments and trappings of these units of living tissue are more strange and miraculous than the most extraordinary fabrics of the inanimate world. Their variety of colors and patterns and textures is unending, and the close

study of them is a delight. Birds' feathers and the wings of butterflies are wonderful; but birds can look quite presentable stuffed for many years, and all you have to do to preserve a butterfly for your great-grandchildren is put it under glass. So, much as I may long to try to reproduce a sun-bittern's wing or a moth's feathered domino, I am obliged to leave them alone. It seems that the colors in these cases are often not pigment at all, but merely refracted light. Until the actual feather-and-scale substance of the hidden prisms moulds away, the light goes right on cleverly splitting up into a thousand color schemes; or when pigments are present they are comparatively stable, so that macaws look out from museum cases in the same green and blue and yellow that they wore in the forests; kingfishers never put off their glittering uniforms; the paint is as fresh now as ever on the quiet wings of a million dead butterflies.

But the bright surface of reptiles' scales declines with their wearers. The leathern skin of toads becomes grizzled in alcohol. The papier-mâché masks and queer gossamer costumes of bugs collapse or shrivel when the freakish little gnomes are entombed in their orderly museum-vaults. Most remarkable and significant in the appearance of most of these creatures — and soonest extinguished by death — are their eyes. This is especially true of snakes. The instant they pass, a dreadful mildew creeps up over the sparkling black pupil and the decoration of the brilliant iris, until the eye looks like a mouldering moonstone. The scales catch this creeping death next: the brightness goes, though the actual color usually remains for several hours. This dullness is more like the slow coming of a shadow than the draining away of color. The skin shrinks into ridges and what little expression the animal had

in life turns into the lost look of a skull.

Death is even more objectionable in the case of lizards, who have so much more personality than snakes. Their lissome, active bodies sink utterly, like a person prostrated in the depths of despair; their eyelids — which are more than the poor old snakes have — decently veil the vacancy left by the passing of the bright nervous spirit. The colors of lizards' skins flicker and waver up and down their length, it seems, almost with their emotions. There is a blazing green wood-lizard who becomes ashen in captivity and remains so except when he is particularly enraged, when he flares up again into brilliant green. You can actually watch the waves of color flowing rapidly, as if projected by a revolving spotlight. And when this particular lizard dies, the color simply fades in one terrible ebbing.

You can see that the thing for the artist to do is to get to work as quickly as possible and work exclusively from the living model. As fast as the natives and Indians and my thoughtful colleagues bring in four- and six-footed sitters, I endeavor to turn out sketches. Sometimes there is a desperate race between my brush and the Grim Reaper, when the captive is injured or reduced to fatal melancholia by his imprisonment. Sometimes an extra spurt of life gets ahead of my merely human fingers, as when a tadpole telescopes his tail and turns into a young frog right before my eyes, or when a caterpillar disappears from view in his cocoon, or a chrysalis goes to work and hatches, while I am taking time off to eat lunch or clean my paint-box. Sometimes all goes very briskly indeed, and I have to take my subjects in order of their rarity or their susceptibility to death.

I remember once being very busy with a weird red cricket, when in

walked the Director with a rare and exquisite viper — tiny, very venomous, gray-green and orange with black tattooing — which had been trying to bite him through his hat. I started immediately to get impressions of its marvelous looks before it should have time to die and turn into a horrid faded shoestring. I can still remember the slightly delirious feeling it gave me to watch it swaying and hissing on my desk, and striking with the few inches of its glimmering green back that the space allowed. I worked as fast as I could to get all the details of its colors. It was so small that it was necessary to anæsthetize it before I could even attempt to approach a microscope to its wicked little face and draft in the complexities of its head-patterns. In the meantime the wretched scarlet cricket made a complete get-away.

My models are always escaping. The whole camp knows what a commotion in the studio end of the laboratory means — something has hopped or crept or slithered out of my window, and is making off hot-foot through the second growth to the dense jungle beyond. I have been most harshly criticized for this. Dreadful imprecations are heard when I fail to detain some sleuth-like snake or butter-footed lizard who has found an imperfection in his cage and is making the best of it. The casual architecture of my little cages and prisons is partly responsible for this, to say nothing of the temperaments of all concerned. My little amateur Houdini tree frogs are stuck into glass boxes with movable tops, in and out of which they are continually being hauled as I study their postures and articulations from a distance, or hold them up to squint at them through my trusty hand-lens, an inch from my eye. A tree frog is one of the most annoying creatures to handle. Its great sticky toes grasp and clutch, its

hind legs develop the most terrific leverage, and it simply shoe-horns itself up and out of the firmest fist. The low cunning of toads is astonishing. They swell up when you try to hold them, so that you feel as if you had a handful of dirigible; then, when you get all set and are about to dash in the first bold strokes of your portrait, they blow out their breath with a loud sigh and jump through the window.

Lizards are restless and spend most of their time scrambling away at the glass. What extremely rudimentary capacity they possess for being puzzled is taxed to the limit by this uncanny substance which they cannot see or diagnose, but which prevents them from leaving. They inspect its invisibility with first one bright cocked eye, then the other, give up scratching a minute to ponder, then give up the pondering and go back to their hopeless scraping. I have occasionally come across lizards who seemed to like me, and who would perch on my shoulder or arm by the hour. I once had a huge iguana who stood and glared at me for a whole morning without moving a muscle. He could n't have realized what an excellent model he was making, or I am sure he would never have done it. Some of the great buffoons of marine toads are surprisingly tolerant, and will sit around all day in silent friendship, immovable except when you fling them a fly. In this case the face is faster than the eye — one lightning snap of the toad's features and it is all over with the fly.

Sometimes when our specimens get away, we are able to recapture them by much beating of the bush and wild Indian yelling. Possibly the poor little creatures stop from sheer shock at the numbers and noises of their pursuers. But it is very difficult to find a snake when it has slunk off behind a bookcase or draped itself into the scenery; lizards

can skitter over the ground at a terrific rate of speed, and they usually disappear from view against any wild background. And caterpillars can get through the most unlikely cracks: they simply wave themselves off the premises with undulations of their fuzzy selves. They are just as apt to wander to Brazil as to stop in our rafters and metamorphose within reach.

It is odd how almost all of my little animals know the direction in which safety and shelter lie. No matter how much I turn them about on my desk, they quite definitely insist on facing toward their old homesteads in the hidden depths of the forest. I have been guilty of a perverse and unnecessarily sentimental joy when something has gotten clean away. You must have been a prisoner of some kind to truly know what freedom is, and it seems to me that my little toads, hopping triumphantly off through the leaves, have it all over their friends who have never been helpless in a hot human paw, or jumbled about on a desk with English paints and Japanese inks and brushes.

III

There is nothing monotonous about my tiny tropical studio. When I sketch snakes, I hold them by the neck if they are not too large. Quite often they will consent to have a tail wound about my wrist, and will hold very still and cause no trouble of any kind. But there are some very nervous tree-snakes who seem to have to keep wriggling around, who love to get head and neck free from my fingers, and reach back threateningly toward my knuckles. Also their lengths of elaborate scaly body start looping about my ink-bottles and prodding the pans of paint up out of my paintbox, and scattering pens and brushes off at all

sorts of tangents. Or they start to disappear up my sleeve, causing the most creepy sensations. Sometimes all my tools have to be stowed to make room for an enormous hog-tied lizard or crocodile, who reposes on my blotter and wriggles spitefully. Traffic is very brisk among my incoming and outgoing specimens. And besides my legitimate models there are usually several tiny house-lizards snooping about in the shade of my thumbtacks; gorgeous butterflies flutter in and out; sometimes a humming bird flashes in for one quivering, puzzled moment. Squadrons of infinitesimal red ants campaign across my blotter, and hold an Austerlitz or Marston Moor every minute or so upon the topography of my paintbox. A tarantula once failed to watch his step while cruising about in the rafters above my head, and came hurtling down upon my arm. Contrary to my expectations, he departed without sampling me.

Whole batches of specimens which seem to be doing well in captivity are ignored for days; then we suddenly find that they have escaped, or thought up a disguise, or eaten each other, or acquired a family. Young frogs feed on each other. A nice little aquariumful of brothers is quite likely to turn in a day or two into one prosperous-looking composite frog. A perfectly plain, dark-brown tree toad will turn over night into a silver ghost of himself. An egg case will lie around for days; then one morning no egg case will be visible — merely a crumpled bit of tissue and forty or fifty baby spiders or praying mantises running about.

When I began this work of reproducing the perishable appearances of wild creatures, I specialized on their eyes, which were in almost every case quite individual in each species. I enlarged them and tried to get every detail of their color and pattern. Then

it began to seem childish to do just a great jewel of an eye with no setting, so I ended by making enlargements of the whole head, and as much of the neck as was graceful or significant — or would fit on the paper. And wherever possible I have added to these magnified drawings a small sketch of the subject in natural size and preferably in action. It was when I commenced using a microscope on the skins and eyes of these animals that I realized the actual labor of my job was as delightful as the preliminaries and side interests of it.

I have talked so constantly about microscopes at home that most of my friends have hurriedly gotten them for their children, apparently taking my word for it that no home can be complete without one.

It hardly seems true that live cells can form the colors and textures that you find in the scales of reptiles. There is no end to the variety of surfaces and patinas and weird schemes of decoration. There is a remarkable green tree snake with a sharp nose and eight feet of narrow gleaming body, which merges completely with the leaves of a bamboo branch. I put in a busy day transferring his features to paper. His skin has the look of tawny crumpled suède, overlaid with polished plates of copper green, each perfect with rounded edges and porcelain surface, so supple and closely placed that you can feel nothing between your fingers but a smoothness like the touch of cold silk. The color deepens as the scales develop into the jig-saw shapes that fit around the eyes and nostrils. He has a lowering yellow eyebrow, painted straight across where his forehead should be, and an eye like a topaz, with brown imperfections in it.

His nearest relation is pale gray, with the same incredible suède skin, a blue-white, very defective chin, and

a jade eye, badly corroded with mother-of-pearl spots.

The various kinds of boa constrictors are wonderful enough when you just see them from a reasonable distance, but they become mythical under a lens. The water boa has a deep gray-blue sheen that turns his orange rings to purple and the dark background to electric blue. The rainbow boa, and to a less extent the large land boa, have the most beautiful sheen of all. Sometimes it seems as if the millions of rainbow prisms in the scales were giving off a fine fiery mist of spectrum colors. You can see this with the naked eye, so you can imagine what it is under a microscope.

Also picture to yourself the problem of the miserable human artist who must record these things on paper with a few earthen pigments and a bunch of camel's hairs!

The deadly snakes — bushmaster, fer-de-lance, rattler — have skins of rough chain-mail, and great head-plates of rusty steel and copper, studded with fantastic keels and mountain peaks. Their eyes, too, manage to look rusty though they are really hard and smooth. Their cold corrugated coils feel deadly, but this is probably nothing but imagination. The poisonous coral snakes are quite different, with their look of red-and-black lacquer, as delicate and dully gleaming as any Chinese treasure.

There are over fifty species of snakes found in the small area around our camp, all extraordinary and all different. And we acquire them in all sorts of ways. The natives approach with the meekest, tiniest creatures dangling at the ends of enormous poles. Or little native children appear with an old gin-bottle full of snake and no way to get it out. Or the Indians tell us about a fifteen-foot boa constrictor up in the woods, and we go ourselves and

capture it and fetch it triumphantly home on our shoulders. Once we were brightly assuring some nervous guests that snakes never came into the house. Just at that moment a long thin tree-snake wafted himself down from the roof and hung by two unimportant vertebræ above our tea table, gazing about with a friendly leer!

Having practically immovable features and no eyelids and very little roll to their eyes, snakes are confined to a few stock expressions: a silly pious aspect when they roll their eyes upward, a nasty crafty look when they partially submerge them in their upper jaw, and a travesty of grim Early-Victorian pomposity when they look down their nose. Baby snakes have their eyes tremendously popped, which gives them an expression somewhere between that of youthful innocence and utter vacuity.

Lizards are incredibly beautiful objects. Their backs are covered with a thousand designs that man has never thought of for his tapestries. They have the same dim, glowing, fenestrated colors that you find in tapestries and old rugs. In spite of their astonishing beauty, many wild creatures have color schemes which we of the western world have been trained to consider quite dreadful — purplish pinks and pea-soup greens in close association, and so on. But I have never seen a lizard whose vestments and gauntlets and boots were not decorated in accordance with the most exacting standards of civilized æsthetics. Their colors always blend and they are further enhanced by the dull web of scale-edges spread over them. The most incidental tones of the head are repeated somewhere, on back or elbow-joint or tail. The most brilliant colors are brought close up to the dullest in splendid climaxes of chiaroscuro.

In fact, the eye of one's artistic

appreciation never fails to be rested when looking upon these glorious little mysteries of nature.

Evolution has surpassed herself in the decoration of lizards' faces. Blue, that flickers very quietly on a certain forest-lizard's back, is developed into tiles of blue faience on his sculptured cheeks. His dull, rusty body-colors turn into absolute velvet-black on his throat and about his neck. When you gaze through a lens your glance seems to skid off the burnished surfaces of his face and simply sink into the night of these jagged rifts. On further inspection you see that his head scales of gray and blue enamel acquire keels of coral along his chin, and flower alarmingly into cabbages of sharp turquoise around the abalone pearl of his eardrum.

This lizard is about the most beautiful creature I have ever seen, yet in the woods he scarcely shows against a dull green leaf, and his life-size portrait on my paper causes no undue comment. But an ant's-eye view of him reveals the amazing details of his physique and the fastidious perfection of his jeweled-velvet masquerade.

When I read that you must have one kind of face cream for the day and another for night, and So-and-So's drops to make your eyes sparkle, and eyelashes by the yard to veil them alluringly, and an efficient combination of chemicals to fight the film that would otherwise dull the brilliancy of one of your crowning glories, it strikes me that there is something of an abyss between even the improved human being of the twentieth century and that dim little slip of enameled loveliness snooping about in the dust of a thousand jungle trees.

The huge tree iguanas are architectural triumphs. There is a noble dignity in their majolica façades, and an expression of arrogant ferocity in

their golden eyes, that I am sure illumined the countenances of the warriors of Salamis or the fearless Vikings of the Conquests. We had a proud, uncompromising old grandfather of an iguana once, whose hide was perfectly marvelous: of a texture somewhere between giant lichens and thin old bronze rusting away with blue-green verdigris. His head was encased in great plates of turquoise matrix, rough-hewn as in Tibetan jewelry, and jumbled about in an unsolved Chinese puzzle except along his chin and on his neck, where they were beautifully matched and graded and interspersed with enormous rounded scales of pink and sky-blue majolica. From the top of his head to the tip of his tail, like the feathers in an Indian's headdress, went a crest of upright green scales, each with a backward crescent curve. He used to lash the sides of his glass cage with his powerful tail, and then stand motionless and shoot lightnings of exasperated rage from his fierce eyes, looking just as mad as he felt—like a person having difficulties with Central in a glass telephone-booth.

I have eaten queer things and hold myself in readiness for anything, but I have never been present when iguana steak was going around; either our specimens were shipped immediately to the Zoo in New York, or they hung around camp so long that they got into a rather poor state of repair, or too thin to appeal to the palate. I suppose I would sample iguana meat, if it seemed the thing to do at the time, but for some peculiar reason it strikes me as more outlandish to eat this spirited, fabulous dragon of the forests than any of the other oddish things we have eaten—monkey, armadillo, electric eel, and so forth.

I feel as if that were one humiliation too dreadful to offer such a race of mystic, haughty creatures. As bad

as if you stuffed an octopus of the South Seas and made it into an atrocity of a chandelier and twisted its tentacles about to hold candles; or made a filigree tiara out of rattlesnakes' fangs; or dolls' gloves out of bat-wings.

There are lizards with faintly glimmering backs of old worn cloisonné; and lizards that look like nothing but a bag of bones plastered over with an imitation of gray tree-bark; and lively little creatures covered with orange and brown rug-designs, with yellow-specked scarlet throats, like strawberries; and quiet little apparitions clothed in terra-cotta suède, with bright blue eyes; and inch-long yellow geckos walking on the ceiling, with orange-spotted tails and black-and-white clowns' heads; and lizards with scarcely any more anatomy than an iridescent pencil; and great thick-limbed burrowing lizards, covered completely with yellow-and-black tiling.

Turtles are a problem for an artist. If you lay them down they either retire from view with all their features, or else start earnestly for the next county. Like some people, they seem to think that if they push enough they will get anywhere. I had a pleasant little scarlet-headed turtle once, named Anatole, who did not particularly enjoy studio life. The only way I could do anything with him was by holding him up by the shell. I had to wrap up my hand to keep him from scraping my fist with his feet, which he kept moving nervously, like an old lady up in a Ferris Wheel. We had another old sleuth of a turtle who could disguise himself in about one minute as nothing at all, with no more material to work with than one decayed bamboo leaf and a bit of nondescript background.

It is as hard to describe in words the skins of frogs and toads as it is to reproduce them on paper with paints.

All these surfaces resolve themselves under the microscope into a fine pitted leather, but to the naked eye they have a multiplicity of textures—damp black velvet; dusty plush; embossed suède; old stippled parchment; crumpled fruit-skins,—an endless variety of outward appearances which are all the more remarkable because they are supported by amphibian flesh and blood,—surfaces like those of mould-covered marbles, or the decaying skin of Camembert cheese, or ancestral Sèvres, or cork, or corroded damascene.

They have gold and silver and amber eyes; and black eyes with cuneiform patterns traced over them; and level slits of pupils between great coronas of blazing color; and dull eyes flecked through with flakes of gold like the 'eau-de-vie de Danzig' we got once in Martinique. They have towering bony ridges flaring up from their eyebrows, which sometimes give them an intellectual look, and which always increase their impressive bow-legged dignity. And all sorts of materials are stretched across their cardrums—iridescent gray silk, and gun-metal gossamer, and fabric of mother-of-pearl. When they are elaborately decorated with designs, which is almost always, the greatest amount of the pattern is on the head, and particularly about the wide frog-mouth. They have outlandish masks with savage white streaks and spots; or pink moustaches and sideboards; and great sagging double chins of pebbly leather, which give them an appearance of advanced age and common sense.

Of course, with the immense traffic in frogs going on all the time we have droves of tadpoles. We had what we called the 'tadpole vortex' one summer. All my regular work was interspersed with feverish painting of restless frog-progeny—eggs and featureless tadpoles and adolescent polywogs and

baby frogs with their tails melting fast. These last were the most trying. They would hop around, or else crouch dejectedly in the dimmest corners with their hands and feet welded into a solid mass under the chin. You could not hold them without annihilating them or at least ruining their delicate skin. And they were so tiny that they could shroud themselves in the distorting moisture that was drawn up around them by capillary attraction.

Birds with painted beaks, fish, crabs, armadillos, opossums, insects—these are some of my many models. Birds are a comfort, because you can hope to finish with the few who have perishable pigments on their beaks or faces. Fish, crabs, eels, worms, spiders—there are a million subjects that I shall never be able to cope with. Mammals, being fairly large and easy to look at, have already received attention from artists, and are regarded much more casually than the uncounted, silent-footed myriads of beetle- and bug-spooks, skulking under leaves and in the hearts of flowers.

I don't think all the insects in the world will ever be known, there are such depressing quantities of them, and they pick such secret, impossible places to live in. With my very casual sketching of them I have barely touched the outer fringes of the world of leaf-mantes, and old mossback crickets, and gold-plated bees, and topaz wasps preying on Roman-striped caterpillars; membracids with Eiffel Towers and Crystal Palaces on their foreheads, and ghoulish, gleaming beetles, and ten thousand others that it exhausts you to think of.

IV

All the time that I am supposedly absorbed in my work, I am really trying desperately to concentrate and not dream too much about my glorious

environment. I find myself wasting long spaces of time in wonder at the beauty of the forests, and the incredible weather, at the brown rivers, and the look of the tropical sky, and at the sparkling peace and beauty of our bamboo grove. I sometimes feel like holding a shaded mirror up to the brilliant spectacle, and resting my eyes with its quiet, silver reflections. In our small clearing, on the white beaches, and along the dim forest trails, I can never seem to accept as usual and familiar the omnipresent trees and the tropical river highways flowing between them. They are enchanted at sunrise: the trees standing dark and colorless, and the rivers moving like dark molten glass with a faint bloom of flower dust across them, and scattered with cold bubbles of foam from the rapids beyond. As the sun gets up, the bubbles dissolve and the water begins to smoke faintly.

Up the straight stretch of tide and current before us sweep all the different kinds of tropical weather — storms that split upon our frail tents, and singing trade winds, and mist that eats out the substance of the trees and faintly touches with shadow the curved and lissome planes of their invisible branches. And far up the Cuyuni we can watch the sunsets, like brimming Grails of light, slowly burning down somewhere beyond the Andes.

I often used to take my work out under the bamboo trees, when the wind was not too high and my subject and its cage were portable. Then I could have Mishkin, our little ring-tailed monkey, sitting beside me, cheerfully conversing with himself, or picking wasps out of the air, or craftily watching to see if I had any chocolate about me. He used to be morbidly interested in my models — a little afraid of them sometimes, but unable to keep from looking at them. He

would make terrible faces at the snakes, and I would catch him unsuccessfully trying to get up the nerve to touch them. He loved the atmosphere of the place as much as I did.

I am afraid that I go into a trance in a bamboo grove. The leaves have such a beautiful rustle. In a small breeze all the leaves quiver in unison, and remind me of nothing so much as the glinting bows of the first and second violins of an orchestra, when they really get going in the overture to *Tannhäuser*.

The dead bamboo leaves have a thousand ways of falling to earth. They flutter down in slow narrowing coils, or fluted spirals; or they dart like fairy javelins along a falling arc of wind. Or the leaf flickers in the air like a golden butterfly, while its faint blue shadow on the ground plays and capers like the ghost of a lizard, the two drawing closer and closer till they die at the same instant and become one in a sere, lifeless strip of tissue.

In a big wind and rain the bamboos bend almost to the ground, and storms of leaves fly from them and swirl about in warm sodden rain-pools.

All sorts of living things venture out from the forest or in from the rivers, and flash past my easel. Once a quiet little brown snake wound his way through my particular clump of trees. A protracted hunt was held around and over me for a vicious crapaud snake who was finally caught hissing and striking under the bank below me. My little monkey would spot retiring gray lizards as they walked innocently on the bark, and the next thing I knew they would be disappearing tail-first down his throat. He used to pull the tree-stumps apart with his thumbless hands, or peer into the fallen calyxes, then rush back to sit on the arm of my chair and loudly chew up his find.

I love all the extraneous delights of jungle life. Something seems to happen to the processes of your imagination. The pictures of this inner world take on a strange reality, set here against the dimensionless stillness of the forest. Your mind appears to exist in a different medium—something much more peaceful than the dust-laden noise that envelops a city, where the very space between the buildings has changed into a tattered substance of smells and absurdly gyrating atoms.

The magic of books is augmented for me by their juxtaposition with these unwonted surroundings of wild jungle. As they stand on our rough shelves, in substance no more than hostages to rapacious moulds and insects of prey, in essence they seem to me like so many narrow dusty doors to all the fabulous gardens of the world and the treasure houses of science and history and romance. Back of the sombre texts, where the bookworms creep, lie the open files of Darwin's carefully garnered facts, and the stored-up crystals of Huxley's mind; gaping sea-chests full of the strange treasures of Conrad, the gilded graces of Meredith, the graven, unearthly images of Dunsany, Blackwood's living dreams; the vignettes of Claudel, lying about like the fragments of jewels.

Books are books, without a doubt, wherever they happen to be, and I suppose their glamour is a constant quantity, whether they are ranged in a stately library, or huddled beneath the gas-jet in a poor student's hall-room, or stored on the toothless shelves of an ancient secondhand shop. But for me, at least, their lustre grows when I think of them crowding out a few square feet of space that has never been invaded by anything more tangible than the growth of a bamboo stem or the morning creep of a boa constrictor.

V

Best of all advantages of our jungle camp is its remoteness from civilization. I spend much time, after the unprofitable habit of the young modern, railing at civilization. But I have to keep reminding myself that it is not really so bad. As an intelligent friend points out, if it were not for the arrangements of a few highly civilized persons, how would a Research Station be possible in the depths of British Guiana? If it were not for this gruesome state of mankind, what should we do for microscopes and firearms, chemicals, cameras, tinned provisions, and smart tropical clothes—and the subjective point of view, without which we could not possibly be conscious of our delightful isolation?

In spite of the pessimism of our Northern friends, the climate of the tropics remains a perfect medium for life and work. We seem to retain our health, and emerge at the end of many months undamaged by reptiles and malevolent insect life. Of course, to be exact, one must admit that the weather is always warm. The only frost for miles in any direction is to be found around the tops of the tall rum-punches.

But I should always prefer to spend my time in the tropics than to drag through a breathless fetid summer in a Northern city. The air of the tropics is warm and dry and perfumed—whereas there is no air in a New York summer, and if there were, it would be hot and soggy and smelly.

Whatever the man in the street may think about such an environment and occupation as mine, I myself thoroughly enjoy it. Of course the very fact that it is unusual tends to make some people shudder uncontrollably. It is an amusing thing, however, that the extremely metropolitan person,

who fastidiously shrinks from the notion of a life close to nature, has some interesting needs, such as tooth-brushes made of pigs' bristles, and hair-nets woven from Chinese pigtails, and an inartistic animal product as a base for perfumes, and an anatomical by-product of the cat, to which they hardly like to refer in polite society, which is nevertheless necessary for the production of some of the most beautiful sounds of civilized music. Also they would probably cringe away from the exudation of a silkworm, yet it is quite the thing to pay largely for intimate garments made of this mysterious substance. When people take exception to my preference for wild life, I feel like being disagreeable and logical, and pointing out some of these facts, and I hardly ever remember in time that the last thing in the world you can hope to modify is a point of view.

Five o'clock of a winter's afternoon — in New York City and at Kartabo Point! What is going on? In New York a tide of glittering engines is setting strongly north, and disaster skulks from block to block, barely checked by the grace of brake-linings; perhaps a six-day bicycle race is in full swing, a thousand little dime-eating machines are gobbling and imperfectly digesting a million dimes, on a thousand Fifth Avenue busses; in darkened theatres,

last acts are slowly drawing to a close, to the accompaniment of many persons creeping out over fallen hats and feet, their minds feverishly set on the dash across town to the five-twenty-three; dark pasty masses of humanity are being forced in and out of underground tubes, like icing out of a confectioner's funnel; the five or six lonely English sparrows who still live in the park are gathering for the daily meeting of their Down-and-out Club.

At Kartabo we are swimming in the river, or taking tea to the music of homing parrots, or prowling in the quiet, darkening forest. A million bamboo leaves are slowly waving in the cool air. Nightwalking beetles are creeping out from under one side of their leafy homes, as the day-shift crawls in under the other. All the problems of nature that we shall never solve take spectral shape and rear their grinning, taunting features at us through the jungle aisles. Somewhere, hidden in the caverns and lofty chambers of the forest, creep or dance or flit the countless hosts of masqueraders who will never pose before my brush and paper, whose fantastic shapes and eerie beauty will never be reduced to flat films of pigment, and filed away, and carried over sea and land, to museums and exhibitions and the cold stare of metropolitan eyes.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND PATERNALISM

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

I

Is the American woman, judged by what she has done with the vote and by what she is endeavoring to do with it, paternalistic by nature and habit? Is it that she sees in the central government what the primitive woman saw in her lord and master? That she seeks her legislative ends through the Federal arm as she from the beginning of the race has sought her personal ends through the strong arm of the individual man, and its power to defend, ensure and enforce?

In a word, are we enfranchised American women, as revealed in our approach to organized government, hold-overs? Are we survivals of the system in which the chief authority of family, or tribe, resided in the eldest valid male ascendant, who governed by paternal right? A system which is not so far receded as we would believe.

We think of the cave woman, the nomad woman, the feudal woman, the clan woman, the pioneer woman, as each a part of a group which, whether as family, tribe, fief, clan, or stockade-commune, looked to the accredited male for that ensurance of safety and well-being wherein she might fulfill her part as woman. As a matter of fact, the American woman's place in a patriarchal group and her outlook from within it come well nigh down to our own day — or to the day of some of us. Life in my own childhood in Kentucky revolved in a literal sense about the father as the head of the family. Wife, chil-

dren, and servants, widowed mother and dependent sisters, alike recognized in him their head and front, their source of supply and of dispensation; alike looked to him for judgment and decree, and obeyed these.

In my home in the 70's and in those other households known to me, following breakfast six mornings out of seven came a rite unfailing and — so far as my knowledge went — universal. As the father of the family appeared at his front door, putting his silk hat on his head, the house-boy came around from the kitchen door with a basket in his hand, their objective being the local market. I, in my own case, was allowed to go along now and then, making a trio of the daily duo, trotting on these occasions between my six-foot parent and Bob, the colored house-boy, accommodating my steps as I could to my father's greater stride.

I can see the market in my memory now, the country wagons backed along the curb outside, and within the building itself, the rows of stalls facing upon a brick concourse, each with its specialty: fruits and vegetables; eggs and poultry; fish and oysters; meats, fresh, smoked, and cured; in season bear, venison, wild turkey, partridges, squirrels, rabbits, and — this being that season 'when the frost is on the punkin' — fox-grapes, pawpaws, persimmons, 'possum!

Some blocks farther on the way to my father's place of business we came

to our next daily objective, this being comestibles again, which this time were defined in gold letters on the show-window as 'Staple & Fancy Groceries.'

I was in my teens when I discovered that cabbage and its near of kin, cauliflower and Brussels sprouts, were recognized and reputable adjuncts to civilized man's gustatory pleasures. My father, who did not like them himself, did not so consider them. In his household, with its otherwise plentiful table, we never had them. What the man of the family sent home in that market basket each day, this his household — adults, servants and minors — received, prepared, and ate.

I, or some child with whom I played, might want a nickel. Or, our ambitions soaring, we might even aspire to a shin-plaster ten-cent piece.

'Ask your father to give it to you.'

Such was the unvarying rejoinder of the women of our Southern households as I knew them. That our fathers seem, in retrospect, always to have complied, does not weaken the argument that we in my day moved through the head, the central power of the family unit, to get certain things.

I recall, or it seems so to me now, very little ready money in those homes. My father, as I have shown, provided and paid for the food. He provided the fuel. He paid the servants. He gave us children — including the said colored Bob and one Susy, the child of the colored cook — our Sunday-school money all around on Sunday mornings.

'The children's shoes are shabby.'

Thus the women of every household that I knew, to the man of the family. And I recall in my own case the rejoinder of my father: 'Have Bob bring the children down to me after school, and I'll take 'em by and have 'em measured for new shoes. Better order their slippers for summer now too?'

Our photographs taken? Yes, going

with our mother to our father's store, Bob along to carry packages and bundles if there be any, the group proceeding from there on — under the paternal care — to the photographer, and the fixing of our countenances by the camera.

Within the home, however, within the protected family circle our mothers ruled, saying to us children and servants, Go; and again, Come. Or at any rate, these mothers of ours were expected so to rule. We children of the various households in the neighborhood fell out among ourselves from time to time. Our mothers were our high courts of appeal here. That child who said, 'I'm going straight to papa and tell him as soon as he gets home,' was commonly conceded among us not to have played the game; or worse, he was bearing witness to something amiss in his home: was the evidence of some incompetency on the part of his mother. I do not recall in my experience an instance of a servant appealing over the head of the mistress of the household to the man.

Years later, during the winter of 1918-19, I was in a town in the far South for some months, and here I found the family life, very nearly as I've depicted it, still the rule.

II

It seems to me, when I consider what we women here in the United States have done with the vote in the first three years of our enfranchisement, and are planning to do, that Uncle Sam in the minds of the American woman to-day, stands in her political world as the Southern father stood in his household; as the strong arm of her lord and master stood to the earlier woman; that is, as the agent or instrument, the authority or vested power, through which the individual, or the individual

group, shall and must move to obtain its ends.

Keeping in our minds, then, the question, 'Is the American woman paternalistic?' suppose we take as our measure of values the following premises left us by two of the forefathers.

Washington says:—

If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected in the way which the Constitution designates.

But let there be no change by usurpation, for this, though it may in one instance be the instrument of good, is the ordinary weapon by which free governments are destroyed.

Lincoln says:—

It is my duty and my oath to maintain inviolate the rights of the States, to order and control, under the Constitution, their own affairs by their own judgment exclusively. Such maintenance is for the preservation of that balance of power on which our institutions rest.

With these premises in mind, suppose we look at what the women here in the United States have done with the vote through national legislation, from November 1920 to December 1923; and what, through national legislation, they are endeavoring to do.

One of woman's own organs, the *Woman Citizen*, says:—

When one speaks of woman's national legislative work, one means that Washington group representing fourteen national organizations which make up the *Women's Joint Congressional Committee*.

And since we want to realize who are the women seeking to influence government, it may be a good thing to line them up here:—

American Association of University Women
American Home Economics Association
General Federation of Women's Clubs
Girls' Friendly Society in America

National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations

National Consumers' League

National Council of Jewish Women

National Council of Women

National Federation of Business and Professional Women

National League of Women Voters

National Women's Christian Temperance Union

National Woman's Trade Union League

National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association

Service Star League.

Besides the fourteen groups here named, there is the National Woman's Party, which also is exerting political influence in Washington. The activities of that group are not touched on in this article, however, discussion of them calling for a separate consideration.

It is the first-named fourteen groups which, representing some millions of women and concentrated in this Women's Joint Congressional Committee, put their strength behind and won—or aided in winning—the following measures:—

The Sheppard-Towner law. 'A measure for woman, won by women,' designed to secure through combined Federal and State aid the protection of mothers and new-born babies.

The Cable law. 'A measure of straight feminism,' establishing through Federal control the right of a married woman to citizenship independent of her husband.

They also:—

Made permanent: The Woman's Bureau of The United States Department of Labor.

Helped to secure: The bill for the reclassification of the Federal Civil Service.

Gave assistance in passing: The Voight bill to prevent the shipment of 'filled milk' in interstate commerce.

Exerted pressure to get: A Federal Coal Commission appointed.

Measures asked for by women, but not yet won, are:—

The continuance of the Inter-departmental Social Hygiene Board by its transference to the Department of Justice.

A Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution.

The Fess Amendment to increase appropriations for training in home economics.

A uniform divorce law.

The Sterling-Towner, or Sterling-Reed Bill, as it is now called. A measure asking for a Federal Department of Education, with a Secretary in the Cabinet, and one hundred million dollars annually to be distributed; fifteen millions for the maintaining of the Department, and eighty-five millions for distribution among the States under the observation of this Secretary.

Here then are the things which the women of the United States have done with the vote through national legislation, and are trying to do. Excellent measures in themselves, every one of them, no doubt, but in their nature paternalistic. All tending toward a centring of the governing power, which in turn means excessive government regulation and a piling up of the bureaucratic system. Yet the millions of women who—through these organizations and this Women's Joint Congressional Committee—are behind these measures are convinced as to their excellence, and conscientious in their endorsements. Of this I am sure.

They are convinced, and they are conscientious, that is to say, so far as the individual women who make up these organizations know anything about these measures.

To instance: The General Federation of Women's Clubs is, at this moment of writing, behind the Sterling-Reed Bill. Yet of sixty individual members of clubs within the Federation, recently

asked for their opinions on this measure with its proposed Federal assumption of what up to now in our national history has been the duties of the States, fifty-three, by their own statements, never have heard of it.

Herd instinct is as common to women as it is to men. The American woman not only is as gregarious as the American man,—as is evidenced by her nation-wide passion for group organization,—but she, within her clubs and federations, is even more ready than, say, the male rotarian, optimist, booster, and so on, to accept leadership unquestioningly. In this, it may be, she is but running true to her centuries of inclusion within the group which functioned through its vested head. Whatever the explanation, it is my experience that 'isolation through intellectual withdrawal' is rarer among American women than among American men.

Relying upon our leaders, the mass of us organized women too often know little or nothing about the measures which we from time to time endorse. And as a woman's club member of thirty-one years' standing myself, I hold I've a right to an opinion.

'George,' in the person of the accredited male, has 'done it' for women through so many centuries that George to-day, as personified by our accredited women-leaders, is a change only in sex and personality. And often the immediate George, in the person of a local woman-chairman who presents a measure or a cause to her club, is speaking at the instance of still another George, in the shape of a central or national board; or again, at the request of some other organization.

Mrs. B—, the local chairman of our own or any club, arises on the appointed day. Her proposed interpolation into the business or the programme for the day has been arranged for, expedition through well-oiled machinery

having come to be more and more necessary in club routine.

Mrs. B——, who is an experienced parliamentarian, is also a specific thinker, concerned not with general principles as a rule, but with concrete business. She has assembled her case with efficiency — which is to say, she has assembled for her use all those points supplied her by the sponsor back of this measure or cause, which are favorable to it. This does not mean that this measure or cause is fundamentally vital or even dear to Mrs. B—— or, at any rate, dear to her prior to the day before yesterday when as chairman of, say, general legislation, or child welfare, or forest conservation, or what not, she in the routine of her official business became the spokeswoman for it. Nor does it mean that Mrs. B—— lacks in conscientiousness. It means, on the contrary, that she, in accordance with her ideas of a departmental chairman's duty and loyalty, is doing her best for the measure. And in accordance with her ideas of a chairman's routine duty and efficiency, she is getting her measure successfully across and out of the way, with as little loss of the club's precious time as may be.

The chairman, having thus done her part, sits down, and the presiding officer glances at the watch upon her desk. It is nearing five o'clock, which is the hour for adjournment and home.

'All who are in favor of this club going on record as endorsing this bill now before the Legislature of our State, — or the House, or the Senate, at Washington, — will please say *Aye*. — The ayes have it.'

Nor is this an exaggerated illustration of the methods by which false impressions are often conveyed by committees who, seeking to influence legislation, claim they voice the demands of the millions of women within the various organizations.

These herd habits among organized women were grave enough prior to 1920. But with woman now an enfranchised citizen, such group movements, under leadership, and free of the individual responsibility, assume graver possibilities for mischief. 'Boomerangs' suggest themselves to the mind; also 'edged tools'; and again, 'Fools rush in' and so forth.

Obediently and pliantly we women within our organizations thus endorse, apparently unaware that no thinking creature has a right to an opinion on any subject touching the public weal unless it rests upon the best information to be had on the subject by the individual.

Conceding to these accredited women leaders of ours this full understanding and consequent right to an opinion, why is it that they knock so constantly, and in our names, at Uncle Sam's door?

Johnny, symbol for the State machine, say, is wasting the forests of his State, even as Johnny, the small son of some woman among us, in his day wasted the contents of the cookie-jar. Johnny's mother, had she appealed to Johnny's father to punish the son for a transgression coming within her jurisdiction, would have been acknowledging her own incompetency. And these women leaders of ours are acknowledging themselves, and us, to be poor citizen-housekeepers within our individual States, when they cry in the name of the women of the State, 'Uncle Sam, make us a law, a Federal law, requiring — yes, compelling our Johnny, who is wasting the forests here in our State, to behave.'

Why Uncle Sam, and why a Federal law? When it is clearly our duty as responsible parts now of our local governments, to make our own State behave — our duty to remember, if indeed we've ever grasped, that in

respect to our Federal Government 'an irreducible minimum of compulsion is the very essence of good government.'

III

Again: If it be the American woman's patriarchal or father complex which is at the root of her leaning to paternalism, may it not then be her mother instinct which, aroused by those things which she and her federations have discovered for themselves in these last several decades, is driving her to regard the ends she has in view as the important factors, and the means by which she gains these ends as negligible?

The organized American woman has discovered for herself that wherever she started with her proposed welfare-work, whether with the school, the factory, the jail, the prison, the housing problem, the courts, and so on, all paths uncovered by her, be these local, State or National, led to politics, the festering centre a political machine.

The American woman in these conditions, without the vote, appeared to herself innocuous; indeed she was made to feel herself innocuous by the politician himself; whereas she foresaw herself, with the vote, an organized power for good, a force irresistible and invincible. And it is the writer's own belief that here—in the organized American woman's sense of frustration, in her sudden consciousness of her need of a weapon, when on opening the door she found, as it were, the wolf at the throat of Grandmother and Red Riding-Hood—is the explanation of the nation-wide demand for the franchise by women which marked the first and second decades of the nineteenth century: this, more than the suffrage-preachings and agitations of the preceding forty years. This, independent of the part which the World War, and the American woman's

part in it, were to have in further arousing her latent citizen-instincts.

She has her weapon alike of offense and defense now. Yet the American woman is asking Uncle Sam to do what she should be doing for herself.

True that father in the old days provided shelter, protection, and the means for sustenance. But true also, that mother was the administrator and executive within the home provided. Father had his affairs downtown to see to. Household business, making beds, cooking the meals, keeping the children in order—these were not the responsibilities of father. And Uncle Sam has our national and world affairs, that are his rightful business, to see to; the ordering of the affairs of the forty-eight States is not the duty of Uncle Sam.

It seems a bit paradoxical that women here in the United States should fail to see an analogy between the home and the State; between the functioning of the family group within the home, and the functioning of the citizen group within the State. Strange they should fail to grasp that the home is at once the symbol of, and the basic unit in, local self-government.

How is it, men in these United States, that your sisters, wives, and daughters are thus limited in their understanding of what, in our democratic republic, is government? Is it that you, all this long while, have rated us as being intellectually as well as politically outside the body politic?

It almost would seem so. For when did you ever share with us, your women folk within the home, those general truths which, however self-evident to you through the exercising of your citizenship, were ungrasped by us within our four walls? When in the exchange of the daily round of your household, did you ever say to us, for instance:—

'Local self-government here in our

town, city, and county, Carrie, Mary, and Kate, is the preparatory school in which the citizen acquires the rudiments of government. And this local self-government, as we have it right here in our village, has always and justly been considered of the highest importance in maintaining our Republic. We American people do not need to look to the Constitution for this right. We had the right before the Constitution, which we ourselves set up and authorized!

'Our forefathers sought a new country. Here, face to face with nature, they performed relied mainly upon themselves. Remoteness became their opportunity. Nowhere in the history of the world, to that time, had local self-government reached so high a point of efficiency as in the American colonies. For they had come to see, these forefathers of ours, that it was all-important that people should manage their own local affairs instead of having them managed for them by a distant and interfering government.

'The early New Englander in especial "learned to govern himself because he worked as his own master, where he depended on his individual action for promotion, and where he controlled the government in which he lived." These little democracies of New England prided themselves on being sufficient unto themselves, and out of them came the liberties of the States, and the greatness of our Country!

'An impregnable foundation this was in self-government. The collapse of royal government in our American story left the thirteen Colonies in a chaotic state. The old government of a king had disappeared. A new one could not be immediately developed to take its place. In the meanwhile the Revolution was upon us.

'And what do we find? The institutions of local self-government throughout the thirteen Colonies, the town, the

county systems, were left intact; and on these the Colonies rested, a people with no central government whatever, until the Articles of Confederation could be set up and ratified.'

No, men of these United States, since you did not point out these things to us in the past, you cannot to-day build upon such a knowledge on our part, and say:—

'We ask you, Carrie, Mary, and Kate, to reflect upon our story as a self-governing people, and then to recall to your minds what in these last few years, when revolution came, happened in Russia under autocratic rule; in the German Empire under paternalism; in Austria; in Hungary; in Greece; in China; wherever indeed the peoples were not developed in self-rule and self-reliance through local self-government.

'Never forgetting that in our own case, here in the United States, our separate State governments under the Constitution which we ourselves set up, controlled for these forefathers of ours exclusively "as to taxes, schools, trades, inheritance, marriage, divorce, courts, police, local boards, and in a hundred different ways; the early American's belief being that the proper place to rectify local evils is at home, where we see and appreciate them, and can apply a direct remedy suited to the peculiar evil.'"

IV

States' rights! Here again the writer has come to a conclusion which, however, is not of her own originating. And the conclusion is that these words 'States' rights' are intricately interwoven in the minds of the great proportion of the American women with things sinister and ominous and fraught with menace; that we are face to face here, as in the paternalistic tendency, with a bit of woman's psychology.

It is my belief that at the words 'States' rights' the minds of innumerable of us American women hark back to the war between the States — this despite the fact that these words are interwoven with our history as a nation from the beginning. That with us women, many of us being the daughters and granddaughters of men and women who on the one side or the other went through that cataclysm, the words 'States' rights' are synonymous only with fratricidal warfare and bloodshed. That with these words arise, out of our subconscious minds, survivals of our inherited past, memories of burning homesteads, battlefields, bereft women, and fatherless children.

I do not mean that we women are conscious of this. On the contrary, we're not. I mean that in the subconsciousness of numbers of American women is that which makes us unwittingly antagonistic to the words, 'States' rights.'

There's a further reason why we women dislike to be reminded of, or to concede, States' rights, and this less worthy of us. An observer has recently pointed out that the American woman wants what she wants, and wants it right away! Uniform legislation arrived at through the individual States calls for time and patience, and the American woman has discovered that she moves through the Federal arm direct.

The observer just quoted points out further, that the American woman in her activities wants, not your way, nor our way, but her own way.

'Group legislation' we at large have been saying to Labor for some while.

'Group legislation' we're crying nowadays to the would-be Blocs, the farmer and others.

'Group legislation' we'll have to cry next to the organized American woman

and her lobby, the Women's Joint Congressional Committee. For, of man's political weapons, the American woman has taken for her own the lobby — of them all the most undemocratic.

We reach another point here. Woman throughout her long past, with her narrowly centred activities, has not concerned herself with the sources whence her needs are supplied. From her place beside the newborn, the suffering, and the old, she has looked to man: —

'Bring the herb, the exorcist, the physician, the leech, the surgeon.'

So woman here in the United States to-day, with her thoughts centred upon the innumerable children who through illiteracy are deprived of their chance in life, looks to Uncle Sam.

'I want better schools and more of them. I want higher pay for teachers. I want longer school terms. I want equipment, and plenty of it. I want illiteracy wiped out, and wiped out quick, and you, of course, to pay for these.'

An uncle of mine, back in those same days when I was a child and greenbacks were the legal tender, one day brought me a newly-minted silver half-dollar. I plied him with questions.

'Where did you get it?'

'From Uncle Sam.'

I grasped this. 'Where did he get it?'

'From his mint, where his money's made.'

Whereupon I saw Uncle Sam's mint pouring out silver half-dollars as a certain old water-mill known to me poured out cornmeal, and Uncle Sam filling and refilling his pockets at need.

It almost would seem that the American woman in her turn thinks of Uncle Sam's money as inexhaustibly at hand. That she does not grasp, for example, that our Federal government, in order to give one hundred million dollars to the States every year for

education, as she is urging that it shall, must take these same hundred millions out of the pockets of the people in these States. She, on the contrary, appears to think that the States in such event will be the recipients of bounty—beneficiaries who get something for nothing.

V

The American woman has been accused of lacking the laboratory—the scientific—spirit: this in the business of the home, as in other affairs which are her own. The spirit, that is, which experiments in the small, and having reached a better and closer knowledge through observation, trial, and reasoning, offers the conclusions to the world.

Woman in the United States, as represented by these fourteen organizations, is putting her strength—at the moment these words are being written—behind a uniform divorce law. Within the scope of such a law, the antipodes, as it were, are to be brought together, which is to say, South Carolina and Nevada. There is more here perhaps than at first appears.

South Carolina, to take her case first, never has recognized divorce, and may have her ideas about this. It is possible even that the women within these fourteen organizations will be up against a bit of psychology here themselves—State psychology. South Carolina—or so those who know her at all suspect—sees in this stand of hers, maintained through a hundred and thirty-odd years, not alone the isolation of the higher virtue but—and here we reach the crux—a social withdrawal, a class distinction, a group elegance. Were she less well-bred, were she not the scion of a genuine aristocracy, she might be heard to thank God that she, as regards divorce, is not as the other States. Whereas Nevada, who sponsors Reno as her own, sees in

divorce an asset, a commodity with a market value; promotes divorce as a source of revenue. Or so the rest of us are led to believe.

Have the women who speak through these fourteen organizations, and who would impose a uniform law on these two States that represent the extremes of opinion upon divorce—have these women, then, a law to offer the forty-eight States? And have they reason to believe that it is a good law—a law that has been tried out?

Back in those same patriarchal 70's, a boy, one Billy W—lived two doors from my home. He lived to experiment. His workshop, which was a bench in the corner of his father's stable, was as famous in our neighborhood as the Little Scorpions' Club is in the nation to-day. He was borne out on a plank and to the hospital on one occasion, a scalded victim of experiment as centred in a miniature engine and boiler. Still another time he blew himself through the roof, rafters and window-sashes along with him. But—and mark you this, dear ladies—he experimented in his own family stable, not in mine, nor in his other neighbors'. It was himself he blew up, not us.

Why not draft a model divorce-law; then persuade some one State—New York State has a proverbially bad law—to try it out. How long did the laboratories labor to find, say, the diphtheria serum? And M. and Mme. Curie to discover radium? A good divorce law having been proven, offer it to the remaining forty-seven States.

We have a precedent in procedure if we care for one—a case in point. Some years ago the American Bankers' Association recognized the desirability of uniform laws with reference to negotiable instruments, to do away with the confusion caused by the different laws in the different States. And after careful consideration they drafted a law

known as the Negotiable Instruments Act, which then was presented to the legislatures of the different States by the local bankers, and adopted in its entirety by all, or practically all, thus giving the uniform legislation desired.

The duty of the father is to protect against outside aggression. Also of the Federal government — 'protection' by the government meaning to secure to the States and to the individual the rights reserved to each under the Constitution. If the government goes beyond this, it becomes not a protector but an aggressor. In government regulations of commerce, labor, railroads, press, government relief of the poor, government systems of education, there is danger.

'The mischief begins when, instead of calling forth the activities and powers of individuals and bodies, government

substitutes its own activities for them; when, instead of informing, advising, and upon occasion denouncing, it makes them work in fetters or bids them stand aside and does their work instead of them. The worth of a State is, in the long run, the worth of the individuals composing it.'

Is it that we women here in the United States need to look at things, for a bit, in the large? That we need to realize that our present weakness as citizens lies in the ignorance of our wider ignorance? That we need to lift our eyes from the particular wrong to the especial group, and, sweeping the horizon of the whole, see that there is no graver question in modern popular government than 'What shall government do for its citizens?' and 'How far shall government interfere with the actions of its citizens?'

LOVE IN THE FLEA MARKET

BY CLARENCE EDWARD ANDREWS

I

'MARCEL! *la soupe!*' announced a deep female voice from the ramshackle kitchen of the awful Madame La Frite. The kitchen, which was made of piano boxes and old tin, was next the scrubby little vegetable gardens kept by crippled soldiers over on the edge of what Paris calls the Flea Market. The *Marché aux Puces* is a marvelous ragpickers' fair just outside the Porte de Clignancourt, where the junk dealers and all the strange scavenger creatures of Paris gather on Sunday morning to sell their week's treasure-trove

from the ash cans and alleys. The La Frites — Monsieur and Madame — were the aristocrats of the confraternity. Their shack had flowers planted around it and white shells to mark the path, and an arbor made of old laths covered with vines. In front, in neatly assorted piles, was their stock in trade. In the midst of a heap of battered cups and dead coffee pots was a rubber hot-water bag, a green-glass pickle dish full of side combs, and a fly-specked chromo of Saint Cecilia with the bottomless cherubs. A vast mountain of

ancient mattresses, grimy and smelly, was crowned with a round tin bathtub on which was jauntily perched a stuffed duck that had lost his tail feathers.

At one side of the great La Frite collection was the stock of an old chap who made a specialty of ancient hardware. He had the tight features of one who reaps where he hath not sowed, and sat gloating over his meticulously arrayed assortment of rusty bolts, pieces of decayed bicycles, files of all degrees of asperity, and hundreds of old clock-wheels, a few of them still assembled and able to tick feebly, like expiring vivisectioned creatures.

The other neighbor of the Maison La Frite was the Widow Cornloup, the arbitress of elegancies at the Marché aux Puces. She sat grotesquely prim at her table, in a bright green hat and a sticky-looking fur collar, reading a newspaper with the aid of a lorgnette, which she held so as to display her clawlike fingers adorned with four cheap rings. Behind her was a sign which announced her as 'Honorary Member of the Association of Rag-pickers of the Seine.' She was a connoisseur of china turtle-doves, German helmets, and shiny crucifixes made out of cartridges.

Madame La Frite impatiently bawled again, '*Marcel! la soupe!*' and was about to add epithets relative to character, when she spied two possible customers eyeing appraisingly a sad old iron bed that had known the sorrows of life. The customers were a round-headed little lodging-house keeper, with a dyed black beard that looked as though it were pasted on, and his superior officer — a great beetling crag of a woman who frowned her way through the world. Madame La Frite girded up her ample loins and went to the fray. She started at thirty-five francs and stuck to her guns for ten minutes. The beetling crag pointed

out every defect from springs to casters while the round head wagged support.

'Fifteen francs would be robbery for such a wreck!'

'Wreck!' bellowed Madame La Frite, 'do you think you are on the Boulevard Haussmann? The very best piece of furniture for the money at the Puces! *Bou Diou!* Does madame think I will give it away?'

Soon, as the fight waxed hotter, the contestants dropped 'monsieur' and 'madame,' and the women roared '*vache!*' and '*sale loup!*' into each others' faces with guttural acrimony. The round head feebly plucked his wife's sleeve in an effort to preserve the decencies and was soundly slapped for interfering. Then, in the nick, came Monsieur La Frite to pour oil on the waters. He put his visored cap at an angle and spat through his broken teeth. He joined the beetling crag in calling his wife a cow, but gently insisted that the bed was an admirable example for its years, and given away at twenty-five francs. *Pas cher, ma foi!* 'Monsieur' and 'Madame' were resumed as titles of address, and the bargaining went on.

Monsieur La Frite to convince 'Madame' of the quality of the bed suggested that she try it, and so the beetling crag rolled her great frame on the shrieking springs. And while she bounced up and down with set unconvinced face, Widow Cornloup stood by and surveyed her through her lorgnette. This effrontery almost reopened hostilities, but the round head offered twenty francs and Monsieur La Frite threw up his hands with '*Camarade!*' and so the bargain was struck.

The bed was taken apart and lugged off by the customers, while Madame La Frite lighted a cigarette, and, arms akimbo on her monstrous hips, gave vent to untranslatable content. Then she remembered that dinner was ready

and for the third time her powerful contralto echoed over the ash-can desolation of the Puces, —

'Oh Marcel! la soupe! Bou Diou!'

II

And at last Marcel appeared. He was a good-looking little fellow of twenty with sharp nose that was helpful at a back-alley bargain, and smiling eyes that could always sell his stock to the Sunday customers at the Puces. Marcel's other name was Corrozet. This could not be called his family name, since he did not have any family that he knew about, but he had always been called Corrozet. He was a junk dealer de luxe who thought of himself as an *antiquaire*, and took pride in the superiority of his taste in his trade. And nowadays the line between second-hand junk and 'antiques' is not clearly defined. In his quaint world of the Flea Market, Marcel was known as rather a dandy in dress. Though he felt considerably above his friends the old-clothes sellers, he never lost a good chance, as he went his rounds, of adding to his own wardrobe. This morning he was in his Sunday best, the chief glory of which was a slightly soiled but still rich waistcoat, and patent leather shoes with buttons. Both were a little uncomfortable in fit, but on Sundays comfort must be sacrificed to elegance.

As he sat down in the lath arbor of the La Frites to eat his fried fish and drink his wine with them and the Widow Cornloup, the other boarder, he gayly told of his last sale.

'You know the old mannikin dress-form I had? Ten years old it was, with a wasp waist, and the sawdust stuffing was half leaked out. I sold it to a dame, *ma foi*, she was a funny one! She wanted it because she remembered the day when her waist was like that!

But she was tight with her money. Finally I gave it to her for eight francs and to make the bargain I threw in a *vase-de-nuit* decorated with big pink roses. And now she goes home happy with the dress-form under one arm and the *vase* under the other!'

And then Marcel told them some more exciting news. He had suddenly and utterly fallen in love. At this announcement Monsieur La Frite squinted his eyes and sputtered merry sarcasms; but the Widow Cornloup and Madame were sympathetic and eager for the facts.

'I was getting into the train in the Metro,' he began. 'It is enormously crowded. I am pushed and squeezed until I cannot breathe. A girl screams that her baskets of flowers will be crushed. *Ma foi*, it is terrible, for she is a poor girl taking flowers to the market. I feel I must help her. Oh, how beautiful she is! I seize the baskets and hold them over my head and together we push into the train. I cannot put the baskets down for we are so tightly squeezed. So I hold them always over my head. It is *drôle*, is it not, but what would you? And it is nice to be so close to a beautiful girl. I am exhausted with holding the baskets but we come at last to the *Cité*, where she gets out. I am forced to get out too, for the crush is so great, and so I ask if I may carry her baskets to the Flower Market. She is very *gentille* and I think she begins to like me a little, perhaps. She is taller than I am, a superb girl. Ah, if I could only belong to her!'

He put his hand on his heart like an opera singer and blew a kiss into the air with a grace that a junkman would have only in France.

'She comes from down by the Porte de Versailles. Her father lives in the dry moat and raises flowers, and she sells them on the Quai aux Fleurs.

This afternoon she will try to get away and meet me here and we shall walk together. It is wonderful, *n'est-ce pas?*'

Madame La Frite's battered and be-whiskered face grinned appreciation and she showed her one great front tooth in a smile; but the Widow Cornloup was so disturbed that she choked on a fishbone and required first aid in the way of resounding thumps from Monsieur La Frite's hairy fists. When she recovered she opined that an acquaintance begun so casually in the Metro could come to no good and advised Marcel to drop the forward hussy. But Marcel quite failed to see her point, and when he had finished his bottle of wine, strolled off through the Flea Market, a cigarette sticking to his lower lip, to his rendezvous with the Juno of the Metro.

III

Marcel soon found his divinity sitting among a rubbishy heap of second-hand underwear and overalls, which had been entrusted to a pale-faced little girl. Denise Troudunez, for that was the name of the Juno of the Metro, was a tall pleasing-looking girl, with peasant complexion and peasant hands, and a quiet manner in her black dress, which suggested common sense — too much common sense to attract most boys. Her instinct for bargaining, which she usually practised in the Flower Market, to-day, being a holiday for her, she was practising by selling old socks for the pale-faced little girl while she waited for Marcel to turn up.

'*Oui, mon petit bleu,*' she was saying to a little blue uniformed soldier, 'ten sous the pair and the holes thrown in!'

Marcel greeted his Denise with, '*Viens, ma poule!*' She seemed pleased at being called his 'chicken,' and they walked through the market holding each other by the hand. As Denise was

some twenty centimetres taller than Marcel, he had to look up as they talked, and her somewhat protecting manner gave him a feeling that he belonged to her just as much as did the precious little black and white dog she held by a string in the other hand. This was a new feeling to Marcel, this sense of belonging, and he liked it. He decided that this feeling must go on forever, and so he began to woo Denise. As they strolled through the market among the strange piles of junk and trash, he told her of his adventures of the week, of his thrifty bargainings and thriftier sellings, and hinted at successes with serving maids and even implied that ladies of the house sometimes smiled a little. Now, he did not know it, but his vanity was making a little too much of this theme to please the common-sense Denise.

They stopped before the shack of a tintype man with sleek black hair and volubly gesticulating fingers.

'*Viens,* Marcel, you and your chicken and the dog, all together, eh? And the mademoiselle will sit on the lion and we shall have the palm-tree background. It will be a trip to the colonies. Very *chic, n'est-ce pas?*' And so Denise sat stiffly on the gilt plaster lion — a battered old beast but still with a kindly smile — and Marcel stood and leaned one elbow nonchalantly on the lion's head and held the dog by the string. And the black palms on a white sheet gave a most exotic atmosphere — very '*chic,*' indeed, and only two francs for a friend.

They joined the crowd on the outer avenue, and sauntered by the knick-knack stalls, and lost the dog, and found him again, and ate sticky taffy called *bon-bons contre le rhume*, and all the time Marcel told of the romance of the junkman's life, with adventure always waiting around the corner and dreams of wealth found in back alleys.

They went into a little smelly restaurant and ate steamed mussels and scooped up the juice with the shells and smiled and guzzled in mutual contentment. For, being French, they shared the almost cosmic joy of their nation in its goodly food. And a boy with a guitar came and sang jolly songs and sold copies of them to the mussel-eaters and the wine-drinkers, who wiped their bandit-like moustaches with the backs of their hands and joined in the chorus. There was one song, about 'Love in the springtime, love in the summer, and love in the autumn too,' that Marcel bought and promised to play on his accordion when he had learned it. And as he sang the chorus he lingered over that lovely word 'l'amour' and let it gurgle all around the back of his throat.

When they came to the stall of a loud-voiced seller of gaudy jewelry, Marcel thought the time had come to seal their friendship with a gift, and accept each other as in a vague way betrothed. The noisy seller held up glittering temptations one after another before the dazzled crowd and kept up a running stream of talk. 'Twenty francs for necklaces! Real gold they are, and real pearls. Look at them! Cost forty francs. I swear it! I should like to have some honest workman profit by this for his little daughter. Real pearls at twenty francs! And these earrings! I have only one other pair like them and I am keeping them for my mistress. And at eighteen francs!'

But Denise was not sure about the betrothal yet. She had stolen away this afternoon to enjoy the pleasure of a young man's company all alone, but she was a little frightened at what she had done. She intimated that the life of a junkman — even of an *antiquaire* — was too romantic, she feared. There were too many women in it, all those

serving maids and ladies-of-the-house in the back courtyards. She herself was altogether *sérieuse*. Marcel must give her time to think about it. He might come to see her next Sunday at the Flower Market and they would talk. And, of course, she must ask her mother. The Troudunez were a serious family. Marcel must be looked over.

IV

Marcel spent an unhappy week. Monsieur La Frite and the hardware man and the tintype-taker and others of the Association of the Ragpickers of the Seine made remarks about his 'poule,' who towered twenty centimetres above him and held him by the hand. These remarks in the wonderful argot of the submerged tenth cannot be translated, and if they could, they could not be printed. But in spite of all this, Marcel still hugged the desire to belong to Juno, to enjoy the comfort of that abundant bosom, as well as the very real advantage of her common sense and prudence.

Next Sunday afternoon Marcel left his stock as soon as his thrifty soul would let him, and, arrayed in his elegant waistcoat and his painful patent leathers, 'fell into the Metro.' He emerged at the little square behind the Hôtel Dieu, at the end of the Quai aux Fleurs, where the Bird and Flower Market spreads itself on Sundays. This was another world from the sordid grotesqueness of the Flea Market. Here under the tentlike shelter of the blossoming plane trees that filled the autumn air with honey, the flower-sellers laid out their gorgeous profusion of purple asters, scarlet geraniums, and golden marigolds in hundreds of little pots, against backgrounds of blooming magnolias and dark evergreens.

And the bird-sellers had piled up their little cages full of restless flashes

of color that chirped and twittered and shrieked in a discordant orchestra. There were fluttering Chinese swallows, fascinating coral beaks from Senegal, glittering metallic thrushes from northern Africa, Japanese nightingales (*rois des siffleurs*), and gorgeous raucous parrots and macaws from heathen places.

And huddled among bags of sunflower seeds and festoons of corncobs, and cuttle bones, and spongy things, old women proprietors sat huddled over their knitting, and families were forever lunching on bread and sausages and wine. There were fluffy brown rabbits and little white rats curled up asleep, and kittens for sale by the basketful, and everywhere one read the invitation not to miss the great exhibition of the *Société Serinophile*, three weeks off. Funny French children with their dressed-up Sunday parents straggled about in the warm sunshine and color. A nun came by with a troop of orphans and a haggard loafer from the canal boats crossed himself as she passed. Somewhere off behind stacks of poles and pushcarts, an ass brayed.

Marcel found his Denise sitting in an arbor of brown autumn leaves and red-berried holly and orange-colored gourds, with chrysanthemums, dahlias, and asters, white, purple, and crimson, banked all around in earthen vases. And there were stalks of vivid red peppers, and wonderful blue thistles for lasting bouquets, and piles of red beech-leaves sold by the dozen. Denise's mother, a white-haired beldame in a peasant cap, sat stroking a tame rook with a string on its leg, and talked to it jocularly. Denise had just sold a huge bouquet to a gentleman with gloves, top hat, and stick, and she gave him a charming smile as he raised his hat in leaving. Marcel noted this and reflected that though the junkman

may flirt with the serving maids in the courtyards, there are also fine gentlemen for flower girls to smile at. He would make use of this observation.

Denise's greeting was cordial but yet restrained, as became a girl of a family so 'sérieuse' as that of the Troudunez. And Marcel was presented to the beldame mother who stopped talking to the tame rook and awkwardly shook hands with him. Being presented as a prospective son-in-law is always a difficult moment in any class of society, but it is especially so when the girl's family is a shade superior to your own. Fortunately, Marcel had brought along his accordion and was able to warm the chill of the atmosphere which a prolonged and helpless conversation on weather may bring about. He played 'Love in the springtime, love in the summer, love in the autumn too,' with such feeling that Denise felt there was no longer any doubt of the seriousness of his intentions. And then he won over the beldame mother by playing *Mon ami Pierrot*, *Au clair de la lune*, and the old ballad about the *Bon roi Dagobert*. The ideal son-in-law for Madame Troudunez would have been a substantial grocer or a horse butcher, at least; but since there were no such candidates in sight, Marcel, the accordion-playing junkman, was really not so bad. Monsieur Troudunez must, of course, have the final word, and he had not arrived yet.

While waiting for the old man the two nervous lovers strolled down the Quai aux Fleurs, past all the flower stands, and sat on the parapet and watched the two arms of the Seine flow around the Isle St.-Louis, and talked about everything but what they most wanted to say, just as Abélard and Héloïse did, in exactly the same spot on the Quai aux Fleurs (at No. 11), eight hundred years before.

When Monsieur Troudunez arrived Denise disappeared, and the junkman nervously lighted a cigarette and the old man his pipe, and both sat on the stone parapet kicking their heels. After an embarrassing silence old Troudunez spat judicially and began:

'*Eh b'an*, Monsieur Corrozet, it has come so sudden, *comprenez?* so sudden! *Ma foi*, 't was only last night the girl told me and the mother about it. Getting married is a serious affair, *comprenez?* *Ah oui*, a serious affair. And then our family has been on the quai here for three generations, *comprenez?* Well known we are. Yes, my grandfather used to grow flowers down in Bourg-la-Reine, back in Louis Philippe's time. My father lost the farm in the hard days, and now I am only a squatter in the moat, but we have the Troudunez name and I've saved up a thousand francs *dot* that goes with the girl, *comprenez?* Now she tells me you don't know much about your family, in fact, as one may say, you don't seem to have any, *comprenez?* Now, there's the trouble. And I always wanted the man who gets that *dot* of a thousand francs to have a settled business. Junk dealing is n't — I may say, settled, *comprenez?* *Voilà* Another trouble.'

Poor Marcel had expected this. He argued long about his prospects, and dwelt upon the word antiquaire, but he had to admit that he could n't boast three generations of respectability. The woman who brought him up had said his name was Corrozet when she sent him to the public school down by the Tower of Jean-le-Bon, but that was all he knew, and he had n't seen the woman in ten years.

When the interview was over they walked back to the flower stall, and Marcel once more played 'Love in the autumn' to Denise. Then with his accordion under his arm he said good-bye to the Flower Market with its color

and its honey-blossoming trees, and sadly took the Metro back to the Flea Market with its smells of burned rags and rubber — as bitter as the sadness in his heart.

V

Very early next morning Marcel told his trouble to the La Frites and the Widow Cornloup, as they all sat in the piano-box kitchen guzzling their usual breakfast of clamorous onion soup.

'Bou Diou!' growled Madame La Frite between gulps of soup. 'It takes a peasant who lives in a ditch to be proud of his *sacré* family. As if our Marcel were not too good for that bean pole!' Marcel did not like the reference to his Juno-like girl, but he appreciated the sympathy. Then Madame La Frite had a great inspiration. 'If all Marcel needs is a father and mother, why could n't we adopt him, *hein?* I should make a handsome mother-in-law, *n'est-ce pas?*' And she showed her one yellow tooth as she cackled.

Monsieur La Frite ruined this amiable plan by remarking that marriage of the parents was necessary for an adoption to be legal. And the La Frites, though for many years they had lived as stormy a life together as any married pair, had omitted the formality of a wedding ceremony. The Widow Cornloup expressed her willingness to become an adopted mother to Marcel, but had to admit that she and the late M. Cornloup (who was now doing a fifteen-year jail sentence) had been equally careless.

There seemed to be no hope for Marcel in acquiring family by adoption. Besides, his ignoble occupation would still remain as a bar to his social aspirations. He wanted to paint out the words *Egalité* and *Fraternité*, that were so conspicuously plastered over every important building in Paris.

In Marcel's world nobody thought very much about family because nobody had any that he knew about. The aristocrats were the junk-dealers and old-clothes men who bought their stock, and they looked down with great contempt on the pathetic display of broken china and rusty tinware of the poor wretches who hunted through ash cans. But a grandfather back in Louis Philippe's time could not mean much in the Flea Market. Marcel dimly recalled a tawdry creature whom he had called 'aunt,' who was chiefly interested in getting him out of the way, especially when there were gentlemen visiting; but he had no recollection of any mention having been made of a grandfather, or father either, for that matter. He himself had been one of the aristocrats at the *Puces* since the day when, at the age of sixteen, he had bought an old piece of carpet for ten francs and sold it for thirty. How he had got the first ten francs he did not like to remember. But since then he had been respected as the clever boy who often had fifty francs to the good to begin his week's buying.

But how to acquire a grandfather? That was his problem now. And if he could n't find one, how was he to live without the beautiful Juno of the Flower Market? He got out his accordion and played *Le rêve passe* with so much feeling and such a wheezing and groaning of the old instrument that Widow Cornloup was deeply touched and went off sniffing to take stock of her china turtle-doves and German helmets.

Then Marcel started across town with his pushcart to make his regular round through the quarter of the rue St.-Denis. A friend of his, an old-clothes man, kept pace with him, as he often did, chatting on their way. And they always kept one eye on the upper stories of the old houses with their twisted balustrades, and another on the

swarming shopkeeping of the busy old street. Every two minutes the old-clothes man sang in a high operatic tenor, with a romantic flourish in the grand style:—

'Avez vous des habits à vendre?'

And then Marcel's rich baritone, in a tune that might have proclaimed the entrance of a knight-errant, rang out with:—

'Voici le brocanteur! Voici le brocanteur!'

Again the old-clothes man's cry soared to the ridiculously high chimneys, and Marcel's minor tune, echoing the hollowness of life, rolled through the cellars with:—

'J'achète les vieux meubles! J'achète les vieux meubles!'

The old-clothes man had excellent luck this morning, and soon filled his cart with old shoes, old trousers, and an ancient top hat that any one of the *fiacre* drivers, who still linger on in Paris, would be glad to buy.

But Marcel was not doing very well. He missed a great many good chances because he was thinking regretfully of Juno's matronly bosom, and for whole streets he hummed over *Le rêve passe*, instead of giving the well-known call of his trade. By the time the old-clothes man turned to go back with a great heap of precious rags, Marcel had bought only a bouquet of pale wax-flowers under a bell glass, and had refused a chance to acquire a slightly defective baby-carriage for almost nothing. There was no more joy in his trade; there seemed to be no more chance of luck lying just around the corner.

Meanwhile the La Frites, monsieur and madame, — but chiefly madame, — were considering Marcel's problem.

'It's that Flower Market crowd

turning up their noses at the Flea Market. *Bou Dioul!* As if our honest buying and selling was n't as respectable as digging in the dirt! Call a meeting of the Association and let us see whether they will let one of us be snubbed by the *sacré* Flower Market.'

And so Monsieur La Frite, always obedient to his awful spouse, told the members of the Association of the Rag-pickers of the Seine, as they came back in the evening one by one, that he as president would call a meeting right away. Beside the shack of the La Frites sat a mighty armchair, its red plush a little raw and mangy, and its entrails none too sound, but its vast size giving it a distinction even in its decadence. It was chiefly by virtue of possessing this mighty throne that Monsieur La Frite had been raised to the bad eminence of presidential glory.

The infernal peers, lean, scraggy, and bewiskered knights of the pushcart assembled one by one. Monsieur La Frite with great dignity took his place, and beside him sat his terrible consort, balancing her amorphous bulk on a bathroom stool. Women could not be regular members of the *Société des Chiffonniers de la Seine*, but, as elsewhere in French life, they had their say. And Madame La Frite, sitting in the *siège* perilous, rolling a cigarette, ruled the assembly as effectively as if she had twenty votes.

The presidential address opened with a reminder that the La Frite administration had safely guided the association in its larger policies for three years, and then expressed the hope that in the present crisis it might count on the support of all loyal adherents. It was indeed a crisis, this present issue. The refusal of old Troudunez to accept their own Marcel as a son-in-law was plainly a slap at the dignity and respectability of the *Chiffonniers de la Seine*. Should the *Société floricole* and

the *Société serinophile* be permitted to show them such an affront and nothing be done? Such snobbishness threatened the very foundations of the Republic. The *Floricoles* and the *Serinophiles* must be taught a lesson.

The address from the throne was followed by many a guttural *sacré bleu* and much spitting through the teeth, and here and there a grimy fist threatened vengeance. Then the grumpy hardware man stopped sorting the clock-wheels with which his pockets were full and took the floor. His counsel was a dire vengeance on the snobs. On the days of the Bird and Flower Market every owner of a pushcart in the Puces was to fill it up with dirty mattresses, and evil and odorous gunnysacks, and make a point of parading through the market square to the disgust of all fastidious flower-buyers and neat, bourgeois bird-lovers. This would teach the *Floricoles* to turn up their noses at the honest though unlavely *Chiffonniers!*

The hardware man sat down and gruff guffaws came from the ragged peers. A man who sold secondhand underwear and socks, a dirty creature with red, piggish eyes, rose to approve the idea of vengeance, and added the suggestion that one or two rickety handcarts might be loaded with spoiled cabbages from the cellars of the markets and be made to break down accidentally in the Flower Market square.

At this point President La Frite and his consort engaged in a very close-up argument together as they sat on their respective thrones. And, of course, *la présidente* won. And Monsieur again addressed the peers. Such a vengeance would be sweet, he admitted, but it was not worthy so serious an organization as the *Chiffonniers*. Besides, this course would only intensify the feeling of the snobbish *Floricoles* without accomplishing the desired end, the marriage

of Marcel and his aristocratic chicken. Furthermore there were the *sacré* police to be reckoned with. At the mention of the police there were howls of rage and mutterings of '*Mort aux vaches!*' But Madame La Frite scored a point. *Alors, que faire?*

Then the Widow Cornloup, grandly surveying the noisy crowd through her lorgnette, asked permission to speak, since she was an honorary member of the Association. What the Chiffoniers needed, she said, was a stall somewhere in the centre of town where their choicer antiques might be sold to advantage. At present the dealers came every week and carried off old copper jugs for a couple of francs and sold them for twenty. Why should the association not take a section or two of the boxes on the left bank of the Seine, where the booksellers were, and put Marcel in charge of it. This would be a very profitable thing for them all, and Marcel would have the full status of an antiquary with a neat sign over his section of stalls. And old Troudunez would then accept him as a man with a settled and respectable profession. And then the Widow Cornloup added that she hoped that when the old man came to think of Marcel as a desirable son-in-law, that Marcel would turn up his nose at the bean-pole daughter—as she richly deserved for belonging to a family of snobs, *parbleu!*

VI

The practical advantage of the Widow Cornloup's scheme strongly appealed to the Association, and contributions for the first month's rent of the stalls on the quai were at once levied. When Marcel came back to the Puces, gloomy with his poor day's bargains and his disappointed heart, the Chiffoniers had already begun to ransack their stock for what their imaginations

considered the nearest approach to real antiques. And Madame La Frite, puffing her cigarette, fists doubled on her great hips, announced the good news.

'*Bou Diou*, Marcel, now you can marry the whole *sacré* Flower Market if you want!'

In a few days Marcel was established on the Quai St.-Michel with three sections of boxes full of old junk — battered copper jugs, pieces of crystal chandeliers, a plate full of old coins, some German helmets (a loan exhibit from the *Collection Cornloup*), a dirty fan of about 1870, which Marcel labeled as having belonged to la Pompadour, a heap of odd calf-skin volumes of eighteenth-century divinity, advertised as good bedtime reading for the guest-room, and a straggling array of torn prints and old-fashioned plates tacked to the backs of the open box-lids. And along the front was painted in none too even letters: MARCEL CORROZET, ANTIQUAIRE DE LA SOCIÉTÉ DES CHIFFONNIERS DE LA SEINE. And every afternoon came members of the fraternity to admire the sign and smoke cigarettes with Marcel as he sat on a little stool under the trees that shade the quai. And sometimes Denise slipped over from the Flower Market and rearranged the antiquities which the Sunday crowds handled a hundred times, while Marcel's accord-ion yearned lovingly. Old Troudunez himself came by once and watched Marcel get forty francs from an American for a Mexican gourd bottle that had cost three-francs-fifty. During the mornings, when there was no business, Marcel continued to push his cart through the rue St.-Antoine singing, —

'*Avez-vous des vieux meubles à vendre?*'

while he meditated vaguely upon grandfathers. Old Troudunez seemed well disposed toward him now, but the question of family was still an obstacle.

One day toward the end of the week a boy brought an armful of old books to the stalls on the quai. Marcel did not go in much for books, but he took them when they came along and, to avoid any discussion of literary values, he paid for them by the pound. They seemed to be the usual shabby odd volumes that somebody may be willing to pick up, but one wonders why. The boy went off, glad to get a couple of francs, and Marcel thumbed over the old things in a hazy wonder at the mystery of the world of books.

Finally he glanced at one little tome in shriveled yellow parchment, and read the title: *Les Antiquités, Chroniques, et Singularités de Paris*, PAR GILLES CORROZET, 1561. This was the first time Marcel had ever seen his name in print, or even heard of anyone with the name.

'*Mon dieu! Qu'est-ce que c'est!* My own name!' and he spelled it out loud: 'C-o-r-r-o-z-e-t, there it is! Who can say now I have no family? I always felt it — that I was somebody. And 1561, that is a long time ago, before the time of Louis Philippe, *hein?* Here is proof now for old Troudunez. What can he say to my family when he sees the name in print? In print. *Mon dieu!* think of that!'

To think that he, Marcel, belonged to a family that had written books in the old times. Yes, indeed, life was strange! Marcel locked up his stalls and went down the quai to a bookseller who seemed to know more than most of the *bouquinistes* who dream their time away under the trees. He was a withered old chap with cross-eyed glasses that pinched his nose up as though he were always smelling a bad smell. He pinched the glasses on tighter and looked over the volume.

'Ah, this is interesting. I'll give six francs for it.'

'*Pardon, monsieur, it is not for sale.*

It was written by an ancestor of mine. See!' and again Marcel spelled out his own name.

The dealer smiled contemptuously, but did not dispute the discovery.

'Ah yes! that is different. We shall have to give you twenty-five francs, since it is an heirloom, *hein?*'

But still Marcel would not part with his find. And the dealer thumbed the book over and read the list of quaint streets of Paris as they stood in the sixteenth century, and he chuckled over some of the vulgar old names that one does not dare write down. When he came to the back cover he exclaimed, —

'*Sapristi! Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça!* With the map all complete! And only two copies of it known! I will make you rich if you let me sell this. It is very valuable, the oldest map of Paris! Perhaps I'll get a thousand francs.'

Marcel's head swam. To find a family and a fortune both at the same time was too much. He grabbed the startled bookseller in his arms and kissed him on both cheeks. Marcel asked the old fellow's opinion as to the correctness of his genealogical claim, and the bookseller felt bound to admit that many pedigrees in the world rested on slighter evidence.

VII

That night Marcel buttoned on the grand waistcoat and the painful patent leathers, and with his priceless evidence of aristocracy in his pocket and his accordion under his arm started off to present himself a second time as a suitor for the hand of Denise.

He arrived at the Quai aux Fleurs in the evening just as the Troudunez family were getting their stock ready for the next day's market. He came with his book and his accordion and his splendid waistcoat and shoes. He was greeted very cordially by old Troudunez, and the beldame mother stopped

muttering things to the tame rook and wiped off a chair with her apron for him to sit in. Denise gave him a pink rose which he stuck jauntily over one ear. He announced his great find with an attempt to be very man-of-the-world about it.

'A little book I just bought,' he said, pulling the volume out of his pocket, 'written by my a — a — great ancestor: Gilles Corrozet. My friend the *bouquiniste* says it's quite a rarity.'

But Marcel could n't keep up his casual manner long. 'The old man will sell it for a thousand francs, and then we can get married, *hein*, Denise?' he cried jumping on a box so that he could throw his arms around the neck of the embarrassed Juno-like creature.

The old book and the map were reverently examined with many a *Mon dieu!* and *Sapristi!*

'A thousand francs!' cried the old man; 'more than the price of a donkey. *Nom d'une pipe!*' And then a vague skepticism rose in his mind.

'But how do you know it was written by an ancestor, *comprenez?*'

'*Eh b'an,*' said Marcel, taking the rose from behind his ear and chewing the stem meditatively, 'the name is the same as the one painted over my boxes on the quai, is n't it? Nobody ever heard of any other Corrozet family, *n'est-ce pas?* Did your grandfather

write any books back in Louis Philippe's time?'

Old Troudunez admitted that he had never seen his name in print. And the beldame mother added that grandfather Troudunez could n't write his own name. And Denise pointed out that the family was not even listed in the directory. The old man did not like the turn the discussion was taking and went back to exclaiming on the value of the old book.

'A thousand francs! *Nom d'une pipe!* a good sum to lay by with the girl's dowry, *comprenez?*'

And so everything being settled they fell to enjoying their supper. There were long curled sausages, a full yard of bread, and a round ripe cheese, old and odorous, and plenty of wine in spite of the high price. And the beldame produced a bottle of ancient eau-de-vie to make the occasion greatly complete. Then they arranged all the geraniums and fuchsias and marigolds for the morning market. And Marcel put aside a little potted fuchsia to take back to the Widow Cornloup. And he and Denise walked down the quai, and again sat opposite where Abélard and Héloïse had lived. And Marcel played the song about 'Love in the autumn,' and, had it not been for the thoughtful and prudent Denise, he would have missed the last train in the Metro.

ON THE SIDE LINES

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

I

ONE cannot wander from room to room in an art gallery without noticing again at least one obvious difference between the work of the earliest painters and that of the moderns. The older pictures are bold in line and wonderful in color, but they are entirely lacking in perspective. In modern work we often miss the bold line and the tender color, yet this loss is more than covered by the gain in perspective.

We must suppose that the development of this technical device has not proceeded apart from the whole art of living, but is one of the pledges of man's maturing insight and judgment. A world where life is relatively simple and where its primal concerns are few and obvious can express itself in an art which commands only two dimensions. But when the scene becomes overcrowded and confused some suggestion of a third dimension is required to bring order out of chaos.

Sometimes the world becomes so complex and apparently irrational that it defies interpretation and evaluation. Then men revert again to a life and an art of two dimensions. So it is that certain canvases by soldier painters which were hung in the Tate Gallery after the War have a strange flatness and archaic style. Guns, rats, sandbags, men, mud, wire, poppies — all are presented as on the same plane. The soldier found himself in a world which baffled all attempt at perspective, so he simply suggested that hard flat

world of two stern and meagre dimensions as he knew it.

Precisely these distinctions hold in religion. In the earlier religions of authority, truth and duty are portrayed — and fitly portrayed — by two dimensions. All that is sacred is to be found on a single plane. The simple finality of those systems gives them their strange flatness and their arresting suggestions of sufficiency and strength.

The free religious spirit of the last hundred years has been unable to content itself with the technique of the older exemplars and has been struggling to achieve moral and intellectual perspective. Religion has become the quest for what is most worthwhile in life. And if the most worthwhile cannot be affirmed without thrusting into the middle distance and the farther background the tithes of mint and anise and cumin, then we plead guilty to that fine irreverence. In order to suggest what is really important in religion we must have the courage to commit sacrilege against what is relatively unimportant.

We are now confronted, however, by a horde of religionists who are very like the soldier painters of the trenches. The world is out of hand and they are wearied of the cursed spite which condemns them to bring order out of chaos by the exercise of perspective. They find the very principle of religion frustrated and imperiled by the characteristic modern technique. Their

quarrel is not so much with the detailed findings of the free spirit as with its method. And they propose to restore and to reaffirm the case for religion by reverting to a religious art of two dimensions only.

All that is implied in the flat, hard, archaic art of Fundamentalism is as normal and inevitable — given this confused world at hand — as those soldier pictures in the Tate. The wonder is not that Fundamentalists have appeared in their thousands. The wonder would have been their non-appearance. Only the man who goes doggedly on with the task of the religious artist to achieve order and a scale of values by a yet more accurate perspective can appreciate the seduction of an art of two dimensions only, and the seeming simple solution which it offers to the perennial 'problem of religion.'

It is, at best, a dreary prospect that is before us. We shall have to take the field and fight all over again the terrain which was the battleground of the third quarter of the last century. Other Huxleys, without the prophetic zest of their predecessor, must resume the grim business of 'smiting the Amalekite' and the gory offices of 'episcopophagy.' The ghostly presences of Henry Drummond and John Fiske will be conjured up as the angels at our Mons. The whole sad business is so unreal as to be a nightmare. Teachers who ought to be better employed in schools and colleges will have to begin again with the alphabet of the rocks. Ministers who ought to be preaching peace on earth will have to waste precious days and years attempting to show once more why 'the credibility of Judges and the edibility of Jonah' are not as central in religion as the Beatitudes. Meanwhile, the earth will continue to revolve around the sun and astronomers will announce new nebulae

at unthinkable distances. Creationists to the contrary, Luther Burbank will continue to evolve new species. Fundamentalism may attempt to hold up the human mind, but — *Eppur si muove*.

We 'modernists' who are now threatened with arrest, have a moment's breathing-spell in which to review our position and to find the range. Perhaps our first salvo in the direction of the Fundamentalist is our demand for a greater consistency. He is attacking the scientific method. What half amuses and half perplexes us about him is his cultural inconsistency. Apart from theology his whole life is a frank appropriation of this method. In nine tenths of his living he makes constant use of the findings of the method which he so violently repudiates in religion. There is something pathetically incongruous in the sight and sound of the preacher broadcasting by radio his denunciations and warnings against the deadly peril of science. It ought to be a matter of conscience with the man who holds such doctrines to have no truck with the radio. Unless, indeed, there is in this scheme of things some ancient moral alchemy whereby the works of darkness may be turned to the glory of God!

II

Meanwhile, what of our own point of view? Obviously we have not made good the case for the art of religion which uses the characteristically modern technique. Why has not this temper which, for the want of any better word we call 'liberalism,' concluded its conquest of the land? It has had a full century in which to prove its case. We believe its findings to be far truer and more significant than the previous pronouncements upon religion made by the elder orthodoxies. If the method is valid, why are the results so patently meagre? What is there in human

nature by way of a religious need and a capacity for religion which is not satisfied by the method?

One cannot repudiate one's whole intellectual and moral history. One must reaffirm one's conviction that as between the ecclesiastic and the dogmatist on the one hand and the pure scientist on the other hand the authentic religious spirit, in its simpler manifestations, seems to have inspired the latter even more fully than the former. The passion for veracity, the adventurous and unmercenary love of truth, the faith that more light is yet to break, devotion to God's ways not only made known but to be made known, the high impersonality which must correct all arrogant and inadequate individualism, the indubitable catholicity of scientific knowledge as against provincial sectarianism, the wistful humility which knows that 'the first wonder is the child of ignorance and the last wonder is the parent of adoration' — all these are indubitable signs of religion and are to be found in modern science perhaps more clearly than in modern ecclesiasticism.

Whatever the conclusions as to man and nature and God, tentative or assured, now advanced by the sciences, there is in the quality of scientific thinking at its best a strong strain of real saintliness. If religion be a way as well as a conclusion, the religious way leads quite as often through a laboratory to-day as through a narrowly sectarian church. The impression left upon our minds by the *Life and Letters of Thomas Huxley* is precisely the impression made upon an earlier century by the *Theologia Germanica*, that of a selfless love of truth. The suggestion given by the *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin* is the selfsame suggestion of the *Little Flowers of Saint Francis* — that of an almost childlike humility. We cannot turn state's evidence against these

high natures for the sake of arbitrary dogmatism.

But we are far from self-righteousness and much farther from self-satisfaction in the defense of the scientific method in religion. No single method in religion, of the many which have been tried in history, has ever quite plucked the heart out of the mystery. So this latest method, whatever its central tempers and its distinguished achievements, has and in the very nature of the case must have its own distinctive liability. It is with this inherent limitation of the method that the 'liberal' is really concerned.

The situation may be best approached, perhaps, by way of a parable. For, obviously, this is not a problem in dogmatic theology alone. It must be one statement of the whole riddle of life, and, as such, a cultural problem of the first magnitude.

On any Saturday afternoon in any college town you may go out to the stadium or the bowl to see the game. You will find there five thousand, ten thousand, fifty thousand, seventy-five thousand persons like yourself sitting on the side lines watching twenty-two men play the game. Most of the spectators are flabby and soft and out of training. They could not stand the punishment of the playing-field for five consecutive minutes. But from their benches they are loud in praise or blame. For all that they aspire to be and are not, is — for the moment — there on the gridiron. And by their criticism they achieve a certain vicarious fitness, which enhances their self-esteem.

But the ages of the stadium have never been the greatest ages of human civilization. The contrast between the few in action and the many who are spectators is a portent. The times when the many have been so divided from the few have been, more often than

otherwise, the times of social decadence. We go to a Polo Ground to see a World Series. But every thoughtful man knows that, so far as the physical fitness and the spirit of sport in a nation are concerned, it would be far better for us to scatter to back lots and play three-old-cat for ourselves. A great arena for sports is made possible, not merely by the perfecting of the game, but by the whole cultural situation, of which the arena is but one significant symbol.

There is in human nature an ineradicable capacity for creative work. Its origins are deep down among the primal instincts. But as life is organized to-day the plain man finds little occasion and less opportunity to be a creator. His necessary bread-labor in the world has become, in most cases, a monotonous and mechanical business of collating other men's ideas and peddling other men's wares. He is essentially a translator and a middleman.

The great game of American business does offer a certain outlet to the creative instincts. But its conduct appeals rather to a mechanical ingenuity than to the genius of an artist. Then, for one professional man who is doing pioneer work in his field, there are ninety-nine who move in lock step on a treadmill. And as for the vast majority of working men and working women, they tend machines which so divide the task that the joy of the creator is frustrated, or they keep books and write letters which concern everyone's life except their own.

Thus baffled, we live in a world where our vocations offer little or no outlet for the creative urge within us, and we devise for our relief whimsical and artificial avocations. There is a carpenter's bench in the attic, or a plumber's shop in the cellar. We try our hand at writing or fooling with paints. All of us, out-of-hours and off-

the-job, potter at something or other which serves to express the creator in us. We become collectors. The psychologist tells us that no man who finds full occasion for the expression of his instincts in his vocation ever turns collector. 'Collections' are a pathetic comment upon frustrated powers. But as this world now goes we must agree with the novelist that 'men should not be too curious in analyzing and condemning any means which nature devises to save them from themselves, whether it be coins, old books, curiosities, butterflies, or fossils.'

In the main, and in the end, however, we find our solace from another quarter. We weary of our creative avocations and our odd collections. They are confessions that the battle is a losing battle. Life relentlessly forces us to the side lines and in the end we accept our lot there. Once comfortably settled there, we find in frank candid criticism of life a vicarious substitute for creation. It does not matter, culturally, whether we sit in the seats of the intelligentsia criticizing Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard* or in the seats of the unwashed criticizing Babe Ruth's batting average; whether in praise we throw kisses to the prima donna or in blame throw bottles at the umpire — the premise is common to all these gestures and judgments: it is the premise of the side lines of life and all that they imply.

Our criticism is intended to suggest, as Carlyle has it of heroes, that 'there is nothing but what we, the little critic, might have done too.' But this is the lie in the soul of the bleachers and the orchestra stalls. Chesterton in his study of Dickens says that the critics of Dickens complain that there never were such persons as the preposterous Tony Weller and the incredible Stiggins. But, he goes on to say, criticizing Dickens is like criticizing the universe.

One may object, but the objections are vitiated by the sobering knowledge that whatever one thinks of it all, one could not have done as much one's self. Oh, perhaps one of the Dickens critics, by a superhuman travail of imagination, could have brought forth after long gestation one of this glorious galaxy of Dickens characters; but, concludes Chesterton, he would have had to spend the rest of his life being wheeled around in a Bath chair at Bournemouth!

III

Now the cultural gravamen against science is to be found in the fact that it has absolved, relieved, deprived the average man of the occasion for creative effort. We must not appraise the achievements of the scientific method merely in the terms of the life of the pure scientist. He is a very rare person. He does first-hand and creative work. And for one such man in the present order there are nine hundred and ninety-nine on the side lines. The electricians who have lived 'detached days,' keeping vigil in the seclusion of a General Electric or a Westinghouse laboratory, still know the joy of the creator. But wiring and tuning a set in your own home, following the book of instructions, is a second-rate substitute for creative work. And, so far as the cultural consequences are concerned, a home in which a family idles inertly for a whole evening before the loud speaker, listening to a dance-orchestra in Havana, is not as healthy a home as the raucous house of yesterday where a daughter banged out jazz for herself upon the piano and a son trailed in her zigzag wake upon a cacophonous cornet. Our cultural dilemma to-day is this: that far too much is done for us by the pioneers in the natural sciences and far too little is asked of us by way of coöperative creation.

VOL. 133 — NO. 6

Translate this homely situation into its fuller and more abstract terms and the religious dilemma becomes apparent. The time was when, to his own thinking, man was the centre of created values and mattered in his own eyes. We were at the core of creation, God was in his heaven, and all was right in heaven and on earth. But to-day we are cowed by 'astronomical intimidation.' 'The heaven,' says George Tyrrell, 'that lay behind the blue curtain of the sky, whence night by night God hung out His silver lamps to shine upon the earth, was a far deeper symbol of the eternal home than the cold, shelterless deserts of astronomical space.' *Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie*. Pascal found a certain resolute comfort in the assurance that the mind of man which can contemplate these immensities must be greater than that which it knows. This rather bleak and characteristically modern argument has in it an indubitable truth of life: that when you have objectified your trouble you have in some measure transcended it. It is good psychology. But such considerations are not the characteristic affirmations of religion.

For one does not have to know very much about religion to know that its voice is a voice which says variously, 'I must be about my Father's business,' 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,' 'We then, as workers together with him,' 'I would fain be to the Eternal Goodness what his own hand is to a man.' It is not enough for religion merely 'to watch the Master work'; we too must know 'tricks of the tool's true play.'

The religious man, whether rightly or wrongly, has always conceived himself to share with God in a creative partnership. That is why no seat of external authority, whatever its claims to finality, has ever escaped the need of interpreters and translators. And once

the inherent necessity for interpretation is allowed, the occasion for creation is present and the joy of the creator is known. Modern religion certainly calls a man to a fearless and candid appraisal of fact, but no religion has ever contented itself with an objective account of fact; it has always demanded an imaginative effort to enter into the essence of the fact, and this subjective temper makes the religious man a perpetual re-creator of past fact and a constant creator of new fact. In the end the saint is an artist as well as a scientist.

Pondering these matters, we go to church. In the formulæ of worship and in the pronouncements of the preacher we are made immediately aware of the critical method at work upon the conventional body of usage and doctrine. We are invited to recite as the substance of our immediate belief some ancient and familiar creed upon which the liberal theologian has been at work. Hallowed but now incredible and unwelcome articles have been deleted from the creed or radically altered by a major theological operation. What is the result? The creed now conforms more accurately to present opinion, but we are put out of sorts with the initial temper of a true Credo. For a confession of faith is the work of an artist and not a scientist. We are invited to sing a hymn, but the trail of the modernist editor is all over its stanzas, and he inspires us not to song, but to further detached criticism of the text. The preacher talks to us with undoubted learning about, say, Paul's conversion. We are given a faithful account of the general historical setting and the successive states of the Apostle's soul. It is all accurate and indubitable. But there is this difference; we are left in doubt as to whether God works through the subliminal self and whether men whose unstable equilib-

rium is thus altered are the effectual makers of history. It is an interesting question to ponder, but prophets have not spent their lives attempting to decide it.

The deeper pathos of it all is this cultural curse of the side lines which follows us to church. I had gone with the multitude to keep holy day in the Lord's house. Some faint stirrings of the artist in me had prompted me to hope that on this day and in this place and company I might find some humble occasion to express the creator in me. But no, we talk about religion, we criticize its past achievements and bring them abreast of contemporary science, but we do not find a way for religion to talk for itself. The zest of the great game is not for us. We have been settled for so long shivering on the chilly bleachers of religion that we wonder shall we ever know again what it is to have the blood run hot and fast on the field of action. The Fundamentalist has this advantage over us — he is committed to what the Russian revolutionists of a generation ago called 'the propaganda of the deed.' Whereas we of the other party have been content with cultural criticism, scientific, dispassionate, and for the most part wanting in the joy of the creator and the redeemer.

The most obvious solution of our dilemma is to recant our errors and to revert to an uncriticized religion, an art of two dimensions. But this solution of our problem is too easy, and it has no valid precedent in history. For every true prophet and reformer was, after the manner of his day, a scientific critic of his own age. He achieved a better religious perspective than his predecessors and his contemporaries had achieved. We shall not be much moved by the trite platitude of those who tell us, 'We have had enough destructive criticism; what is now

wanted is constructive thinking.' When Micah put into the foreground three matters, — doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God, — he passed disparaging criticism upon all else. When Isaiah thrust new moons and Sabbaths into the background of the scene that he might exalt righteousness, he was undoubtedly attacked as a dangerous 'higher critic.' And as for that Sabbath walk which Jesus took through the cornfields with his disciples, it was the most destructively critical act in the whole history of religion. We cannot give up the eternal struggle for a truer perspective. And any specious plea for constructive religious thinking apart from criticism is simply the cloak which hides a coward and his fears or a conventionalist and his comforts.

IV

What we are seeking in religion today is a capacity for what a modern man of letters has called 'creative criticism.' Here is the great body of religion in history. No man begins his spiritual life *de novo*. Here, if anywhere, he strives to share the life of the race. But his critical apparatus is not a device for alienating him from his concern, rather it is merely a more effectual way for letting him into the central truth and reality of religion. 'The critic,' says Mr. J. Middleton Murry, 'unless he is that very rare and valuable thing, a technical critic, must be to some extent a creative artist in

his criticism. The first part of his work is to convey the effect, the whole intellectual and emotional impression made by the work he is criticizing; without this foundation his criticism will be jejune and unsubstantial. In this respect his task is strictly analogous to that of the creative writer. . . . He has become in all but name a creative artist himself.'

We have and we shall continue to have in the several sciences, natural, historical, psychological, which now concern themselves with the field of religion, that very rare and valuable thing, a technical critic. But this office is for the few highly trained scholars. For the bulk of us, nurtured in the scientific method in religion, our task is to use both the method and the findings of criticism as occasions for creation. The approved stuff for a better world is now at hand. The tested and indubitable content of a credible religion now appears after a century's effort for perspective. But the world's extremity can no longer be met merely by seeing life steadily and whole and in perspective. There has been too much detachment in that temper. Liberalism must grapple with the cultural menace of life forever on the side lines before it finally finds itself.

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must
believe.

LINES TO A PUMPING ENGINE FOR A RELIGIOUS HOUSE

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

I. *Old Style*

THIS is Sister Water's cell,
 She chose the little sunny dell,
 She said, 'Here will I dwell.'

Sister Water recks nor cares
 If it be holier otherwheres,
 'T is here she says her prayers.

'Teach me, Lord, thy wells to fill;
 And where to splash, and when to spill;
 Teach me to run uphill.'

She climbs the hill with Brother Sun!
 She ripples up the stairs! Well done,
 Clean and humble one!

Here in Sister Water's cell,
 God maketh miracle.
 Light the candle, ring the bell,
 Sing LAUS DEO!

II. *New Style*

THE little grassy hollow is sunny.
 The grass is wet and oozy and
 bright green.

Do not forget your rubbers.
 There is a spring in the sunny
 hollow;
 And there are mosquitoes.

The Community
 Has built a little cabin
 Over the spring in the hollow.
 The pumping engine
 Lives in the little cabin.
 It looks easy,
 But it takes a man to run it.
 The motive power is gasoline
 And possibly
 God —
 So-called.

THE WAY OF PLAIN FRIENDS

BY SEAL THOMPSON

THE life of a Quaker child is unique in this: there are no scenic effects — no chiaroscuro, no Veronese color. Life is not a fresco: it is a mechanical drawing, with precision, symmetry, long perspective. It is a matter of regularity, not variant; of rule, not exception; of structure rather than decoration. Life is rhythmic but it is a rhythm got by repetition, the rhythm of the Psalms: —

Create in me a clean heart, O God,
And renew a right spirit within me.

Life is highly ritualistic but the ritual is one of omission. It is highly sacramental but the sacrament is of silence. The raising of the Host is invisible. The Grail is bodiless. Antiphony there is but it is not verbal.

PROFANITY

There is a long space in childhood when violent contrasts are unknown. Life is neat and orthodox, a matter of sums and Meeting — also, be it said, of shimmering double damask, of dry-glazed porcelain carried long ago from Cathay, and of garments not needful of adornment for the fabric is of finest silk and of softest wool. There is synthesis, got in the little, everyday, familiar things. Does not the headmistress dress exactly as does mother? Dress is a continuum, never exactly old and certainly never new. I presume my mother had new bonnets but none ever knew of their advent. 'Bring me my bonnet' — there was but one. The green square box which was its

repository decades ago is its repository to-day. The new occupant was never heralded: the old passed without requiem.

Even the phraseology of home and school and Meeting knew no variable-ness neither shadow of turning. It was always 'thee' and 'me.' On First Day morning my mother would throw back her little silver shawl, as if loosening the things of time and space, and would read in gentle singsong: He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Later, at Meeting, dear A — W — would loosen another little silver shawl, remove a bonnet the replica of every other in that low room, and repeat in the same reverent singsong: I will say of the Lord He is my refuge and my strength. On chillsome First Day mornings my mother would say with decision: 'This is a cold morning: thee will wear thy wool leg-gings.' And under the shadow of the Meeting house porch S — E —, ruddy under the gray thatch of her bonnet, would greet us cheerily with: 'It's a cold morning. I'm glad to see thee has on thy wool leggings.'

There were minor dissonants in this antiphonal life. For instance, I knew my father's hat, not only because it always hung on the fifth peg from the end on the meeting-house row, but also because the brim curled ever so slightly. Also, his coat had a conventional, worldly collar. By these tokens we thought him different — which indeed he was.

Of subtleties life was meagre; of devious ways there were few; the street usually was called Straight. And there was a modicum of magic. Hence such hours receive more than their rightful share of remembrance. Such an one was an hour, beginning gray but ending in dear enchantment, for within the sixty seconds of that hour I came first to know, and almost simultaneously, a Kentucky cardinal, a flaming impertinent poinsettia, and a new word — a *profane* word. So it must have been, on an insufferably drab day on Patmos when one became immortal because he raised his eyes and saw an enticing beast rise up out of the sea . . . upon his heads the name of blasphemy. There may have been sins as scarlet that day on the little island, but monotony there was none.

It was of a Seventh Day afternoon and I went with my father on our usual jaunt into the country. And, as usual, we turned into Chestnut Street to linger for a moment before Pennell's florist shop. The window was fresh filled with poinsettias, then new in the land. We stood long before that voluptuous feast and as we stood my father sighed. And I knew that, without exactly desiring it, his thought was turning to something that was not.

We went on to Bartram's Gardens. It was a dull day and before we were able to get as far as the *Salisburia adiantifolia* — which was the foolish boast of the old arboretum — the heavy fog that sometimes settles over the low Schuylkill Valley drove us home. As we found our way through the garden, picking our path with difficulty, there darted toward us out of the thick, cotton-y mist a brilliant red bird. 'By Jove, that's a cardinal!' murmured my father and, dropping my hand in utter oblivion, he gave a soft call which I had never before heard. The bird did not respond and we walked on.

'Father, what did thee say when thee saw the bird?' I asked.

'I said I thought it must be a cardinal.'

'But I mean first — before that — when thee first saw the bird?'

'I was surprised,' he said guardedly. 'I did n't realize they came so far north.'

Next morning came a fine, cold, steady sleet. The old horse-cars were held safe in the barn. After a deal of masculine adult uncertainty, it was decided that we stay at home.

'By Jove, we don't go to Meeting,' I announced to my mother.

The effect of this pleasantry was electric. The gentle folds of the little silver shawl stiffened into the rigid cadence of the First Commandment. Oh, the relentless conflict of that hour! Self-preservation urged me to confess my source, and yet, and yet, he of the worldly coat must be shielded from the righteous wrath of the little silver shawl. And in the course of that day of sleet I was to learn that he of the worldly coat was a Friend — but with a difference. He had come late to the Fellowship, 'because,' they said, 'of conviction.' But I did not need to be told that it was because of an undying affection.

That night I said to my sister: 'Did thee ever know that thee does n't *have* to marry a Quaker?'

'Yes,' she said sleepily, 'but who else is there?'

How expectations dupe us. The wicked promise of that exquisite hour of poinsettias and profanity was never fulfilled. Life again became sober and antiphonal, and yet, not just as before. I was conscious of a deepened relationship.

GREED

Pledges were abroad. Perhaps in thy family it was Burgundy: in mine it was bonbons.

Easily did I enter into a contract, to run for a term of months, not 'to taste or touch.' Physical details had been explained in my presence and, while they were not to me so crystal-clear as they seemed (were they?) to other juvenile auditors, I gathered that it was quite the same as being 'eaten by worms,' and, remembering Herod, I was led to swift decision. Thee perceives that my little contract was entered into mainly for physical advantages, but also there was a slight economic concession, for, later, I was to receive compensation as befitted the sacrifice, and both environment and inheritance had engendered respect for equitable monetary profit. Little did I dream that I was enlisting for Armageddon.

Like all contracts of childhood this represented an unfair advantage to the elders who constituted the 'party of the second part'; for they knew, as I did not, of greetings from a gracious Friend whose 'concern' for us was annual and whose visitation was imminent. This 'concern' was 'tenderly cherished'; for, along with the rewards of 'sweet comfort' and 'solid peace' which the *Discipline* bade her convey, she had a minor 'concern.' Her advent embraced not only those gifts of the spirit which were the natural fruit of her ministry but a dear attribute and rare — sticks of plaited peppermint.

Whether indifference on a former visit had suggested the law of diminishing returns, I know not; but this year the ancient attribute was transmuted into caramels.

And there was my contract — not yet a fortnight old!

And now if thee wishes to know truly of the location of Armageddon I can assist thee. It is not in the heart of any vision. Be not deceived there. Nor is it in the valley of the little brook Kishon. It is in an old-fashioned

'sitting-room,' in an old-fashioned house in the City of Brotherly Love. And the battle was waged in the stillness of the midnight, and the stars in their courses did *not* fight for Deborah. That detail is a redactor's gloss.

Down the dark stairs I padded, with the swift, sure tread of childhood. There in the moonlight gleamed the bright box: the little contract retired to the 'suburbs of my regard.' "As for that threatening," said the least worthy of Arthur's Knights, "be that as it may, we will go to dinner."

I recall without effort the mad license of that hour. One, two, three, four, five, six — and then a wide band of moonlight caught, simultaneously, the bottom of the box, my mother's spotless cap, a substantially bound copy of *Maxims* and *The Rules of Discipline and Advices*. These were the bulwarks of my little world and I had betrayed them. Audibly spoke the *Discipline*: —

We desire that our members may so realize the saving power of the grace of God that they will be enabled to deny all worldly allurements, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, that they may adorn the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in all things.

More swiftly than she had come, the offender fled, straight to her father's room, where sound sleep was broken with the scorching words: 'Oh, I 've lied to thee: — I 've lied — I 've lied — I 've eaten caramels.'

Training under the *Discipline and Advices* had not been wasted.

Nevertheless, the help of the Society being by none so much needed as by the weak and the wayward, the caution is extended that no judgment be placed hastily, or in the spirit of condemnation, but all offenders should be labored with lovingly, patiently, and so long as a reasonable hope of benefit therefrom appears.

Thereafter there were no pledges but there is a little spot in that house which to this day, to the initiated, is known as Peniel.

VANITY

Once, of a Fifth Day, at three P.M., it rained. And thereby, a philosopher records, the whole course of his life was changed. With what underlying content would one face a catastrophe so unmistakably of divine ordainment! Mine was not so: mine was of mortal mind.

It was a matter of a hat — a white hat, blue underneath, of the shade effected by Fra Angelico angels, and above, a wee, red rose. The subtle appeal of that 'wee, crimson-tipped flower' was to me irresistible and to this day I do not fathom its rejection. The hat represented not only grace but adventure for I came by it through pure strategy. Rightly do I say *pure*. Was it not a strategy suggested by the Inner Light, though perhaps not just such a manifestation as I had been taught to revere? The real test of a hat, as everyone knows, is time, and to this day, after a term of years which I would fain abridge, the lure of that hat is upon me. The grace of an Old Master it had, with no philistine possibilities for absurdity with the passing of time. At least so it dwells in my memory. On the ethics of its procurement it pleases me to be properly vague, for it represented not only a forbidden act of borrowing but a nice deception and a concession to Appearance which was a prostitution of that independence, pure and undefiled, which was mine by inheritance. I may say in its favor that the possession of it was by way of preparation for one — again my authority was the Inner Light — who I believed would speak 'honey-sweet words' as we walked

through the Crum Creek wood after Meeting, and I was tremulously expectant as to what those winged words would be. Not that I was altogether unfamiliar with amorous terms; but my meagre supply was assembled from *Saints Legendes* and from moments when Mme. Guyon, caught up into rapt flirtation with the Deity, became glowingly articulate. Though satisfactorily fervid, these were properly remote.

My narrative, in naked outline, runs thus: I was going on a week-end, not far, to the modest country home of an elder Friend. And quite well I knew what awaited me: 'wheaten bread in a beautiful basket'; a long walk under the stars; rivalry in the placing of constellations; the next morning — Meeting; in the afternoon Friends would 'drive over' for that calm and comprehensive gossip which characterizes the Fellowship. The last was the item I planned to omit. At that moment I would be walking in the Crum Creek wood, under my rose, the coy rose which earlier had been smuggled into my hand by a fellow conspirator, one who dwelt in the fair land of Style, and whom, by some strange infidelity of the human heart, I have ever since hated.

Exhilaration carried my plan beyond the point of wisdom. First Day morning came, sunny, windless, warm — a gracious day! And at ten o'clock a gracious voice: 'Is thee ready? It's time for Meeting.' Ready indeed I was — and, unwittingly, garlanded for the sacrifice, for in that little white upper room I had come upon a daring resolve, namely, to take the rose to Meeting.

Never was a little drama planned with more classic precision; never was one so abruptly wrecked because of the evil inherent in a bit of 'property.' For one brief moment I held 'centre'

on the stage of my imaginings. None showed surprise nor was there shadow of rebuke, but again the gentle voice: 'It's a warm morning; thee will not need a hat for Meeting.'

I ask myself about those gentle voices and wonder at the unswerving obedience given them. None of them were without significance. Dignity, beauty, self-control — surrender came at their bidding.

Now, easily could I have adorned myself with wickedness in the afternoon and I shall not say that a little wicket gate at the end of a lane, generously conniving iniquity, did not murmur: 'When the dial points to three, thee can pass, unseen, through me to the Crum Creek wood.' But no! *I could not*. Let me pay belated tribute to the glory of that little house. Rebellion a-plenty it had seen, but not disguise.

Perhaps the little river, that First Day afternoon, 'made glad the city of God.' If so, at this distance, I am content. But glamour there was none. Not even 'the honey sweet words' could recapture it.

There came a day when I had occasion to be grateful for the gentle deterrent that sent me hatless to Meeting. It was on another First Day and at a Meeting of large attendance. A long line of well polished 'german-towns' were parked in the shed. Inside, the leaders' seat had few empty places. The spotless white room, with its wooden benches, was almost full. Bands of sunlight entered through the slatted blinds and lay across the floor. The old creeper on the east wall was full of young leaves that cast quivering shadows on a line of gray silk bonnets — a blasphemous adornment, the only one they would ever know. Placid faces were all unconscious of this merry dance going on over their heads.

A little wager my sister and I once arranged on a windy morning that these dervishes would overtake the neat headdress of a particularly saintly 'overseer.' They did not. They crept as far as a gray-wool shoulder. A wayward victorious foot found mine under the wooden bench. I appeared to be rapidly losing. No broker at the races ever watched for the finish of his darling with more excitement than did I those nervous, progressive shadows. Though I had never heard of benefit of clergy, my faith was strong that the saints were inviolate. And they were: faith was vindicated. Just in time the woman of God removed her bonnet, unconsciously placing it beyond encroachments.

But on this particular morning it was not a shadow that engrossed us but a reality — an unspeakable reality. A worldly woman, doubtless a daughter of Zion — otherwise why in Meeting? — but such an one as we knew only through the pages of an ancient book,¹ one who walked haughtily, attired with a pendant and bracelets, with a crescent and headtire, with a perfume box and a veil. And the Lord had not yet taken away the beauty of her anklets, for I could clearly see, through a break in the bench, mounted on ankles of exquisite slenderness, two chaste buckles of silver.

A wanton woman! And she walked with 'outstretched neck,' and, to our horror, she took her place on the men's side.

Not in all the length and breadth of my early youth do I recall a moment of such inner intensity. No head turned in that quiet room: there was no perceptible movement, but the air became tense. Clearly this was no time to wait on the spirit. There was the slightest movement on the women's side of the leaders' seat. A bonnet

¹ See Isaiah iii.

was quietly laid aside, an outer shawl was folded, an inner shawl was loosened: an uncompromising figure rose, swayed for a moment with closed eyes, and then cut the air with the familiar words: 'And even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.' Quietly she resumed her place, still with closed eyes. Another rose and, with equal leisure and solemnity, cast another word into the void: 'Thou mindest not the things of God but the things of man.' The feminine marauder on the men's side was impervious: her well-set head was unbowed. Then we knew that the thunderings of Sinai were due. An aged leader took up his big book, a book which was a landmark in that Meeting. Hands trembling with zeal found the place. The spirit was moving with terrible swiftness. With unmistakable clearness came the anathema: *And it shall come to pass that instead of sweet spices there shall be rottenness: and instead of a girdle, a rope: and instead of well-set hair, baldness: and instead of a robe, a girding of sack-cloth; branding instead of beauty.*

On the end of my bench, even the stranger forgot, I was giving thanks for the tender discipline of S—G— in the matter of the rose. And earnestly was I making my covenant. None made with patriarch under Syrian sky was more solemnly consummated: 'O God, never, never will I wear a hat with a red rose.'

And 'before God, I lie not': I never have.

LED BY THE SPIRIT

It is the first Second Day after the fourth First Day of the Third Month . . . and it is Yearly Meeting. 'As for me,' says the Dear Alien, 'I take along with me a little heathen calendar that I may know "when 's when."'" But they of the Fellowship know that as far

back as 1691 it was advised that 'Friends be exemplary in keeping to our ancient testimony against the superstitious observance of days: and to the simplicity of Truth in calling the days and months by the Scripture names and not by those of the heathen.' For weeks now cordial words have been passing in the Delaware Valley, hospitable legends such as these: 'We should like thee to have dinner with us on Third Day.' 'Plan to stop with us on Seventh Day.' 'We cannot come early but we shall see thee at meeting on Fourth Day morning.' 'Do the Presbyterians have a talk, too?' once asked a bewildered playmate.

This particular Second Day dawns a dour morning. Never, indeed, in the memory of man has Yearly Meeting brought a run of fine weather. We remember this because annually we are defrauded of 'wearing our best.' For when it comes to Yearly Meeting, there is a tradition in favor of the beauty of holiness, even though a minute of 1682 is perpetuated to this day: 'It is advised that all Friends both old and young, keep out of . . . vain and needless fashions . . . and all such kinds of stuffs, colors, and dress as are calculated more to please a vain and wanton mind than for real usefulness; and we tenderly warn our members against being accessory to these evils.'

Outside the high brick wall that guards the Meeting House is the 'encumbering hurry of busy feet.' Under the wall sits the ancient seller of lavender.

'Lavender! Lavender!'

His songs were fair and sweet
He brought us harvests out of Heaven
Full sheaves of radiant wheat.
He brought us keys to Paradise
And hawked them through the street.

He knows that at Yearly Meeting week his basket will fetch a bit of a harvest.

'I likes to sell to the old ones,' he says; 'the lavender just seems to suit 'em. They all lookin' alike and dry and sweet-smellin',' and he pats his plump little uniform bags with a sense of harmony. 'They never hurries yeh. And they 've always got the change,' he adds, with the satisfaction of one who has sat long under the wall and finds pleasure in penury where motion is concerned.

The Meeting-House is of brick, with white shutters and doors. It is swept but not garnished, it being recorded of the house that was garnished that seven devils applied for tenantry; and in these matters one takes no risks. The spirit of the Meeting-House makes no adulterous alliance with æsthetics. Not a symbol, not a decorative line breaks the fine candor of the clear buff walls. Long ago one William Penn raised a standard which might well apply to the Meeting-House: 'A sweet and natural retreat from noise and talk, allowing opportunity for reflection and giving the best opportunity for it.'

Under the shadow of the porch one will hear friendly greetings in subdued voices. There is the fine courtesy, the 'great and gracious ways' of those who, having fixed their hearts on things eternal have not failed also to attract much that is exquisitely temporal. Formality is subtly distinguished from intimacy by the use of the full name. One hears, by way of introduction: 'John Evans, I want thee to know Thomas Gwynne, who has recently become one of us.' Or, to an elder Friend: 'Thee take my place and let me go upstairs; I am younger than thee.' There are no disguises as to age in the Fellowship. Would that our names were written as legibly in the Book of Life as in the Monthly-Meeting Record. Or one hears, to visitors from a sister meeting: 'Thee first, friends from North Carolina.'

Or, to one cumbrously bundled: 'Does n't thee want to take thee things off before Meeting?' Whereby one knows that the charm of English speech is not captured by mere grammar.

I am guilty of a little uneasiness as I enter Meeting, for at my elbow is the Dear Alien, he to whom Gregorian chants and chamber music are as the breath of life. Does he know that 'the use of music as a part of Divine worship is contrary to our conviction as to the right performance of this solemn and imperative duty, which must be in spirit and in truth *directly* between the soul and its creator?' Does he know that 'we feel that music displaces the spiritual harmony which is the result of true communion with Jesus Christ, in which the *mind* is brought into accord with the Divine will and worships God as His Spirit moves and guides? The emotions flowing from pleasant sounds, whether of voice or instrument, are but physical as distinguished from spiritual and may be classed with other exciting agents.' Does he know that 'it is our desire to avoid distractions and in the *stillness* of all flesh to go deep into the very recesses of our hearts, there to listen to the voice of the Master?'

Little perhaps does Dear Alien realize how I have bled for his dear sake, for of a Seventh Day afternoon, under his guidance, we found our way to a spot — not a Meeting-House — where a master hand was laid on a deep-toned organ. And that night, at the board of a young Friend of the Old School, the Alien burst into exuberant account of a Bach fugue. In silence I agonized. Well I knew he would be 'tenderly and seasonably admonished'; and so it was. 'Thee knows we do not speak of such things,' our hostess gently said, meanwhile alleviating rebuke with a 'second helping' of the fine products for which that house was noted. And yet it was

she who that night, under the winter sky, tuned our ears to the music of the stars, each a familiar friend.

And I am remembering that when I left that pleasant 'steading' the Dear Alien, by way of 'Farewell,' pressed upon me current magazines which one by one found their way to the rubbish pile, but the 'Strange Lady, to whom above all womankind the Olympians gave a heart that could not be softened,' said shyly as I left: 'I will give thee a book to read on thy journey.' And she did and it was covered with brown silesia. But it turned my head 'toward the splendor of the sun' and sent me sailing 'toward a wine-dark deep' for it was no other than the *Odyssey* which I read unto this day — without the silesia cover. Each to his music and his romance in his own way!

'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.' That was a great day, when the Era of the Pope was ended, and the Era of the *Word of God* was beginning to wane, when one George Fox arose and proclaimed again the Era of the Spirit. 'Brethren,' I hear one saying as I pass under the low lintel of the meeting-house, 'let us not again be entangled in a yoke of bondage, for we are called to freedom.'

Quietly the Friends take their places, orderly as the stars in their orbits, and there falls a silence that surely is like none other in all the world. It is a silence of the group and hence of fellowship, a silence which 'overarches the inner life as the sky does the outer,' a silence which is definitely planned for, as dearly desired as the priceless jewel of the pearl merchant, because there the human soul comes into alignment with 'the spirit that knoweth all things, even the deep things of God.' Such silence is not lightly to be broken, never but by one upon whom has fallen, in insistent measure, the spirit of the Lord. 'Waiting upon the

Lord in stillness for the renewal of strength, keeps the mind at home in its proper place and duty, and out of all unprofitable association and converse. . . . We recommend a diligent waiting in true silence (which is much more than simply being quiet). . . . The anointing of the mental vision to behold the excellency of inward spiritual worship and the goodness of the Lord in giving us faith to sit down in silence, depending wholly upon the Shepherd of the sheep to feed his flock, are among the unspeakable favors for which we must give account.'

(We are led to believe that now and again this 'unspeakable favor' may be somewhat overpowering, for a minute of 1694, still retained in the *Discipline*, reads: 'It is advised that such as come late to meeting, or, when there, fall asleep or otherwise demean themselves unbecomingly our holy profession on these solemn occasions, be tenderly admonished.' And there is a story —

I tell the tale as 't was told to me —

of such an one who, thrice in meeting, opened a watch of ancient design and closed the same with an audible click. And as audibly a voice murmured: 'If thee cannot worship God without looking at thy watch perhaps thee had better retire.')

It sometimes happens that the silence is broken by an articulate message. If not, no matter. 'The solemn duty of performing divine worship rests upon us individually.' And those who bear testimony after many years will say that it is in 'silent meeting' that 'the divine tides' find most readily their channel to the human heart.

And so I find it well to come,
For deeper rest to this still room

The world that time and sense have known
Falls off and leaves us God alone.

And very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.

Presently two of the Friends will clasp
hands,

The elder folk shook hands at last;
Down seat by seat the signal passed,

and by this simple token in the way of benediction we know that the devotional service for that day is over.

'But,' says Rufus Jones, 'there is no inner life that has not also an outer life.' There are 'creaturely activities' to be planned for at Yearly Meeting; there are 'concerns to be considered'; there are the *Queries* to be presented; there are visiting Friends to be sent, if it is their 'concern' to go, to the outposts of Quakerdom, even to Africa, even to Cathay. 'Care must be taken to see that such service is not impeded . . . for want of requisite means to defray the expenses of such a journey. . . . And it is to be laid upon such Friends that they shall, when abroad on religious visits, humbly and steadily abide under the weight of the "concern" which drew them on such an important embassy.' In short, there is business to be transacted.

And I venture a hazard, Dear Alien, that thee will not have seen business so conducted by any of the Grand Committees, large or small, on which thee may have served a partial or life sentence. Thee may recognize the Presiding Officer, formally known as the Clerk of the Meeting, he who is chosen under the guidance of the Spirit. But thee will see on his desk no gavel. And thee will not hear anyone speak to a motion, for the simple reason that there are no motions to speak to; hence there is no jungle of amendments; and thee will see no voting, for there is none. Thee will

hear no discussion. Gavels and votes have no rightful place in a fellowship. Here are bankers and traders, public officials and college professors, folk from the countryside, folk from the city, several hundred in all, but here, within the four walls of Yearly Meeting, they are just members of the Society of Friends, and that bond is one not cemented by parliamentary rules. It is exactly like this: the Clerk announces one by one the items to be considered. 'If anyone has any thoughts on this subject, they will be acceptable,' he says. There are suggestions from the floor. On the basis of these suggestions the Clerk interprets the will of the body — literally members of one body, where the eye doth not say, Because thou art the foot, I have no need of thee. The interpretation of the clerk is recorded and, that there may be no misunderstanding, it is immediately read to the meeting.

Do none ever become garrulous? It has been known that they do. William Penn knew of such — 'a common nuisance, a weir across the stream that stops the current, an obstruction.' I myself have heard such an one 'make harangue.' On one occasion he was halted by a quiet voice which said: 'When the vessels are filled the oil is stayed.' It was enough: the subject was not reopened that day.

Thus has business been conducted for over two centuries now. They are dear ways — the ways of Meeting; and by some magic, though they are reputed to be the workings of the Spirit, they are known also to be *efficient*, though Heaven forbend that that word should ever wander like a mongrel into Meeting. Crushing was the rebuke it once invoked: 'May we, members of a Fellowship, never come to regard ourselves as a machine: rather may we constantly and humbly strive to be organs of the Spirit.'

ON DICTIONARIES

BY ERNEST WEEKLEY

I

'WHAT do you think he means by Zip?' 'I don't know,' said Mr. Wartle; 'let's look it up in the dictionary.'

This scrap of dialogue, from Mr. W. L. George's *Caliban*, arrested my attention, as illustrating what are perhaps the two most characteristic things about dictionaries — their supposed omniscience and their ubiquity. There is something touching in Mr. Wartle's childlike confidence that the dictionary, like photography, cannot lie. He does not express a wish to consult the *Oxford Dictionary*, or the *Century Dictionary*, or the latest edition of *Webster*, in which he might reasonably expect to find the history and meaning of a word traced with erudition and competence. 'The dictionary' is good enough for him, and what the dictionary says, goes. It is true that even the great Dr. Johnson defined the word *pastern* as 'the knee of an horse,' an anatomical inexactitude which would produce on an ostler the same kind of paralytic shock that a sailor might experience on finding in the same famous work *leeward* and *windward* described in identical terms as 'toward the wind.' But, fortunately for lexicographers, those who consult the dictionary are not usually critical. In fact, almost the only individual to approach the sacred book in the spirit of a doubter is the lexicographer himself, who knows by the sad experience of his own misdoings how easily a mistaken explanation, an incorrect form, or even a non-

existent word may be handed down from one compiler to another.

Look up in any of the widely used dictionaries which claim to give etymologies the word *syllabus* and you will find it derived from the Greek *sullambanein*, to take together. This sounds a reasonable explanation, and *syllabus* is now a word we should be sorry to lose, but it is really a ghost and has no more to do with the aforesaid Greek word than with *syllabub*. It is simply a mistake in early printed editions of Cicero's *Letters to Atticus* for *situbas*, the plural of the Greek *sittuba*, a parchment contents-label attached to a manuscript. So much for omniscience. It may be concluded that the earnest inquirer into words would be well advised to believe only what he finds in the *Oxford Dictionary* — and not always that.

As to the ubiquity of the dictionary there can be no question. Within the memory of the oldest now alive there have been few houses — at least of those possessing any books at all — whose library has not included an out-of-date Barclay, an obsolete abridgment of Johnson, an early Webster, or some equally useful misleader of the mind that thirsts for information. It was not always thus, for 'the dictionary,' as we understand the word, is a comparatively modern element in life. *Dictionary* is not a classical Latin word, any more than *lexicon* is classical Greek. To the mediæval scholar a

dictionary was a collection of 'dictionaries' or phrases, put together for the use of pupils studying Latin. We find *dictionary* first used in this sense in the thirteenth century by an Englishman, John Garland, and *dictionary* in the fourteenth; but the first work published in England under the English title 'Dictionary' was the famous Latin-English Dictionary of Sir Thomas Elyot which appeared in 1538, the year before Robert Estienne, of the greatest of all dictionary-making dynasties, published his *Dictionnaire François-Latin*. The word *Lexicon* — the neuter of the Greek adjective *lexicos*, 'relating to words' — dates in its accepted current sense from the Renaissance only.

The earliest lexicographical efforts were probably made by Roman students of the Greek language and culture. We are told that Cato learned Greek at eighty, a task which he would hardly have tackled without realizing the importance of tabulating his newly acquired vocabulary. Teachers naturally compiled lists of words and phrases for the use of their pupils, and such vocabularies would be copied and attain some circulation; but it is obvious that what we call a dictionary was made possible only by the invention of printing.

If we restrict our attention to England, we find that all our early glossaries explain the vernacular by Latin, or what in the Middle Ages passed for Latin. Such vocabularies were in fact compiled to help grammar-school boys to acquire a knowledge of the only general means of communication possessed by the learned. Although, as we have seen, the words *dictionary* and *dictionary* occur, most compilers use more fanciful titles, such as the *Ortus Vocabularum*, 'the garden of words'; the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, 'the storehouse of the little clerks,' of which many editions were afterwards printed

by Wynkyn de Worde; or the *Catholicon Anglicum*, 'the English universal remedy.' These are perhaps the three most comprehensive, but we have a host of smaller compilations. In these the order, instead of being alphabetical, is usually classifactory, that is, the words are arranged in parts of speech, or, more frequently, under such headings as kitchen implements, garments, diseases, musical instruments, birds, animals, and so on. Later on, when in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Latin-English dictionaries aiming at some completeness become numerous, we still find subsections devoted to such headings as herbs, trees, precious stones, names of hawks, names of hounds, and so forth, and in the earliest the mediæval arrangement of the English before the Latin is usually preserved. The practice of giving fanciful names to dictionaries did not die out until well on in the eighteenth century. A favorite title, both in England and abroad, was *gazophylacium*, that is, treasure-house, or more commonly, *thesaurus* — a name still borne by well-known publications. Florio's famous Italian-English Dictionary of 1598 was called a *Worlde of Wordes*, a title adopted later by Phillips for his large English Dictionary. *Glossographia* is another description used by seventeenth century lexicographers.

II

The dictionary-makers of the Middle Ages aimed at teaching Latin and would have been amused at any suggestion that their own native English was worthy of attention. But the introduction of printing, the spread of learning, the diffusion of a noble literature, and closer contact with foreign influences had such an effect on the language that it became a subject not only worthy of study, but also involving difficulties

and obscurities which cried aloud for elucidation. As Mr. John Drinkwater has lately written: 'The English language was, to cultured Elizabethans, like a new-found and wonderful inheritance. And they reveled in it, they sported with it in every conceivable way.' And so the dictionary came into existence, like other novelities, to supply a long-felt want.

Its beginnings were modest. Until the eighteenth century no lexicographer aimed at completeness. His object was to explain the more difficult words in the language. Nowadays every dictionary contains, no doubt inevitably, nineteen twentieths or perhaps ninety-nine hundredths of unnecessary matter. Who, for instance, wants to know that a dog is a 'well-known domestic quadruped,' that twenty is 'twice ten,' that a bell is 'a hollow body of cast metal, formed to ring, or emit a clear musical sound, by the sonorous vibration of its entire circumference, when struck by a clapper, hammer, or other appliance'? The last of these definitions, as will be guessed from its explicit clarity, is from the great *Oxford Dictionary*, which also tells us that to kiss is 'to press or touch with the lips (at the same time compressing and then separating them), in token of affection or greeting, or as an act of reverence' — a piece of erudition usually acquired by the youngest and least experienced without lexicographical help. Probably not a hundredth part of the dictionary is ever used by any individual reader; but as the compiler cannot expect everyone to need the same fraction of his work, he is obliged to put in everything, and even to cater for the eager student who is uncertain whether a dog may not be a centipede.

The first in date of our English lexicographers is Dr. John Bullokar, who published in 1616 *An English Expositour teaching the Interpretation of*

the hardest Words used in our Language, with sundry Explications, Descriptions and Discourses. The eighth edition (1688) of this tiny book, lying before me, is enriched with 'a new and copious Supply of words,' 'an Index directing to the hard Words by prefixing the common Words before them in an Alphabetical Order,' and 'a brief Nomenclator, containing the names of the most renowned Persons among the Ancients, whether Gods or Goddesses (so reputed), Heroes, or Inventors of profitable Arts, Sciences and Faculties. With divers memorable Things out of ancient History, Poetry, Philosophy, and Geography.' Although the format, even of this enlarged edition, is such as to fit easily into a waistcoat pocket, it is described as an 'Expositour or Compleat Dictionary,' and it has the characteristics which distinguish the lexicographical attempts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, namely, the conception of a dictionary as a sort of encyclopædia, insistence on the fullness of its vocabulary, and an evident leaning toward that Latinized jargon which for a time threatened to submerge plain English. A benevolent preface ends with the comforting words: 'Live long, industrious Reader, advance in Knowledge and be happy.'

Next to Bullokar, in fact, in the following year (1617), comes one of the most extraordinary works in the history of lexicography, Minsheu's *Ductor in Linguas or Guide into the Tongues*, a full dictionary, explanatory and etymological, of the English language, with meanings in ten other languages. This is the first English etymological dictionary and also the first English work to appear with a list of subscribers. Minsheu was an impecunious teacher of languages and, in Ben Jonson's opinion, a rogue. He compiled his great work with the assistance of a 'company of certain schollers and stran-

gers at mine owne charge,' with whom he made descents on Oxford and Cambridge to collect material and enlist subscribers. We can imagine that his 'strangers' were rather a tatterdemalion, hungry-looking crew, and we have his own statement that the task of supporting them had involved him in 'great debtes, impossible for me ever to pay.' I should like to know more about Minsheu. He seems to have led an adventurous life abroad, wandering for long years from land to land in his eager quest for linguistic knowledge. He may have been a rogue, but he was certainly an enthusiast, and one is glad to know that his monumental work reached a second edition, though I doubt whether he or his benevolent backers of the Inns of Court ever reaped much pecuniary advantage from it. The polyglot character of his work was no doubt due to the example of Ambrosio Calepino, or, as he was usually called by the learned, Calepinus, whose Latin Dictionary, first published at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was elaborated in successive editions into a polyglot dictionary of nine — and later of eleven — languages, its most ambitious development appearing a few years before Minsheu's. This lexicographer had the unusual experience of becoming a word himself. In seventeenth-century French the verb *calepiner* meant to interpret words, and *calepin* is still used of a memorandum book or vade mecum.

I have lingered over Minsheu because he was no mere lexicographer, but a devoted word-hunter. His great folio is still consulted by serious philologists, and though many of his etymologies are comic, he often anticipates the conclusions of the most erudite modern research. I may instance his derivation of *dismal* from Latin *dies mali*, unpropitious days, derided by Trench, but now known to be substantially correct, and

his intelligent conjecture that the much discussed word *yeoman* 'seemeth to be one word made by contraction of *yong man*,' an etymology quite recently revived — July 1921 — by the *Oxford Dictionary*.

But Minsheu does not belong to the series of explanatory English dictionaries compiled for the use of the not very literate public of the age. The real successor to Bullokar is Cockeram, whose *English Dictionarie or Interpreter of hard English words* (1623) proposed to assist 'the more speedy Attaining of an Elegant Perfection of the English Tongue' by 'Ladies and Gentlewomen, young Schollers, Clarkes, Merchantes, as also Strangers of any Nation.' For a long time successive editions of Bullokar's and Cockeram's diminutive volumes ran neck-and-neck in competition for public favor, like the more ponderous productions of Webster and Worcester in the United States during the nineteenth century.

A more interesting work is the *Glossographia or Dictionary interpreting all such hard words whether Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, Teutonick, Belgick, British or Saxon, as are now used in our refined Tongue. . . . Very useful for all such as desire to understand what they read*, by T. B., that is, Thomas Blount, of the Inner Temple. This very valuable little glossary, 'chiefly intended for the more-knowing Women and less-knowing Men,' gives a very good idea of the way in which seventeenth century English was being flooded with foreign and learned neologisms, so that even the author himself was, as he says, 'often gravelled in English books.' Significant of the change taking place in the vocabulary is the author's statement that he has 'in a great measure shun'd the old Saxon words, as finding them growing every day more obsolete than ever.' The age is approaching when Dr.

Johnson will define *network* as 'anything reticulated or decassated at equal distances with interstices between the intersections,' or will modify his hasty statement that Buckingham's comedy, the *Rehearsal*, had not 'wit enough to keep it sweet,' with the corrected version: 'It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction.' It may be noted that Blount is our first authority for the sense we now give to *classic* and *classical* and also for the ghost-word, *syllabus*.

Blount was followed by Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, whose *New World of Words* or a *General English Dictionary* (1678) is on a much larger scale than those of his predecessors and is sometimes regarded as the first English dictionary in the modern sense. I note, however, that while it elucidates the dog days, it still refrains from telling us what a dog is, though Blount, who accused Phillips of plundering his own work, reproaches him with his 'needless explication of many trivial words.' Phillips's book was reëdited many times by John Kersey, an industrious lexicographer, who seems to have turned out dictionaries in the eighteenth century as untiringly as did Noah Webster in the nineteenth. In the seventh edition (1720) I find to my great solace and comfort the entry, *dog*, 'a well-known creature,' a somewhat meagre definition, improved into 'a quadruped well-known' by Nathaniel Bailey, whose dictionary, first published in octavo (1721), ran through a very large number of editions and became the standard authority until superseded by Johnson.

In 1730 Bailey published his large folio edition, which omits all proper names, mythology, and so on, and is the first example of a complete dictionary as we understand the word. Bailey, like many dictionary-makers, was a schoolmaster. At the end of the preface

we find: 'N.B. Youth boarded and taught the Latin, Greek and Hebrew Languages, Writing, Accounts and other parts of School Learning, in a Method more easy and expeditious than is common; by the Author, at his House in Stepney, near the Church.' It was an interleaved folio Bailey that was used by Johnson as the basis of his own great work.

III

I have mentioned only a select few of the numerous dictionaries published between Bullokar and Johnson. I have most of them within reach as I write, and, as I turn from one to the other, I observe that the dictionary-making animal has certain unvarying peculiarities. He is as irritable as a poet and as full of his own importance as a film star. He accuses his predecessors of incompetency and his contemporaries and successors of plagiarism. Blount points out derisively that Phillips, in his account of rosemary, says nothing of 'the singular use of it in adorning a piece of roast beef,' which hardly seems to us a very serious omission. Elisha Coles, who published in 1676 a small dictionary which sold freely for more than half a century, rejects all previous performances as either 'too little or too big.' The author of a *Glossographica Anglicana Nova*, which appeared in 1707, sums up all three of these lexicographers as follows:—

Blunt [i.e. Blount] went a-simpling in a Field twenty Years without discovering many new Plants, which had been pardonable in him, had he given us the true Names, and not been mistaken in the Description, Vertues and Qualities of several of the old. Phillips to whose laudable industry we owe a much more bulky Performance was no better qualified for paving a way to any one of the Sciences, having neither Skill, Tools, nor Materials: so that Cole, after all, with

his few Pretences has as much real worth as any of the former, and may make good the part of a Guide to Tradesmen and illiterate Readers.

This very superior gentleman apparently aspires to higher flights than his predecessors, who, far from claiming to instruct the learned, persistently emphasize the fact that they cater for the class intermediate between the educated man and the illiterate peasant, a class defined on one title page as consisting of 'Young Scholars, Tradesmen, Artificers and the female Sex,' on another as 'Ladies who have a turn for Reading and Gentlemen of no learned Profession.'

Naturally each lexicographer proclaims his own wares to be superior to all others. This leads to the title page gradually expanding into a kind of pamphlet, which combines an encyclopædic summary of polite learning with something like a museum catalogue. Occasionally the serene consciousness of absolute superiority makes the elaborate title-page unnecessary. In 1753 a small dictionary was published anonymously by John Wesley. Admirers of that great and good man will note without surprise that his comparatively modest title page ends with: 'N.B. The Author assures you he thinks this is the best English Dictionary in the world.'

That lexicographers should copy from one another is inevitable. Many a ghost-word due to a seventeenth century misprint still gibbers at us from the more ambitious dictionaries of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Sometimes, even — as in the case of *syllabus* — the ghost-word has acquired flesh and bones and become a respectable citizen of the world of words. In 1761 Daniel Fenning published his *Royal English Dictionary*, inscribed to George III. His dedication may be called John Bull-ish. 'Proud of the

honour of being an Englishman,' he points out that: —

The French, though now spoken in all the Courts of Europe, cannot lay claim either to the conciseness, purity or strength of expression to be found in the English; its softness may suit the disposition of those who are born slaves, but it is neither suitable to the free and manly sentiments of English Kings or English Subjects.

Fenning's is quite a good dictionary, but it accidentally omits the word *uncle*, an omission still unrectified in my 'improved third edition' of 1768. A close examination of the numerous English dictionaries published during the latter part of the century would show that some of the compilers carried their admiring trust in Fenning so far as to imitate his reticence with regard to the word *uncle*.

IV

Johnson's dictionary marks an entirely new departure. It is the work of a literary man, not of 'a harmless drudge' — his own definition of a lexicographer. It is selective in vocabulary and is the first dictionary in which the meanings of words are illustrated by quotations. It is also full of personality. We know that Johnson was of the opinion that the first Whig was the Devil, and accordingly we find the word *Whig* contemptuously dismissed as the 'name of a political faction,' while a *Tory* is described as 'one who adheres to the ancient constitution of the State and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England.' His gibe at the Scots in his definition of the word *oats* as 'a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people,' was well answered by a Scot with: 'And where will you find such horses or such men?' There must have been a good deal of Boythornian summer lightning in the Doctor's vigorously expressed dislike

for the Scots. Boswell slyly observes that five out of the six assistants who worked with the Doctor on the Dictionary were of Scottish origin, which suggests that Johnson, whatever his prejudices, knew a good thing when he saw one. Nor need we take much more seriously 'the implacable hatred of all things American,' on which Mr. Mencken dwells rather childishly. Not all modern readers would dissent from Johnson's definition of *patriotism* as 'the last refuge of a scoundrel.' That of a *pension* as 'an allowance made to anyone without an equivalent; in England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country' is a wee bit strong. Still stronger was his projected note to *renegado*. 'You know, Sir,' said he to Boswell, 'Lord Gower forsook the old Jacobite interest. When I came to the word *renegado*, after telling that it meant one who deserts to the enemy, a revolter, I added, "Sometimes we say, a Gower." Thus it went to the press: but the printer had more wit than I and struck it out.'

The most famous of all his definitions is perhaps *excise*, 'a hateful tax levied on commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid,' which — leaving out the 'commodities' — would represent with some correctness what the downtrodden English bourgeois of to-day is beginning to feel about the income tax. One would give a good deal to have Dr. Johnson's definition of a Bolshevik.

When his friend Adams pointed out that the forty French Academicians had taken forty years to accomplish what Johnson proposed to do by himself in three, the Doctor answered: 'Let me see; forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman' — another Boythorn

outburst which only a pedant would censure.

Like most interesting people, Johnson was an unexpected and rather volcanic mixture. A lady, who simperingly congratulated him on his omission of all indecent words from the Dictionary, was met with the truly Johnsonian retort: 'So you have been looking for them, Madam?'

But it is not only the anecdotic side of his Dictionary that appeals to the student of English. The seventeenth century had what we now know to be a completely mistaken conception of language. Men of learning and the educated classes in general had come to believe that the language of their time had reached an ideal perfection, like that of classical Latin, and only required a little pruning and purifying at the hands of the lexicographer in order to become permanent and unchanging. This fantastic delusion first appears in Italy, where the *academia della Crusca* — that is, of the bran — took upon itself to sift the language and publish the accepted residue in its *Vocabolario* (1612). I am told that the State subvention for the production of successive editions of this remarkable work has only just been withdrawn under the Fascist régime. I have already mentioned the forty French Academicians who, according to Howell, 'used to meet every Monday to refine and garble [that is, to sift] the French language of all pedantic and old words, as also of some superfluous consonants, and put such another dictionary to light as *Crusca* in Italy,' and who, in doing the letter *A*, remembered the word *Académie* only in time to slip it in at the last moment.

We now know that the duty of the lexicographer is to record and not to criticize, that refined speech and elegant speech are the delusions of a mistaken optimism, and that the only peo-

ple who now speak English with any approach to historical correctness are the few surviving agricultural laborers who are old enough to have escaped the devastating effects of the Elementary Education Act. Johnson's Dictionary went far to accomplish, in the eighteenth century, what the Italian and French Academies had unsuccessfully attempted in the seventeenth. It is, of course, as hopeless for the lexicographer to try to stem the flowing tide of new words and expressions as it was for Mrs. Partington to keep out the Atlantic with a mop, but Johnson's authority was so unparalleled that Boswell's description of him as 'the man who had conferred stability on the language of his country' had, for some time at any rate, an element of truth.

Johnson himself was too wise to cherish the illusion of stability. In his Preface, so well worth reading, but so little read nowadays, he writes: —

Those who have been persuaded to think well of my design, require that it should fix our language, and put a stop to those alterations which time and chance have hitherto been suffered to make in it without opposition. With this consequence I will confess I flattered myself for a while; but now begin to fear that I have indulged expectation which neither reason nor experience can justify. When we see men grow old and die at a certain time one after another, from century to century, we laugh at the elixir that promises to prolong life to a thousand years; and with equal justice may the lexicographer be derided, who being able to produce no example of a nation that has preserved their words and phrases from mutability, shall imagine that his dictionary can embalm his language, and secure it from corruption and decay, that it is in his power to change sublunary nature, or clear the world at once from folly, vanity and affectation. With this hope however, academies have been instituted, to guard the avenues of their languages, to retain fugitives, and repulse intruders: but their vigilance and activity have hitherto been vain;

sounds are too volatile and subtle for legal restraints; to enchain syllables and to lash the wind, are equally the undertakings of pride, unwilling to measure its desires by its strength.

Johnson's unequaled influence in matters of form and sense may be illustrated by the two words *conservancy* and *internecine*. The first, which we use chiefly of the authority controlling the Thames fisheries, was earlier and correctly *conservacy*. Johnson accidentally inserted the *n* and the *n* has remained. The proper meaning of *internecine* is murderous, destructive. Johnson explains it as 'endeavouring mutual destruction,' and this is the sense present in the minds of most people when they read or write of 'internecine war.'

It is interesting to compare his two ponderous volumes, which his contemporaries thought final, with the gigantic mass-production dictionaries of modern times. Stated mathematically, it may be said that in vocabulary and amount of typographical matter the great *Oxford Dictionary* is to Johnson what the latter is to Bullokar's diminutive 'Expositour' of 1616. If we look up in a chronological series of dictionaries the pivotal word *take*, we shall find: (1) that no lexicographer before Bailey thinks its inclusion necessary; (2) that Bailey, in his folio edition, gives seventeen phrases illustrating the various senses of the word; (3) that Johnson catalogues no fewer than 134 of its uses in various combinations; (4) that the *Century Dictionary* devotes four pages to it and deals with it in thirty-five sections; (5) that the *Oxford Dictionary* handles it in thirteen of its vast and closely printed pages, with divisions and subdivisions which I decline to count, concluding with a long section explaining and illustrating fifty-two separate meanings, current or obsolete, of the locution 'to take up.' And the *Oxford Dictionary* is far from

complete. You will search it in vain for *aspidistra* and *appendicitis*, *boche* and *bolshevist*, *cinema* and *camouflage*, *de-control* and *Dora*, *broadcasting* and *listening-in*, *bootlegging* and *dope-fiend*, for a dictionary published to-day is almost out-of-date to-morrow.

Johnson's legislative attitude toward the words he includes is what we should expect from his stately conversational style. The monosyllabic or reduplicating word of native growth, without contact with Latin or Greek, meets with little favor. *Swoop* is a 'low' word. *Twittle-twattle*, which in his day combined the senses now expressed by *twaddle* and *tittle-tattle*, is a 'vile word.' *Wobble* — which he spells *wabble* — is a 'low barbarous word.' Others of his 'low' words are the verbs to *budge* and to *coax*, and the adjective *touchy*. Archdeacon Todd, whose nineteenth century edition of Johnson held the field for some time against the competition of Webster, and later on, of Worcester and Richardson, seems to have felt himself so far the inheritor of the prophetic mantle as to be entitled to assume the same dictatorial attitude. *Row*, a disturbance, is branded by him as 'a very low expression' and *chaperon* as 'an affected word of very recent introduction.' Johnson himself shows an unexpected tenderness for dialect words, especially for those in use in his native Staffordshire. I will instance only *lich*, 'a dead carcase, whence *lichwake*, the time or act of watching by the dead; *lichgate*, the gate through which the dead are carried to the grave; *Lichfield*, the field of the dead, a city in Staffordshire, so named from martyred Christians. *Salve magna parens*.'

Some of the most beautiful words in the language were nearly lost in the eighteenth century. In Bullokar's edition of 1688 I find, among many words marked as obsolescent: *blithe*, *glee*, *lay* (a song), *lore*, *strand*, *weald*, *wold*, *wend*

and *wreak*. We owe much to Bishop Percy, to the early romantics, and perhaps most of all to Scott, for rescuing these lovely monosyllables, so rich in poetic suggestion. Johnson says of *glee*: 'It is not now used except in ludicrous writing, or with some mixture of irony or contempt.' It is strange to find him describing *jeopardy* as 'a word not now in use,' and to read under *smouldering*: 'This word seems to be a participle; but I know not whether the verb *smoulder* be in use.' The first statement is erroneous for *jeopardy* is used by many of the Doctor's contemporaries, but it is true that *smoulder* fell out of use in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The modern novelist, whose hero's eyes would lose half their effect if they did not periodically smoulder, should be grateful to Scott for reviving this expressive word.

The makers of dictionaries, as already remarked, have often been schoolmasters, and it must be remembered that Johnson himself, at the age of twenty-six, started 'keeping school' near Lichfield, though he soon realized the truth of the sage maxim that schoolmaster-ing is a very good profession — to get out of. Perhaps about as many have been country parsons, and I have a theory, based more upon impression than statistics, that the peaceful atmosphere of rural East Anglia has inspired an unusual number of clerical lexicographers. Nor is the medical profession unrepresented. Bullokar was a Chichester doctor and Stephen Skinner, the author of the first English etymological dictionary in the strict sense of the word, was a physician in practice at Lincoln. This work, published in 1671, a few years after the author's death, under the title, *Etymologicon Linguae Anglicanae*, was Johnson's chief authority for the etymological part of his own dictionary. He used it uncritically, for he lacked al-

together the etymological instinct and had the great disadvantage of knowing, as Macaulay says, 'little or nothing of any Teutonic language, except English, which indeed, as he wrote it, was scarcely a Teutonic language.'

V

It is in accordance with poetic justice that the great dictionary-makers of the age that followed Johnson should belong chiefly to the two races for which he professed a burlesque abhorrence, the Americans and the Scots. During the greater part of the nineteenth century no English dictionary enjoyed a prestige equal to that of Noah Webster's *Dictionary of the English Language*, which is still, in its most recent edition, a valuable authority. Webster produced no fewer than six dictionaries of various sizes, from his *Compendious Dictionary* of 1806 to his *Dictionary for Primary Schools* of 1834. His fellow countryman, Joseph E. Worcester, went one better with seven. Moreover, the greatest complete mass-production English dictionary is the *American Century Dictionary*, published in six volumes (1889-91) under the editorship of that distinguished philologist, William D. Whitney.

The noblest of all dictionaries is officially called the *Oxford English Dic-*

tionary, but is more familiar to scholars all over the world as the 'New English Dictionary.' Based on thirty years' preliminary work undertaken by members of the Philological Society and their friends, it began to appear in sections of varying size in 1884, the first complete volume (A and B) being dated 1888. It will presumably be finished in another two years, as only parts of the letters U and W remain to be done, and it will then consist of ten colossal volumes, some of which can be conveniently 'hefted' only by a fairly athletic student. The first general editor of this great national work was the late Sir James Murray, who died full of years and honors in 1915, when occupied in the concluding sections of T.

An imaginary conversation between Boswell and Johnson was once composed — perhaps by Sir James Murray himself, for all the best stories against the Scotch are due to Scotsmen. The Doctor and his adoring biographer are strolling in the Elysian Fields, when Boswell asks: 'What would you say, Sir, if you were told that the task of editing the great English Dictionary which is to supersede all others had been entrusted by your own University of Oxford to a Scotch Presbyterian?' To which the Doctor replies: 'Sir, it is possible to be facetious without being indecent.'

BARRIERS

BY FLORENCE J. CLARK

I

It is an experience far from uncommon for a man to wake up one day to the realization that he is living in a prison, builded, very likely, by his own hands. Unscalable walls confine him.

Since defeat is unendurable to the human spirit, he will, perhaps, triumph subtly by cultivating a taste for the prison which defies him.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.

In some such way, his soul flies free.

But there is an occasional Houdini of the spirit to whom no stone wall, however high, presents an insurmountable barrier; a stone wall, in short, is built to be climbed, and the higher it is, the better.

Mrs. Nardo, for instance, could extricate herself so, literally, when seemingly tied hand and foot, that it did not require the eyes of a poet to see that her soul was free. Her free soul was indeed as patent as the smile upon her face.

She lived in a little tumble-down house in a yard — a small yard. Surrounded by high brick tenement houses in a crowded neighborhood, both the yard and the tiny three-roomed house were unexpected things to come upon. And unexpected too was Mrs. Nardo; for who could dream of finding, in so sordid an environment, such capacity to soar?

Like all Italians, she loved living things; people, animals, plants, all were companions.

She had managed somehow to make some green grow in the yard, — chiefly weeds, but the right color, — and in one spot she had achieved a few inches of grass.

'See the lawn,' the children would say, pointing to it proudly.

She also kept hens. Where the hens lived, whether in the yard or in the house, a casual visitor could not determine. Mrs. Nardo said they lived in the yard, but there was some evidence to the contrary.

'I woke up last night, so scared!' exclaimed Concetta, aged seven, one day. 'I felt something scratching my face.' Then, fearing lest she may have aroused too great expectations, she hastened to add, 'But it was n't nothing; it was only the chicken, wanting to sleep with me.'

Whatever reassurance Mrs. Nardo got from the sense of moving, restless life about her, she must have sorely needed, for her thirst for it was well-nigh insatiable. Eight children, hens, a dog, — in three rooms and a miniature yard, — and still it was not enough.

Her children found this trait in their mother very acceptable. Dominick, eight years old, was in the country one day on a picnic. He was fascinated by the gay butterflies.

'See the little angels,' he exclaimed

delightedly, using the pretty Italian name for them. He watched them for a long time.

When the time came to go home, it was discovered that he had captured one and tied it in a handkerchief borrowed for the purpose.

'I'm taking it home to my mother,' he said eagerly. 'She'll like to see it flying in our yard.'

Mrs. Nardo's final acquisition was a parrot. Angelina, aged fourteen, feeling that self-respect demanded a utilitarian motive for its presence, did what she could to supply it.

'You know parrots are very useful around a house,' she said. 'They keep the floor clean, picking up crumbs and things.'

Mrs. Nardo's own attitude, however, was far from apologetic. She took frank pleasure in its bright feathers and its discordant voice.

Mrs. Nardo was the delight and the despair of the Settlement workers, who tried in vain to add to her wholly charming personality a few of the sterner virtues. This effort she resisted with complete success. And fortunately so, for, could they, by some unlucky chance, have succeeded in transforming her, they would, I fear, have known themselves for the meddlers which she occasionally felt them to be.

Overwhelmed with the vastness of the task of clothing and feeding her large family, she eliminated all work not strictly essential; and she was open to no suggestions in the interpretation of essentials.

A nurse in the Settlement, Miss Campbell, as Scotch as her name, could never quite give over the attempt to introduce into Mrs. Nardo's home some rudiments of hygiene. Mrs. Nardo did not resent this, for she loved Miss Campbell, who had, with tenderness equal to her own, nursed her adored Romie through a critical illness. No,

she did not resent Miss Campbell's attempts, she simply ignored them.

A strange friendship existed between these two — Miss Campbell, who took responsibility so seriously, whose work was a religion, and Mrs. Nardo, who shouldered no responsibility and did no work in which joy was absent; Miss Campbell, so solicitously burdened by the care of a dependent mother, and Mrs. Nardo, so far from burdened by a husband and eight children.

Miss Campbell alternated between two extremes of feeling with Mrs. Nardo. In her strong moments she was righteously indignant with her. At other times she yielded weakly to Mrs. Nardo's fatal gift of charm, finding perhaps relaxation in her from her own exacting sense of duty. An invisible battle, interspersed with invisible truces, waged continually between them. Yet they never ceased to be fast friends.

Miss Campbell and the little president of her club in the Settlement, of which Tony Nardo was also a member, had a moment of perfect harmony one day. The president, a responsible little leader at the age of nine, held the members rigidly to the payment at each meeting of their dues of two cents a week. One day, irritated beyond endurance, he burst out in the middle of a business meeting with, —

'Miss Campbell, look at Tony Nardo, laughing, and he has n't paid his dues for three weeks.'

II

Mrs. Nardo's house was always dirty, her yard littered, she herself was no slave to soap and water, her children were ragamuffins.

Occasionally, prodded to the point of desperation, she made an heroic effort, and was greatly surprised and grieved at the success of her own training.

'The teach send Tony home from

school to-day,' she said once in Tony's presence, as a lesson to him, 'with note to tell me clean him up. I clean him fine. But he don want be clean. He take all his clean clothes off and hide them on me and put his old ones back on — so's he can go dirty, like a pig.'

Perhaps the secret of Mrs. Nardo's charm lay in her unusual capacity for enjoyment. For whether the fact indicates richness or paucity of imagination, a fact it was that Mrs. Nardo extracted from life a nearly continuous stream of pleasure. To her the world was a playground filled with toys, and she a child, picking up one after another in wonder and delight. Every experience was an entrancing novelty.

Her children were a source of immeasurable satisfaction to her. 'Some people go to country to get fat,' she said one day. She looked whimsically at her own ample figure. 'I get fat here, looking at the children, I like them so much.'

She enjoyed her troubles too, and that without a touch of corroding self-pity — even to the husband who figured in her conversation as an unmitigated misfortune.

Mrs. Nardo was always trying to make both ends meet and was always finding success just a little beyond her reach, for reasons which she was glad to explain. The neighbors expected to share their food with her and she expected them to. Yet the few eggs the hens laid were given to a sick cousin. The few treasures she had brought from Italy, a string of corals, a cameo pin, she could not keep. Not the least inconvenience about being poor was that there was so little to give away.

She was very much interested in her own situation as revealed to her by Miss Campbell — just as interested in fact as she was in everything that came within her line of vision.

'You're so smart in the Settlement!'

she said. 'I always say Mr. Nardo get thirty dollars a week. He get five dollars a day. But Miss Campbell say to me, "Does he work every day in the week?" I say, "He never work every day; he work three, four, the most five days in a week." She say, "Then he get twenty dollars a week, not thirty dollars." So smart she is!'

It is to be feared that Mrs. Nardo's attention was so focused upon this as an exhibition of Miss Campbell's intelligence that its personal implication was quite lost on her.

Sometimes her interest went far afield — as when she heard about wireless telegraphy, words carried through the air without assistance! And a fellow countryman had achieved this miracle. She was as fascinated by it as a small boy by a magician.

One day, when I went to call upon Mrs. Nardo, she was looking out of the window, and she saw me coming with real consternation.

'Wait a minute,' she called out. 'I don know what to do. I can't open the door.'

'What is the matter?' I asked.

'I can't get out myself,' she replied. 'I'm locked inside. This door only lock from the outside, the key don work inside. I forget that this morning and I tell Tony lock the door when he go to school and throw the key through the window. Now I can't unlock myself.'

A solution suggested itself. 'Here,' she said; 'I throw the key to you. You unlock the door.'

I picked up the key which she threw to me, and went inside the hall and started to unlock the door.

'That ain't the way,' Mrs. Nardo called out. 'You have to turn the key upside down. This lock put on upside down.'

It took some time before the door was unlocked — to the tune of Mrs. Nardo's refrain, —

'How I going to get the children's supper if I can't get out?'

At last the lock turned, and great was Mrs. Nardo's relief.

'I kill the man put on that lock,' she said pleasantly. Her eyes twinkled. 'He have his head on upside down.'

When I had finished the errand upon which I came, Mrs. Nardo, all smiles, called my attention to a brand-new doll occupying the most conspicuous place in the bare room. It was a large French doll, dressed in bright pink.

'You see that doll?' she asked. 'I get it just the other day. You know Angeleen never have a doll. She like dolls. We get it this way. We save trading stamps. The other day we go to get some dishes with them. We need dishes very bad. But we see this doll.' The pride of possession spoke in her voice. 'We get it instead.'

It is very evident that Angeleen is not the only member of her family who likes dolls. But, for that matter, do little American boys go to the circus, frankly, alone?

She continued, her face shining, 'Then I buy a little piece silk, cheap. Now we tell people that's the doll Angeleen used to play with.'

One passion Mrs. Nardo had: she loved to travel. A trip back to her beloved Italy every now and again was apparently the very breath of life to her. When the call came, she shook off husband and children as unquestioningly as she had acquired them, and followed it.

Shame upon those unresourceful souls who are thwarted by an untoward environment. Mrs. Nardo, with no money and a large family, had, in a little less than ten years, been to Italy seven times.

On her last trip she had cut a small Gordian knot. Miss Campbell had a coral pin which had been brought to her from Italy by a friend some time

since, and she had always wanted another like it. She showed it to Mrs. Nardo.

'Sure I get you one like that,' she said. 'Plenty of them in Napoli.'

When Mrs. Nardo returned, she had brought presents for us all — pretty tortoise-shell hat-pins. No mention was made of Miss Campbell's pin. After a considerable time had elapsed, she inquired about it. She was met by evasive answers, but at last the truth leaked out. Mrs. Nardo had sold the pin. At the last minute she had wanted to buy presents for her Settlement friends, and had found herself without money. But there was Miss Campbell's pin. She sold it and her problem was solved.

'Very common pin it was,' she said. 'In It'ly, hundreds of them. I buy you another next time I go.'

One spring, for the eighth time, there were recurring signs of the Wanderlust, or homesickness.

'I feel very sick,' she said one day. 'My stomach hurt me, I can't eat, I can't sleep. Angeleen, she have to clean the house. The doc say I have to have baths — in It'ly.'

'But surely something else can help you.'

She shook her head. 'No, nothing. These baths very good for me; the water very special.'

Then, with a shrug of the shoulders and a resigned lifting of the eyebrows, she continued, 'I don know what I can do — eight children, no money, baby nine months old. How I go to It'ly?'

She could never be crude, but it was clear that she understood that beggars cannot be choosers — a harsh world.

We did not dwell upon a misfortune which, to our limited vision, could not be remedied. Neither was Mrs. Nardo's poor health so apparent as to stir pity in unimaginative souls. In short, we took the matter very casually.

Summer approached. Miss Campbell was about to sail for England for a short vacation. A few days before leaving, she collected some trifles for Mrs. Nardo: some clothes for the children, a skirt for herself, a few toys. She put them into a suitcase and sent for one of the Nardo children to come and get them. When Dominick arrived, she gave him the suitcase, with careful instructions to bring it back immediately after removing the contents. He promised to be back in half an hour.

He did not return. Toward evening of the next day Miss Campbell became uneasy, as in her plans for getting about Europe the suitcase had a place. At last she sent a small boy of the neighborhood to get it. The little messenger returned with the astounding news that Mrs. Nardo had sailed for Italy that very morning.

'Well,' murmured Miss Campbell, as soon as she had caught her breath, 'God certainly takes care of Mrs. Nardo. She is about to go abroad, and a suitcase arrives on the eve of departure.' (Mrs. Nardo, by the way, returned the suitcase immediately upon her return.)

Although we could scarcely credit the news that Mrs. Nardo had gone to Italy, we were not surprised that she had not discussed her plans with us. She had made an honest attempt, and we had ourselves prevented her from giving us that whole-hearted confidence which, doubtless, her soul craved. Miss Campbell, however, had not been equally reticent. Mrs. Nardo knew her plans — how long she was to stay, the boat she was to sail on.

Our natural curiosity concerning Mrs. Nardo's method of management was satisfied by a neighbor.

'It was this way. Everybody know

what a hard time Mrs. Nardo have — so many children, such a bad husband, no money. Now she sick. If she die, what happen to the poor children? If she take baths in It'ly, she get well. The moving-pitch man on the corner, he hear about it. He feel sorry for her. He think of something. He say he give benefit performance for her Wednesday. He say everybody who come to moving-pitch Wednesday help Mrs. Nardo go to It'ly. He put up big sign. Big crowd come. Mrs. Nardo, she sit in the front row with the children. They make lots money. Mrs. Nardo, she buy a ticket quick, she go. I go to the boat, lots people go to the boat. She take only the baby.'

In my mind's eye, I could see Mrs. Nardo, already cured, the baby in her arms, in the centre of the crowded steerage, the happiest passenger on the great liner.

'What did she do with the other children?'

'She put them in a Home for the summer. The Home where they was last time would n't take them. She find another.'

So she was off on her eighth trip to Italy in ten years. We bowed to her.

The next day Miss Campbell sailed for England.

'No, I won't cable,' she said, a little before the boat sailed. 'Cables are too expensive in these safe days. I'll write.'

She did. I quote from her first letter.

'When we were out a day, I received a marconigram. You can imagine how it frightened me to be called to in mid-ocean. I tore it open and read — one Italian word, —

“Salute.

MRS. NARDO.”’

A BOY WHO WENT WHALING

BY CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES

I

HE wanted adventure and, by the gods, he got it. He went in an old whaler down to the stormy waters of the Horn. From a stove boat, he jumped literally out of a whale's mouth. He hunted for treasure buried by pirates on an island, whither, to this very day, men resort on the same errand. He escaped with his life from a band of armed men who nearly trapped him, when, as a run-away sailor, he lay concealed in a hut high in the Peruvian Andes. He saw the death of the great lone whale of Païta. By an odd turn of his whaling voyage, he became, first, a clerk at a South American port, then, a consul; and in 1862, when he resigned his office and embarked for home, he carried with him a fortune in gold.

This boy whaleman, Leonard Gibbs Sanford by name, was no mere vagabond adventurer. His father owned thousands of acres of timberland in up-state New York, and served his district in the House of Representatives. His mother was the youngest of the seven daughters of Dr. Leonard Gibbs of Granville. It is easy to understand why there was a family upheaval when the Sanfords discovered that sixteen-year-old Len was running away to sea—in what established household would there not have been? But in meeting the situation raised by the exploit of their lively son, the father and mother manifested uncommonly sound judgment.

If he was determined to go to sea,

they reasoned, why, let him go, but in good standing and in a good ship. So they gave him a chest and an honest outfit, which no young sailor ever got from the soulless landsharks of our ports, and arranged that he should sail on a whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean in the ship *Lancer*, of New Bedford, whose captain, Aaron C. Cushman, was an old friend of George Sanford, the father.

There was no railroad, then, along the water-front of New Bedford. Big jiggers loaded with oil casks ploughed through the black dust and mud between the town and the whaling vessels that lay at the wharves in every stage of decay and repair. Some of the vessels were unmasted hulks which had served their time the world over; others were stout new barques and ships, ready to sail on maiden voyages to the antipodes. In the lofts old seamen with palms of leather and with stout needles talked of selvages and gores. In the shops and streets hammers rang and metal clanked and drays rumbled, and men of every race and color shouted and called.

They hove the *Lancer* down, and cleaned her, and patched her and coppered her anew. They bent on sails, and rove halyards and sheets and tacks. They brought on board staves and hoops and cedar boards. They swayed new boats up to the cranes, and stowed down new craft in the forehold. Then Captain Aaron Cush-

man, in his good shore-clothes, inspected all that was going on, and the ship swung out into the stream and lay until morning, when, with the captain and his wife on board, the crew mustered, and, all sail set, she put to sea.

Len Sanford was a light-haired, stocky boy, headstrong and combative, but square, honest, quick to take the part of an under dog, eager and adventurous. Once he had climbed the bare trunk of a dead pine to an eagle's nest, which spread horizontally to all sides above him. To scale the edge of the nest, he had gone out from the tree, hand over hand, with only the rough branches of the nest to hold him up, and with only the empty air between him and the distant rocks. By nature, such boys scorned the lubber's hole, but were quick to resent injustice; they made magnificent sailors, but flared up at the exactions of an ill-tempered officer.

Len Sanford had signed the articles for four years; but in three years, nine months, and twenty-nine days, the Lancer came home without him.

II

With her lookouts nodding at the masthead and her officers pounding the lore of ships and the fear of God into the green hands, the old whaler crossed the Atlantic on the first leg of her long voyage. Young Sanford learned to pick out by instinct each tack and sheet and brace, on the darkest nights. He learned to ride a top-gallant yardarm with the ship swinging under him like a pendulum. In such boat-drills as no 'varsity crew has ever dreamed of, he swung a long ash oar under the cold eye and profane tongue of a bucko mate, until he could pull with the best of them, as they drove the light boat through tumbling seas for hours on end.

They were a month and five days out when they first sighted sperm whales and lowered for them. Their ill fortune is tersely recorded in the log-book, thus: 'At 7 A.M. saw S whales at 8 lowered 4 boats went alongside a large whale and missed him. Larboard boat John Baptiste.'

Poor John Baptiste! After seventy years the record of his failure still stands on the pages of the log-book for all to read who will. He committed the unforgivable blunder of missing a large whale.

Taking a blackfish three days later did not go far to console them; but on the sixth day after that, the starboard boat, headed by Chief Mate Owen Fisher, struck a whale and saved it. In the log-book of the Lancer, the picture of a black whale with a blood-red spout, drawn with firm hand and liberally inked, which stretches from one side of the page to the other, under the entry for September 19, expresses the general exultation.

That night the wind blew a gale, and the next morning a heavy sea was running when they began to cut in. Although the sea added immensely to the risks and labor of the officers and men on the outswung staging, who shaped with their spades the great blanket pieces of blubber, at nine o'clock the next evening they finished the body and lay by the head; but at eleven o'clock word that the seas had parted the head-chains brought all hands on deck; for in the head is situated that great cistern of pure spermaceti, the case, which yields the oil worth more in proportion to its bulk than that from any other part of the whale. They worked all night to save the case; at day-light they began to bail spermaceti; by noon the next day they finished bailing and cutting, and let the worthless shell of the great head go down.

When the work of boiling was fairly under way, the mincing machine broke; but with knives they continued the mincing, — slicing the blubber into thin leaves, like bacon cut and left on the rind, — and the boiling went on apace.

As they boiled, the thick black smoke permeated every garment and compartment, and the fetid smell crept into forecastle and cabin. The fires flamed up, and the men, stripped to the waist, leaped like devils in attendance on the bubbling try-pots. Smith, carpenter, and cooper worked at anvil and bench; the grindstone whined incessantly against steel spades and knives, and the blunted edges of used irons. So rugged was the weather, when the Lancer was boiling her first whale, that the rolling deck ran with oil and water.

Then they cooled the oil and coopered it and stowed it down; cleaned away the grease, holystoned the deck, and cruised along south toward the Azores, whaling as they went.

In their idle hours, which were many when no whales were seen, they made jaggig wheels and ivory combs and model vessels; and on the polished teeth of sperm whales they engraved with marvelous skill pictures of whaling vessels and men-of-war and island women.

As the men worked, the yellow-haired boy watched them and listened to their yarns, or tinkered at a whale's tooth. Strange stories were told, and many of them were true. Adventure has little more to offer those who have struck a forty-barrel bull, and have ridden tempestuous leagues at the end of a taut line, with smoke streaming from the logger-head, until a lance struck to the 'life,' and clotted blood showered the boats and stained the sea.

He sat ready by his oar when they swept down under sail on feeding pods. He did a man's work when, in calm

weather, with paddles, lest the sound of oars startle the wary creatures, they sneaked up on solitary whales, and with keel to black-skin, struck the irons to the hitches, towed their catch back to the becalmed ship, which lay topsails down, and cut it in while the sharks bit out great chunks of blubber, stealing a quart of oil at every bite, and the vessel heeled under the strain of the great tackles, and the decks were as slippery as the places where the wicked stand. It was a hard life, but it made a man of him.

Of all the incidents of that adventurous voyage the grimmest, and the one most sobering to the boy whalerman, happened three months out. They had touched at Flores and at Fayal, where they had landed seventy-six barrels of oil by lighter. Thence they had taken a new departure and had stood southwest. Lowering several times for blackfish, 'coopering' bread and oil, sheathing the decks, and one day sending a boat on board a passing French ship, they had made good progress on the second leg of the long voyage. But on November 22, Captain Cushman died, after an illness of a few hours.

Consider the appalling suddenness with which death came among them in mid-ocean. They were prepared for death in the heat of action, but not for such a death as this. During four days they steered toward Pernambuco, with all sail set. On the fifth day they raised land; and on the sixth they made Pernambuco harbor and sent a boat on shore with Mrs. Cushman; but the port authorities clapped the captain's widow and the crew of the boat into quarantine, and refused permission to land Aaron Cushman's body.

For seven days the Lancer lay off and on at Pernambuco, with the captain's body on board in a pipe that the cooper had set up for it.

On the seventh day, the boat's crew came out to the ship for 'Mrs. Cushman's duds,' — I take the phrase from the log-book, — which they fetched ashore. On the second day thereafter, — December 6, — the Lancer took on board fresh water, and on December 8, still standing off and on with her dead master, she spoke the brig Thomas Walker of Philadelphia, bound to her home port, whose captain agreed to take Aaron Cushman's body to North America.

III

It was a sad experience for all who were in any personal way associated with Captain Cushman; and in more ways than one it affected the fortunes of young Len Sanford. Chief Mate Owen Fisher became master; and perhaps it was because Captain Cushman had kept an eye to young Sanford's welfare that Captain Owen Fisher hazed him until life in the Lancer became a torment. For a while the boy had a rough time of it; but his misfortunes served him better than he knew.

Down in the South Atlantic, six or seven hundred miles north-northeast of the Horn, two boats from the Lancer got fast to a whale that made history. The first warning the oarsmen had was the wild yell of the boatsteerer, 'Jump! Jump! Jump for your lives!'

Dropping his oar, Len turned in the larboard boat and saw that the whale lay on its side and that the long lower jaw was closing on the boat's crew. He saw the black head, the white mouth, and the small eye of the beast; then, jumping actually out of its mouth, he dived into the sea as the jaws snapped together.

The boat was stove to splinters, and Len Sanford was knocked unconscious; but the waist boat picked him

up with the others, and though the boat header was forced to cut loose to save their lives, they later found the whale and got him alongside. It was so rugged that they broke a blubber-hook cutting in, and it took them six days to finish trying out the blubber.

They cruised along the western coast of South America, and on the offshore grounds, — while standing his tricks at the wheel, Len committed to memory Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*; in more ways than one he was an odd stick of a whaleman, — and in March they touched at Cocos Island, which lies some three hundred miles off Panama, in the old track of the galleons that carried treasure on the way from Peru to Spain.

There was scurvy in the crew, — for months had passed without shore leave, — and they hastened to give some of the men the 'earth cure' by burying them for a time up to their necks, on the principle that fresh soil draws like a poultice. It is reported that the treatment was efficacious.

During the three days they spent there young Sanford roamed over the island from end to end. He tried to scale a mountain peak, but was unable to penetrate the thick undergrowth. He found beautiful birds, a few snails, and some pigs; and like many another boy who went whaling long ago, he industriously dug for the buried treasure of the pirate brig Relampago.

The treasure of Cocos Island is famous in stories of the sea. For more than three years Bolivar, waging against Spain his war for independence, besieged the castle of Callao, at the port of Lima, which held out longer than any other fort on the Pacific. Finally, when the defending force had become an army of walking skeletons, the wealthy Spaniards of the town assembled their gold and plate

and precious stones, and set sail in the *Relapago* for Spain; but the crew, learning that treasure was on board, walked the passengers over the plank in the most approved piratical fashion, and laid a course for Cocos Island, to divide their plunder.

There they quarreled murderously among themselves, and the survivors buried the treasure, burned the brig, and sailed for the mainland in small boats.

Some the authorities caught and executed. Others escaped, and scattered the world over. Periodically, for half a century thereafter, members of the crew, real or pretended, kept turning up with projects for recovering the treasure.

Dying men have confessed in their last moments that they had a part in the robbery, and have told where to find the gold. Ancient seamen have produced old charts to show the hiding-place. Within a month of the day these words are written, an aged man has arrived in Boston from a Caribbean port, who says he is the only survivor of those who have had the key that makes it possible to find the treasure. He tells of helping remove the gold and jewels from Cocos Island, where they were first hidden, to an uncharted island, where they have since remained; and he is trying to organize an expedition to go back and recover them.

It gives one a strange feeling of being actually in touch with old whaling days, to come upon this paragraph in the shipping news of 1922; but although the different records place the value of the treasure at from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000, and although the story was well known in Len Sanford's day, the island is so rough that it would take a regiment of men and many years of hard work to search it thoroughly. So, as far as we know,

the gold and jewels remain on one island or another, to tantalize new generations of young adventurers. The tale is one of the great true stories of buried treasure.

IV

By the time the *Lancer* visited Cocos Island there was trouble in the ship, and even the log-book records the low rumble of gathering mutiny. In May, 1857, eight men, headed by the luckless boatsteerer, John Baptiste, refused duty. Len Sanford was not of the eight, but he was leading a dog's life on board, and, as did so many young fellows in those old, hard days, he resolved to take his fortunes in his own hands and strike out for himself.

The *Lancer* next touched at Paita, and there, on the tenth day in port, ten months and two days after sailing from New Bedford, Len ran away.

Some shipmates, when he was on shore leave, smuggled his chest out of the ship. With the help of natives they concealed him and his belongings in a hut high on the side of a hill and left him.

Late that night, as he lay in the hut, he heard steps outside. It was a wild, lonesome place, and no good was to be expected of untimely visitors. The conviction surged upon him that someone who knew of his presence there was bent on killing and robbing him as he slept. At all events, the alternative, that they were going to arrest him and take him back to the ship for the customary reward of five or ten dollars, was bad enough.

The sound of steps came nearer. While he listened he got on his feet and stood a-tiptoe by the door. The strangers paused just outside and whispered together.

As they entered, young Sanford ran into the area behind the hut. A tall

fence of palms inclosed the area; but he scrambled over the fence with fingers and toes as the men burst out after him. They leaped up and clutched at his feet, but he tumbled down on the outside and ran.

In the middle of the long road down the hill, he saw by the bright moon a man left on guard. He ran straight at the fellow, leaped into him feet first, knocked him sprawling, and left him there in the moonlight.

The next morning Len went to the consul for help. He got it, too, which is more, for the consul hid him until the ship sailed. It was never the custom of consuls to harbor runaway sailors; they were far more likely to pursue such fugitives and deliver them into the hands of irate skippers, who took unholy pleasure in drawing on a man's wages, in accordance with the articles, to pay the officers; so there is a pleasing mystery about this incident in the story; and a mystery it must remain, for I know of no one living who can explain it.

Len Sanford never recovered his chest or his outfit; but in 1857, under Consul William Miles, he became secretary of our consulate at Callao; and in 1858, under Consul Fayette M. Ringgold, he became secretary of the consulate at Paita.

Off Paita ranged 'Paita Tom,' one of the famous 'lone whales,' as the morose, solitary bulls were called that lived alone like rogue elephants and fought against all comers. During his stay at Paita young Sanford saw the death of old Tom, who was recognized by a notched, ragged spout and an uncommonly large hump, and had established in whaling circles a world-wide reputation as a dangerous old bull.

At four bells in the afternoon watch, a whaleship was standing in for Paita, when the familiar cry, 'Thar blo-o-ows! Blo-o-o-o-o-ows!' brought all

hands on deck. A large whale lay in plain sight, perhaps a mile away, and two points off the lee bow.

Instead of giving the usual order, 'Haul back the main yard! Hoist and swing!' the captain, closing his glass, said to the mate, 'No use to lower, Mr. Malloy. That 's Paita Tom. I know the old devil. He smashed two boats and killed a good man for me last voyage. He 's sent more men out of Cape Cod to Davy Jones than there 's barrels of oil under his black skin. No, no, you precious rascal, you don't juggle a boat down this time. Keep your course and we will ours. Steer small, Mr. Malloy, and leave that chap astern.'

It was the mate's first voyage in the Pacific, and although he was a quiet, surly fellow, he was a good seaman and afraid of no whale that ever spouted. Those who watched him could see that the captain's order had keenly disappointed him; but the men were glad enough to let Tom go.

The vessel stood into the harbor, and the captain, leaving her to lie off and on in charge of the mate until the next day, went ashore to ship new hands and get the mail.

The mate held her all night on a course that, in his judgment, would bring her well to windward of the harbor by dawn; but unsuspected currents carried her so far to leeward that, for several hours after he discovered his position, he had to beat up against a strong land breeze, which swept down from the Cordilleras. He hoped thus to take advantage of the sea breeze that sprang up every afternoon, and so enter the bay, take the captain on board, and be off to the whaling grounds; but by the middle of the morning the wind went down and left the ship virtually becalmed, five or six miles off the promontory of Paita.

At eight bells — the very moment when the cook was bringing forward the kids — there came simultaneously from the lookouts at fore, main, and mizzen, the wailing cry, 'Thar blo-o-o-o-ows! Blo-o-o-o-o-ows! Thar again! Blo-o-o-o-o-ows! Blo-o-o-o-o-ows!'

The great black back of a sperm whale rose into plain sight, a mile off the lee beam.

The men crowded rail and rigging and watched the whale, which lay in the slow, oily seas, 'methodically puffing out his vapory jet, as leisurely as the smoke from the pipe of some fat, dozing Dutchman.' Each spout, instead of being a low, even puff of white vapor, was notched and ragged. For the second time they had sighted Paita Tom.

It is hard for us to realize all that the sight of that infamous old cetacean meant to a whaler's crew. It was very much as if the Old Boy, wearing horns, tail, and hoof, were to rise up, with the smell of brimstone and sulphur, before the congregation of an Afro-American 'Old-Ironsides-Baptist' church.

As they watched him he turned up his mighty flukes and sounded. For an hour longer the ship lay becalmed; then, a mile away, the whale rose again.

'All hands lay aft!'

It was the mate who spoke. His sharp voice startled them. As they gathered in the waist, he closely watched their faces.

'You all know when the captain is ashore I command the ship and answer for what is done aboard. We are out here for "ile," and want to fill up and make a straight wake for Buzzard's Bay with a full hold. Not a horse-piece has come over the gangway for six weeks, and I, for one, am tired of such soperin' luck. That old bull off the beam there will stow down one

hundred barrels easy; and with a good boat's crew to back me, I believe we 'll have him alongside in two hours. Now, if there are enough good men among you, game to man my boat and lay me on that hump, then stand out here and let me see your cutwaters. I won't come back without a dead whale or a stove boat. I don't want a hand but what will jump at the chance to go with me. I never was gallied by a whale yet, and won't be by this, if you 'll pull me on to that fellow. There 's five thousand dollars laying out there under that chap's black skin. I only want enough of you to man my boat, and we won't come back without blubber. Every man who goes must volunteer. I won't urge any of you. Now then, those of you who 'll get me on that whale can lay over to windward, and the rest of you 'stay where you are.'

For a moment no one spoke. The cooper, who had been in a boat stove by Paita Tom, stepped forward, but thought better of his impulse, and stepped back again. It was a young fellow from Martha's Vineyard who cried, 'Here goes for luck!' and walked across the deck. A Kanaka boatsteerer followed him; then another man, and another, and another, until not one was left at the lee rail.

'Well,' said Mr. Malloy, 'I 'm sorry you can't all go.'

He chose four men and his own boatsteerer, spoke a moment with the second mate, and ordered the crew to break out an empty ten-barrel cask.

From the mate's boat they removed, at his direction, all whaling gear and craft except the oars and a single lance. The lance he chose for himself, with special care. Ordering them to lower the boat, which the absence of the usual equipment made unusually light and buoyant, he spoke again to the second mate, and went down the side

with his picked men. The cask, which now lay in the water beside the ship, they succeeded in taking into the boat and balancing across the bow; then they pulled out of earshot of the ship, and while the men rested on their oars, the mate briefly addressed them.

Again they began to row slowly toward the whale. The sky was clear from horizon to horizon, and those on board the ship could see every flash of the oars and every motion of the men. The third mate, ordering his boat lowered, waited beside the vessel for whatever should happen.

The whale reared his colossal head from the sea, perpendicularly, like a titanic column, and slowly turned and gazed about with his small, unblinking eyes. The act was deliberate, almost malicious. Crashing down on the water, he charged over the surface, leaving a wake like an ocean liner, straight upon the little boat in which were Malloy and his men.

As the whale's head rose, Malloy had changed places with the boatsteerer. When the whale charged, piling up before his blunt brow a white wall of foam, Malloy pushed the cask overboard and thundered, 'Starn all!'

As the men drove the light boat back, the cask floated quietly in the path of the angry bull. Checking their headway the crew rested, each man with his hands on the loom of his oar, and waited for orders.

Veering from a straight line, the whale turned until his small eye perceived the floating cask; then he dashed at it. It rebounded unharmed from his broad head. Again he rushed upon it, and again. Turning, he snapped at it with his long lower jaw, but his teeth slipped off the rolling staves. He turned and turned again in growing fury, as he worried the elusive thing.

Malloy stood in the bow of the

whaleboat, lance in hand. He waved to the oarsmen, and the boat shot forward and slightly to the right. As she flashed along the side of the pre-occupied whale, Malloy, with all the strength of arms and body, drove the lance to the socket, straight into the spot just behind the fin that covers the 'life.'

The whale turned convulsively toward the boat, but the boat had already shot ahead, free and clear. With thrashing flukes and jaw, he flung himself out of water and fell from mid-air on the cask, which bobbed out unharmed from under him. Suddenly his clear spout flamed crimson.

The men roared in triumph.

The crimson flood darkened and thickened. The whale half-breached, and threw himself round. He struck his flukes on the sea, with reports as of cannon. He dashed first one way, then another, filling the air with foam and clots of blood; he went into blind, futile paroxysms of rage, now growing weaker, now rushing about in desperate spasms.

In just twenty minutes he rolled, fin out, and lay still.

That afternoon the usual breeze came up, and the ship sailed into port, and the boats tallied on to the whale and towed him to the anchor ground.

They cut in old Tom and boiled him down, and got, to their surprise, only seventy-five barrels of oil instead of the hundred they expected, which the bull's life of constant fighting perhaps explains. They found in the blubber twenty or more twisted and corroded harpoons. One of them, which had cut through the orifice of the spiracle, had caused the peculiar form of Tom's spouts.

To the amazement of the whalemén, the inhabitants of Paita were enraged that their whale was taken, and put out in makeshift boats to shake their

fists and spit angry oaths at the vessel. Old Tom had come, in their minds, to be a sort of guardian of the port, and they attributed to him their good fortune in having no sharks in Paita Bay. But they nevertheless swarmed by hundreds down from the dusty streets and lined the shore, to see the whale cut in, for even though they considered him as in a manner their tutelary angel, the processes of disposing of his blubber were strange and very interesting.

It is said that George Sanford, Len's father, who was an old friend of General Scott, persuaded the general to break the habit of a lifetime and use his influence to push the boy ahead. At all events, on September 3, 1858, President Buchanan appointed Len United States consul for the port of Tumbes, Peru, and the Senate confirmed the appointment. Len was then only nineteen years old, and to hold the appointment the law required him to be twenty-one. He kept his true age a carefully guarded secret.

He had deserted from the Lancer on June 6, 1857. On September 6, 1859, — exactly two years and three months later, — as 'consul of the United States of America for Tumbes and the dependencies thereof,' he signed, at the request of Captain Owen Fisher, a certificate that Captain Fisher had discharged from the Lancer John Duty, a sick sailor, and had paid him three months' extra wages. There is humor in the thought of that meeting between the captain and his quondam runaway.

During his years in South America Len learned Spanish and various Indian dialects, and traded on his own account in India rubber and Peruvian bark and fresh vegetables; and in search for the supplies that he sold to

visiting whalships, he rode far and wide throughout the country and high into the mountains.

There are few records of his life during those years in South America; but the little that is known indicates that he had his full share, and more, of adventure. He met the Indians in their own huts and villages. He traded with native farmers in the valleys. Once, when he was riding on a lonely trail in the Andes, a puma leaped from a tree and killed his horse under him.

It was a stirring life; but letters entreating him to return home kept coming, and he himself was eager to visit his family. He resigned his office on March 31, 1862, and set out on the long journey north, with \$10,000 dollars in gold, earned by shrewd, honest enterprise. For years he had worked to prove that he was no ne'er-do-weel. He was still a very young man, remember, and for a lad of his age it was in those days a small fortune that he was bringing home to justify himself in his father's eyes. He was very eager to see his father again; but when he came to the Isthmus of Panama, he found waiting for him the letter that told him his father was dead.

He returned to his native state, and there spent the active years of a notable life. But to his last days, he retained his keen, youthful interest in the lands and seas whither he had gone as a boy whaler; and as long as he lived he remembered every word of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, which he had committed to memory during the tropical nights when he was standing his tricks at the wheel of the old whaleship Lancer.

His story is a personal chapter from the history of the old whaling days. He died on April 7, 1912, in his seventy-fourth year.

FELLOW CITIZENS

BY VALESKA BARI

I

At the fork of the road Wentworth halted. The trail to the left he knew, leading out of the valley and around the mountain to a spot from which one could see, over a flashing plain of silver-green sugar cane, the gorgeous, unbelievable blue of the Caribbean. Wentworth turned the pony's head to the right. Of more arresting importance than the glory of the Caribbean was a small sign nailed to the palm tree before him. Crudely lettered on the end of a soap box it announced: AVE. BROADWAY.

'Broadway!' he repeated aloud, stroking the pony's neck for lack of other companion with whom to share the incongruity of those words.

Wentworth sat back and gazed about him. The one word 'Broadway' made everything in the scene rise up in denial. Except for that most absurd sign, the view of the hillsides varied not a dot from the description left by the first Spanish chronicler four hundred years ago. The little thatched huts were as crude as the drawings sent to Queen Isabella to answer her questions about the natives of Porto Rico. The Indian had passed, but the children of the conqueror had slipped into his way of life. And against this background someone had written the challenge of Manhattan. Wentworth picked up the reins and clapped his heels against the flanks of the diminutive pony. 'Hurry up, Sancho Panza! It is time for us to investigate.'

Rumors had crept down from the hills that innovations were being made in the mountain village of El Cajon. Primitivo Gomez had been there. What tales he brought back Wentworth had only guessed. Primitivo's mother's cousin, who washed for Wentworth, returned his laundry two days earlier than usual in order to bring the news that Primitivo had come back from a visit to the village. A rush of language with much bowing and gesticulation gave Wentworth to understand that Primitivo had a tale to tell, and close in the wake of the smiling Fortuna appeared the adventurer.

Standing first upon one bare foot and then upon the other, he slowed his Spanish politely to Wentworth's inexpertness and explained, with a sweeping gesture which included the supervisor and his makeshift office, that El Cajon was becoming 'muy Americano.' This much he repeated several times, but beyond that his faith in Wentworth's vocabulary failed. What was implied in the process of Americanization was lost amid shrugs and gestures.

In the evening, in passing Primitivo's cottage, Wentworth saw an excited group listening to the tale. He caught the dramatic swing of Primitivo's recital, punctuated by a chorus of exclamations, by volleys of questions, and peals of good-natured laughter. What it all might mean remained a closed book. Wentworth's vocabulary in Spanish was limited. Between

words and gestures he could buy food and eat, could have his clothes washed and his house kept in order, and could attend to the necessary tasks in the supervision of the schools of his district; but the activities of the mountain village lay beyond that vocabulary.

His first free afternoon found Wentworth on the trail to El Cajon.

Around the hillside circled 'Ave. Broadway,' labeled every few hundred feet, dismembered pickle-boxes competing with soap-boxes as means of imparting the information. A goat-trail, leading off over the hill, was neatly marked, 'Ave. Brooklyn Bridge.' At this juncture Ave. Broadway proceeded under the name of 'Ave. Jorge Washington.'

Wentworth laughed as he examined the signs.

Dotting the opposite hillside were possibly a dozen shaggy huts, each little hut in its gay setting of many-colored plants. Toward the highest cottage a woman was moving swiftly up the steep trail, balancing on her head a gasoline-can full of water. Wentworth paused to watch the swift grace of her movements. From the stream to her cottage was a rise of at least four hundred feet, but she neared the top with an unslackened pace which made the five gallons of water appear as nothing.

Before another hut played two unclad youngsters, happily throwing great red blossoms at each other. A wandering goat eyed the children with mild interest. Two gamecocks, tethered safely apart, ruffled menacingly at each other.

To all this Wentworth had grown easily accustomed in his few months on the island; but now, with 'Jorge Washington' lettered against the scene, his surroundings went suddenly foreign. The water-bearer was performing a stunt, the babies became obviously

naked, and the little thatched huts stood out like pictures in a strange book.

Down the road and into the one street that constituted the village of El Cajon trotted Sancho Panza. At the corner of 'Jorge Washington' and 'El Panama Canal' stood the schoolhouse, a single room of frame roofed with thatch. Over the building waved a huge American flag, the clean-cut stars and stripes standing out with exaggerated sharpness against the shaggy thatch. At either side of the open door stood a great pole painted in regulation barber-pole striping of red, white, and blue. Through the open windows Wentworth could see that the schoolroom was empty, but from behind the building came the sound of children's voices.

Tying Sancho Panza to a convenient tree, Wentworth walked around the schoolhouse. The space behind the building was divided into small plots of flowers and vegetables, each little section marked off neatly with white-washed stones, dabbled irregularly with red and blue spots. In each patch stood a gayly clad child. Stalking down the centre was a tall lean figure, evidently that of the schoolmaster, Don Carlos Vicente. With sweeping gesticulations he criticized and commented upon the gardens. The class was absorbed. Wentworth was in the midst of the patches before a shy little voice at his elbow lisped:—

'Good-bye, mithter.'

The children looked up. 'Good-bye, good-bye,' echoed one child after another.

Wentworth smiled. The First Book in English, which translates 'Adios' as 'Good-bye,' fails to explain that the Spanish is a word of hail and farewell while the English is only of farewell.

At the chorus of salutations, Don Carlos turned. A strange American

inspecting his gardens obviously could only be the new district supervisor, and his bow was accordingly deeply respectful. 'Mithter Oo-ent-oo-orth?' he inquired, attacking the impossible w's of Wentworth's name with the precision of one who has practised the feat diligently.

Wentworth bowed.

'You have late,' exclaimed Don Carlos reproachfully. 'The eschool are finshed.'

'I am sorry, but I shall stay for night school,' said Wentworth, as they walked about among the patches. He noticed that the vegetables were not those in common use on the island but varieties from the North. 'Do the people like these vegetables?' pointing to some promising rows of beets and carrots.

'Like them?' repeated Don Carlos dubiously.

'Yes — do the people like to eat them?' insisted the supervisor.

'They are bonita — pretty,' said Don Carlos, ruffling the carrot-tops with his shoe and evidently trying to be polite in a situation which he did not understand; 'but to eat —' The eyes that met Wentworth's were puzzled. 'The book says to make gardens; but to eat — no.' Again his foot stirred the fern-like carrots. 'What is to eat?'

Wentworth stooped and jerked a carrot from the ground. 'In Nueva York' — he dangled the root in his fingers and repeated the magic words, 'In Nueva York,' as though dangling them also before the eyes of Don Carlos — 'In Nueva York they eat many carrots.'

Don Carlos gave him a look of astonished helplessness.

'I will send a teacher to teach the girls how to cook,' offered Wentworth, glancing over the vegetables, many of which had already gone to seed, and making mental notes of a memorandum

on the futility of issuing unadapted textbooks.

From the school Wentworth and Don Carlos walked slowly to the teacher's house. In the shade stood a box covered with netting. At the sight, a new eagerness came into Don Carlos's step and a new light into his eyes. He stooped and gently picked up a sleeping infant. Holding it gently against his breast, he bowed to Wentworth with a gesture of introduction. 'A boy,' he said in hushed tones, and Wentworth remembered the tale of the teacher's previous misfortune in having seven daughters.

'He could — to be presidente,' Don Carlos ventured at length. His voice rose — 'El Presidente de los Estados Unidos!'

Wentworth bowed acquiescence. The potential president of the United States blinked his little black eyes.

'For which,' went on Don Carlos, 'I make El Cajon the same to los Estados. Come,' and laying the infant back in his improvised bed, he led Wentworth back toward the school. He pointed with pride to the street signs at the corners. 'Equal to los Estados,' he exclaimed, and Wentworth agreed. A red-white-and-blue rubbish-box adorned the intersection of 'Jorge Washington' and 'Niagara Falls.' 'Better than in the States,' commented the supervisor; and Don Carlos bowed deeply.

Curious but friendly glances followed Wentworth and Don Carlos. Americans were not often seen in the little village, and the entire population stood in the doorways or lined up in front of the little huts. To each and every one Don Carlos bowed in conscious pride.

'Do they help you?' asked Wentworth, with a gesture from the inhabitants to the works of improvement.

'Not yet.' Don Carlos's tone was patient. 'They do not believe that they

are truly fellow citizens to los Estados, but —' In the unfinished sentence Wentworth realized a quality of conquering stubbornness.

The chief pride of Don Carlos evidently was the pair of barber-poles at the school. These he had shaped and painted with painstaking effort, and they stood to him as the last word in Americanism. Wentworth examined them appreciatively.

'I have not been to los Estados — not yet,' explained Don Carlos, 'but my cousin Miguel Figueroa in Nueva York sent me a picture — a picture with colors. He has one,' he pointed to the poles and the satisfaction in his voice rose, 'but we have two!'

'Is your cousin in Nueva York a barber?' asked Wentworth.

'You know Miguel?' exclaimed Don Carlos in astonishment, and he wrung Wentworth's hand in his enthusiasm.

A flicker of a smile passed over Wentworth's serious face. 'I think not,' he replied slowly, 'but I'm sure I've seen a barber-shop in Nueva York with a pole just like that.'

II

In the pleasant after-dinner coolness Wentworth and Don Carlos smoked dark, native cigarettes. From within the cottage, like punctuation to their conversation, came the voice of Don Carlos's wife. Doña Maria was trying to hurry the seven daughters in the task of clearing up after the feast that had been set before Wentworth. Hospitality is lavish in Porto Rico, but when the district supervisor climbs to the most inaccessible village in his district of mountains he may be sure that the prize chicken and the whole grocery-store will be served to him.

Wentworth glanced at his watch and pushed back his chair suggestively. Don Carlos, listening to the sounds

within, launched upon an elaborate account of the purchase of school-supplies. As the sounds in the house indicated the completion of the household tasks he rose, and the two men departed, Don Carlos to extend to the night school his passing acquaintance with Noah Webster, and Wentworth to enter little marks in his official supervisor's book, rating Don Carlos by a ten-point scale in efficiency, thoroughness, initiative, patience, alertness, and a few other qualities designated by the department of education as virtues.

Night schools were rare in the mountain districts and Wentworth was curious to know why El Cajon had applied for evening instruction. With his limited Spanish he had learned to ask few questions but to see things for himself. The law of the island said that if ten persons aspired nightly to climb the heights of knowledge, education should be brought to them. The names of eleven aspirants had been sent by Don Carlos to the Department, the days of the teacher had been lengthened into nights, and additional allotments of books and supplies had been issued to the village.

By a circuitous route Don Carlos led the supervisor to the school, stopping to make inquiry as to the health of one of the inhabitants. Shooing away the dogs that followed at their heels, Don Carlos opened the school-room door and Wentworth, stepping within, beheld in a neat row Doña Maria and the seven daughters. Doña Maria's plump body was wedged tightly between desk and chair, and in descending scale sat the seven girls. Each held conspicuously an English First Reader.

In one corner of the room a light shawl half concealed the basket in which slumbered the potential President.

Wentworth bowed gravely to the

class and the class smiled gravely in response. School was an earnest, formal ceremonial, and not a flicker of an eyelash intimated that a few minutes before the supervisor had been their guest at a gayly informal dinner.

On Don Carlos's desk lay the official register in which was recorded school attendance. Of the night class the name of Doña Maria headed the list, followed by those of the seven daughters. Below these eight names were written, 'Libertad, Luz, Pax Rodriguez,' and all were credited with regular attendance up to that date.

Wentworth inquired for the three Rodriguez children.

'The — the guardian did not let them to come to-night,' explained Don Carlos. 'He is —' he pondered for a word — 'he is to-day disturbed.'

Wentworth signed the book and turned to the class.

Don Carlos cleared his throat. 'Fellow citizens!' The class sat upright. 'Lesson Ten,' he announced. 'Diez!' he whispered to the little Conchita, to whom 'ten' seemed hopelessly unintelligible. 'Page-a tawenty eighta. We will read. Let us go!'

The little girls bobbed up and down as they read the lesson, sentence by sentence, but Doña Maria in her turn remained firmly fixed in her seat.

'I see the esnow.'

'The esnow is wita.'

'The esnow is colda.'

'The garounda is wita.'

'To-morrow we will play in the esnow.'

'What is snow?' interrupted Wentworth. Silence fell on the class.

'The esnow is colda,' ventured Dolores at last, looking up from the book.

'The esnow is wita,' added Amalia.

Complete lack of comprehension clouded their earnest faces.

'Close your books,' said Wentworth; and in slow, carefully chosen English, with many gestures, he explained about winter in the North. The children's faces shone with interest. The supervisor glowed with the satisfaction of a difficult task well done.

'Now do you understand about snow?' he asked in conclusion.

Conchita raised her hand eagerly. 'It is,' she said confidently, 'it is a pretty story not true — a firy tale.'

III

The first full moon found Wentworth again on the trail to El Cajon, drawn by the haunting sense of an unfinished story. What, after all, did the United States and the twentieth century mean to Don Carlos? His long-awaited son 'could to be el presidente,' but how long would Doña Maria and the seven daughters labor over the First Reader, and what did it all mean to the mountain community? Enrolling his family was not against regulations, but Wentworth was curious to know if the family was as regular in its attendance as the records showed. Day school in the mountains included only primary studies and was taught in Spanish. The night school was permitted to concentrate on English. The devotion of Don Carlos to the United States seemed to be shared by his progeny to a degree which colored Wentworth's curiosity with deep humility.

As he entered the schoolroom, Wentworth stumbled over the dogs. At the sound, the eyes of Doña Maria and the children were lifted from the page they were struggling to read, and friendly greetings welcomed the supervisor.

The lesson was about apples and pears and other fruits wholly foreign to the tropics. The children attacked the strange words and strange ideas with stubborn perplexity, and Went-

worth listened helplessly, resolving to write an English Reader some day, whose subject matter would be at least intelligible to the struggling aspirants.

At the end of the lesson Wentworth looked over the register and inquired for Libertad, Luz, and Pax.

'There is — there are — much seekness in these town,' explained Don Carlos. He thought for a moment. 'Libertad, Luz, and Pax,' — he put his hand to his throat, — 'they cannot even to speak.'

Wentworth signed the book and departed.

The white tropical moonlight made the trail as light as day. The orange-colored ucar trees lost little of their amazing brilliance, and the flamboyants were as unbelievably red as by day. The shadows were deepened and the outlines of the trees dimmed, but this even heightened the sense of magic and mystery which surrounds all Nature in the tropics — that blending of keen reality with no less keen unreality which makes the lure of the Southlands.

Sancho Panza plodded faithfully on. They passed a cottage from which came the click-click of 'bones,' the crash of castanets and the shuffle-shuffle scraping on gourds which constitutes the background of the island music. Wentworth stopped to listen. The bones and the castanets marked time in a way to make feet and hips and shoulders swing to keep time. The scraping on the gourds was different. To that Wentworth had listened at first in amazement that anyone could consider it a part of music, but now, as it floated down the hillside, it came to him not as the sound of any instrument but rather as the movement of feet themselves. With a new comprehension and a new eagerness to understand other things which might be differently conceived, he sat still.

Sancho Panza grew restless at the delay and edged in the direction of his stall, gradually working his movements into a gentle trot. The music blurred to a mere vibration and vanished.

Farther along Wentworth passed a countryman on his way to market, perched above the saddlebags of his tiny pony, and holding a huge umbrella to ward off the evil effects of moonlight and night air. Wentworth greeted him gravely. Outwardly it was the same courteous greeting that he had given the first time he passed a countryman thus shielding himself, but the inward smile of superior amusement had disappeared. The certainty that he was bringing the gifts of a superior civilization had yielded to a realization that he also had much to learn.

In the valley below, the long light of a rapidly moving motor brought back his thoughts to Don Carlos and his struggling efforts to make himself and his family one with their fellow citizens of Manhattan, and a deep sense of humility came over Wentworth that he should have accepted without appreciation and realization so many things which these Porto Ricans labored so hard to obtain. The light of the motor vanished, and in the beauty and fragrance of the tropical night Sancho Panza trotted on.

IV

Months went by. The end of a week of hot weather, hot even in the hills, found Wentworth again on Ave. Broadway. In the day schools of the valley the children had been restless and tired. The weary session of the night class at El Cajon was only partially aroused by the entrance of the supervisor.

Don Carlos sat listless at his desk. Doña Maria patiently overflowed her seat. The seven daughters read their

lesson in dull monotone. Of other children there was again no sign, and Wentworth asked no questions.

Don Carlos started the class from the beginning.

'This is a dog,' read Conchita, dragging herself slowly to her feet and slumping at the end of her exertion.

'The dog is balacka,' added Mercedita wearily.

'The dog is gooda,' read Dolores in dull accents.

Wentworth stood up before the class and tried to put some life into the recitation. If the lesson was about dogs, they might better talk about the live animals before them than some unreal dog in the reader. 'What is this dog's name?' he asked, pointing to the dog at his feet.

The class sat silent. English was a thing to be read from a book. To be addressed in the language without warning was not according to precedent.

Wentworth pointed again to the nearest dog. 'What is his name? Como se llama eso?'

'Libertad,' responded Mercedita promptly.

'And this dog?' He waited. 'Y eso?' pointing to the next dog.

'Luz.'

A light dawned on Wentworth. 'Y eso?' he demanded quickly, his finger raised in the direction of the third dog.

The weary Don Carlos was galvanized into life. With one leap he knelt at Wentworth's feet.

'Pax,' answered Mercedita, her mouth remaining open in astonishment at the strange behavior of her father.

For a moment silence reigned in the little room. Amazement shone on the placid countenance of Doña Maria. The seven daughters sat back in bewilderment and curiosity. Wentworth stood motionless, as Don Carlos grasped the supervisor's hand in both his own and kissed it fervently. The si-

lence was broken by a wail from the basket. Don Carlos threw back his head and poured forth a flood of Spanish, so rapid that only here and there could Wentworth catch the words. Yet through tones and gestures the whole story became clear: a story of the unambitious pleasantness of the tropics, quickened to endeavor by the arrival of the infant who might some day become president of the United States; of the efforts of Don Carlos to awaken a realization among his neighbors that their children also might become admirals and generals; of his inspiration to have a night school where they could all learn English and study the ways of their brothers of the North; of the unwillingness of the villagers to bestir themselves; of the need of the additional names in order to obtain school-books and supplies, and the temptation of enrolling the faithful dogs; and of the grief of Don Carlos at betraying the kindness of the supervisor.

Wentworth stood motionless as the flood of words and gestures increased in intensity and then gradually slackened. Don Carlos's humiliation and repentance at deceiving Wentworth were uttered in a tone barely above a whisper. Then he took a step backward, lifted his head, and waited what verdict the supervisor might pronounce.

Wentworth walked over to the teacher's desk, hesitating for words. Absent-mindedly he began to turn the pages of the register.

Don Carlos stepped slowly to his side. 'You wish to sign the book?' he asked, fumbling for his pen.

'Not to-night, amigo,' and Wentworth offered his hand. 'To-night,' he spoke slowly, 'is a visit — between friends — and not official.'

Of the unofficial visits of its supervisors even the most standardized system asks for no reports.

THE SEA

BY WILLIAM WHITMAN, 3RD

THE road leads to the land's end
Where the sea spreads its hands
Over the beach. The sea
Spreads its fingers wistfully
To touch the dimpled sand.

I was young and rich with love,
And I lifted up my voice and sang;
But the sea heard me not.
Come away there is madness
Thinking too long on one thing.

The sea is blind,
But its hands are everywhere;
Its mystery is space;
Its strength is unsatisfied;
Its loneliness is terrible with beauty.

There are mornings
When the ocean is bright with vision,
Like the radiance of love
Upon a sightless face.
There are evenings when the waves whisper
And grope about the beach.

THE SEA

There are hours of fury
Lashed into walls of water,
And gray days of sullen waiting.

I was old and sick with grief
For man, and behold the sea
Floated a man before me.
His head was crowned with a
Crown of trailing sea-weed;
And his face was white
As the shivering wave;
And his hands were clenched
As though he had run a long race,
But the sea had taken his eyes.

I saw the ocean marvelously bright;
I saw sails upon the water
Like the great wings of fate,
And I heard a voice like the echo
Of a wave.

The ships shall ride the morning of fire,
They shall linger through the evening of despair,
They shall make port on some dark night,
And never know the hour of death:
They shall sail on for ever and ever.

WOODROW WILSON

BY CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

It will be many years before a complete picture of Woodrow Wilson and his work can be drawn. Much of the necessary material is still locked up in private diaries, private letters, and confidential files in public offices. Nevertheless, the main lines of his character and conduct can be traced.

His racial and family inheritances are already known. They were remarkably strong and fine, and well-nigh determined, as in most human beings, his qualities of mind and heart, and the nature of the work he did in the world. His father and mother both belonged to the Scotch race, and both were Presbyterians in religion, children of Presbyterian ministers of the staunchest sort. These Presbyterian ancestors had served in Northern pulpits and in Virginia, but had settled by 1858 in Augusta, Georgia, and Columbia, South Carolina, which then formed one community.

The Wilson family, in spite of their Scottish origin and long residence in the North, were thoroughly Southern in sentiment before the Civil War began. When the Civil War broke out, it was in the house and church of Woodrow Wilson's father that the Southern Presbyterian Church was organized. The sufferings of the South during the War and the Reconstruction period were familiar to the young boy; and his heroes and exemplars were all Southern, like Calhoun the antagonist of Andrew Jackson, and Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, and Alexander Stephens, leaders of the Confederacy. His

father and mother were his principal teachers till he was eighteen years old, with assistance from a maternal uncle and a maternal aunt. Then he went away from home to attend Davidson College, a school conducted by Presbyterian teachers, and attended by sons of southern Presbyterian families. There the boy continued his studies in the Classics, elementary mathematics, and the Calvinistic philosophy in the good old way; but only for a short time.

In the spring of 1875, he returned to his family, who had moved from Columbia, S. C., to Wilmington, N. C., in order that the father might again devote himself exclusively to the work of a pastor. The boy's health required care; for he had developed digestive troubles. He was too tall and thin; and he read serious books more constantly than was good for him. In Wilmington, the young man saw the ocean which is sometimes a barrier and sometimes a highway, and thought about the English blockade-runners who gave such effective aid to the Confederacy, and about Gladstone, the sympathizer with peoples whom he thought of as oppressed, whether in the Near East, in Egypt, or in the States which seceded from the American Union in 1861.

By September, 1875, Woodrow Wilson had decided to go to Princeton, the college which had bred many political leaders for the Southern States, and many Presbyterian ministers for all parts of the country. The students there usually came from Presbyterian or Evangelical families; and the politi-

cal and social ideas which prevailed in the College were of Southern origin. Moreover, it was his father's college.

Wilson did not distinguish himself as a student at Princeton. Probably his mind was too excursive for the Princeton programme of that day. At any rate, his natural taste and disposition carried him into realms of thought and study which were not included in the Princeton quadrennium. He took to independent reading in the library, and to the use of his powers as a debater in Whig Hall, and as a writer in the Nassau Literary Magazine. He graduated at Princeton without high standing as a scholar, but with some reputation among his fellow students as a debater and writer.

Dr. Theodore W. Hunt, who taught Woodrow Wilson as an undergraduate at Princeton, has lately said that the impression made on him 'was that of an exceptionally mature student deeply interested in current events, often devoting to general reading the hours that others were giving to the regular academic schedule, willingly surrendering high academic standing to the attractions of general literature, of history, and of political writing.'

From Princeton he went to the University of Virginia to study law. His studies there were interrupted by an illness which sent him again to his father's house in Wilmington. But he soon returned to finish his preliminary studies in law and take his degree at the University. He then started in practice at Atlanta, Georgia, with a partner as inexperienced as himself; but they were only young strangers there, and no success attended their efforts.

While at Atlanta, he paid long visits at the house of his cousin Mrs. Brower, who now lived in Rome, Georgia, and there met Miss Ellen Axson, of Scotch Presbyterian descent and nurture like

his own. That meeting determined a change of profession; for it became a great object to earn a livelihood.

He dropped Law, and aimed at becoming a college teacher. To that end he entered Johns Hopkins University in September, 1883, apparently as a graduate student, and proceeded to study history and political science under the guidance of Professor Herbert B. Adams. In September, 1884, he appears as a Fellow, an office which carried with it a small salary. He associated at Johns Hopkins with a group of ambitious young scholars bent on mastering the methods of accurate research in subjects of their choice; but he was older than most of them, and they found him variable in mood — sometimes silent and dour, sometimes gay and fascinating.

Within two years he was invited to an Associate Professorship of History and Political Science in Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, a women's college, then often called in Baltimore circles Joanna Hopkins College. On that prospect Miss Axson and he were married at the end of June, 1885.

As his graduating thesis for the doctorate at Johns Hopkins, Wilson had published an elaborate essay on Congressional Government. This essay declared that Congressional government in the United States was in a bad way, and could best be saved by converting it into Cabinet government on the English model. It condemned the American constitutional method of dividing authority among the Administration, the House of Representatives, the Senate, and the Supreme Court. This essay was well written and was characterized by striking independence of thought; but it was not taken seriously by the politicians and indeed commanded but little attention.

Bryn Mawr College was near Philadelphia; and Philadelphia was the

headquarters of the Republican Party machine, which had been skillfully managed for many years by a series of Republican chiefs. Its atmosphere was not congenial to a budding Independent like Woodrow Wilson. The young Professor, therefore, devoted himself to teaching history and political science to the young women who attended Bryn Mawr College, many of whom were well-to-do.

There he stayed three years, and then moved on to Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, where he could teach young men instead of young women. All the time he was at Wesleyan, he was also 'Reader in Administration' at Johns Hopkins, and was welcoming the many opportunities offered him to lecture before intelligent audiences in many different parts of the country on the historical, social, and political subjects which he had made his own.

In 1890, he became Professor of Jurisprudence at Princeton, where he taught that subject and political science joyfully for thirteen years.

The Wilson home at Princeton, as time went on, became the scene of ample and cordial hospitalities, quite in the manner of the Southern planter before the Civil War. The feminine influence in the household was strong, though not dominant. Mrs. Wilson had a decided gift in arts of design. Miss Helen Bones, Mr. Wilson's cousin, joined the family in order to attend a school for young ladies at Princeton, and was a helpful member of it. Three daughters had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, all of whom had interesting minds and charming dispositions. No sons were born to the family; so that Wilson could not leave behind, as his most precious and durable work, letters to sons, as Theodore Roosevelt did. President Wilson's father had come to live with him in

the pleasant Princeton which they both loved. The household was a costly one. Hence, Professor Wilson was always trying to increase his income by miscellaneous lecturing, and by writing magazine articles and books which might yield good royalties.

Wilson's career as a teacher, from 1885 to his entry into politics in the autumn of 1910, was characterized by enlarging vision, increasing success, and great personal happiness. His student audiences listened to him with admiration and delight, his colleagues in the colleges he served recognized and applauded his varied knowledge, the spiritual exaltation of his theories and beliefs, and his steady advocacy of the humanities in education.

The series of books he wrote on political and historical subjects were much read, not only in the institutions where he taught, but at other colleges and by Americans, wherever living and in whatever occupations, who were interested in historical and political subjects. Their style was attractive, because full of fervor and enthusiasm, and their matter commanded the respect of scholars, with the possible exception of a *History of the American People*, a book apparently written in haste, or under pressure from its publishers with a view to getting an immediate money return from it.

When one reconsiders the whole series of his published books, essays, and addresses, from the essay on *Congressional Government* to *The New Freedom*, 1913, *When a Man Comes to Himself*, 1915, and *On Being Human*, 1916, one learns that all Wilson's studies in history, jurisprudence, and political science, and his gifts for speaking and writing came to be regarded by him as qualifications for entrance into the real work of his life — political service. His desire to get into political life was, however, still to be long postponed.

In 1896, Woodrow Wilson was chosen to deliver one of the addresses at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the College of New Jersey. The celebration occurred in October, in the midst of the first Bryan campaign for the presidency, a season of high political excitement all over the country. It was an admirable opportunity for declaring his own ideal of university education and of a sound training for public service. This is one of his striking sentences: 'Religion is the salt of the earth wherewith to keep both duty and learning sweet against the taint of time and change; the catholic study of the world's literature as a record of the spirit is the right preparation for leadership in the world's affairs; you do not know the world until you know the men who have possessed it and tried its way before ever you were given your brief run upon it; the cultured mind cannot complain, it cannot trifle, it cannot despair; leave pessimism to the uncultured who do not know the reasonableness of hope.'

Henceforth Professor Wilson was regarded at home and abroad as the natural successor to the Presidency of Princeton University. Heretofore the Presidents of Princeton had been ministers of the Protestant Church; but already Cornell, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and Yale had taken laymen as Presidents; so that there was nothing novel or revolutionary in the candidacy of Wilson, a Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics, for the Presidency of the College of New Jersey in 1902. When President Patton quietly retired on his Professorship in the Theological Seminary, Woodrow Wilson became President of Princeton University. His acceptance of this Presidency postponed for eight years his entrance into politics.

Six months before he became Presi-

dent of Princeton University Woodrow Wilson made the following statement in a letter to a friend with whom he had long maintained very affectionate relations:—

I was forty-five three weeks ago, and between forty-five and fifty-five, I take it, is when a man ought to do the work into which he expects to put most of himself. I love history, and think that there are few things so directly rewarding and worthwhile for their own sakes as to scan the history of one's own country with a careful eye, and write of it with the all absorbing desire to get its cream and spirit out. But, after all, I was born a politician, and must be at the task for which, by means of my historical writing, I have all these years been in training. If I finish at fifty-five, shall I not have fifteen richly contemplative years left, if the Lord be good to me! But, then, the Lord may prefer to be good to the world!

It was nearly eight years later that Wilson abandoned educational administration for politics.

These eight years were to be first adventurous and then stormy. The new President went to work at once to reform the existing Princeton curriculum; but the reform he advocated was moderate when compared with the changes which had already been made in many other colleges in the country. For instance, all students were to follow a prescribed course of study during the first two years of college. Only in the last two years of the course could a student give the major part of his time to studies of his choice.

President Wilson was eager to make the young students at Princeton love study and the search for knowledge, and to regard intellectual pursuits as the main object of college life. To this end he believed that more contact of students with inspiring teachers was necessary, such as had been possible in the early days of Princeton, when stu-

dents were few. He therefore introduced into Princeton his preceptorial system, a very costly system which would require for its best development a considerable number of costly dormitories and the employment of from thirty to forty young doctors of philosophy, most of whom would live in the new dormitories and become companions and guides of the students. His estimate of the cost of this system was \$100,000 a year. Rich friends promised the new President the large sums of money needed for the proposed buildings and salaries. Within four years Wilson formed about Princeton and himself a group of wealthy friends who in later years stood by him with remarkable constancy in his first political adventures.

Another serious undertaking which President Wilson entered upon almost simultaneously with the plan of building new dormitories was the breaking-up of the club arrangements for upper classmen at Princeton. These clubs were strongly entrenched, physically in attractive buildings, and morally in the affections of both their present and their past members. The Professors, Trustees, and the moneyed supporters of Princeton soon became divided into two parties. One stood by President Wilson and the other by Professor Andrew F. West, Dean of the new Graduate School. Up to February, 1910, the Board of Trustees adhered to the policies of the President, but they were closely divided.

In March, President Wilson visited Princeton Alumni in all parts of the country, and made many addresses explaining his plans. At Pittsburgh he defined clearly the educational reform for which he was contending, as follows:—

The universities would make men forget their common origins, forget their universal

sympathies, and join a class; and no class can ever serve America. I have dedicated every power there is within me to bring the colleges that I have anything to do with to an absolute democratic regeneration in spirit, and I shall not be satisfied, and I hope you will not be, until America shall know that the men in the colleges are saturated with the same thought that pulses through the whole great body politic.

He had appealed to the unlearned public for the democratization of American university life. The struggle stimulated his desire for political life.

It is impossible now to set forth in a sure way the strange negotiations in which George Harvey, Henry Watterston, James Smith, Jr., and Woodrow Wilson took part in 1912, negotiations which ultimately secured the nomination of Wilson to the Governorship of New Jersey, and led later to his triumphant election. It is certain, however, that Wilson made no promises to any one of the other three in respect to his own public action if elected Governor of New Jersey, or in respect to the political aspirations of the men who should help him into that office.

In speaking to the convention that nominated him Wilson said, 'I did not seek this nomination; I have made no pledges and have given no promises. If elected, as I expect to be, I am left free to serve you with all singleness of purpose. It is a new era when these things can be said.'

Wilson immediately resigned the Presidency of Princeton University and entered upon his unique political career.

In an unpublished address which Woodrow Wilson made to an audience of Jews in New York City after he had become Governor of New Jersey (late printed in the *Jewish Tribune*) the following passages occur which clearly declare Wilson's feelings about politics and political service:—

Now, what do you think of politics? What is your conception of politics? Is it a game for advantage? Is it a bit of strategy in order that the people of one combination may have the upper hand over the people of another combination, or is it an effort to make a fair adjustment of human relationships all along the line? . . .

The real thing that we are fighting in New Jersey, for example, is . . . a machine which does not pay the least regard in its private councils to either Democratic or Republican tenets, and which is a common league against the public interest. . . .

America cannot add one single star to her crown by piling up material resources. . . .

Shall we in this time of change, of crises, not renew our ancient vows of self-sacrifice, and of service, and of devotion, and say that we also will make a new and constructive age, and re-conceive the liberties of America?

That last question might well be asked to-day.

After a long and bitter struggle in the Democratic convention of 1912, in which again Woodrow Wilson made no promises and gave no pledges, but repeated his former declarations to the effect that if elected to political office he should expect to be the actual leader of his Party and of any Congress which was Democratic by majority, this idealist, this student and teacher of history, political economy, and jurisprudence was nominated for the Presidency and, in the following fall, triumphantly elected.

Under his very active leadership, with help from Cabinet officers of his own selection, Congress enacted an extraordinary amount of legislation, which brought great relief and profit to the whole nation. It reformed the currency, created the Federal Reserve System, greatly improved the system of taxation, reduced tariff duties, created a non-partisan Tariff Commission, and the Federal Trade Commission; it put on the statute books the

Farm Loan System, the Agricultural Educational Extension Bill, and the Federal Warehouse Act; it promoted coöperation among farmers in their own interest and that of the country. The Republican Party which replaced the Democratic Party in the control of the Government in March, 1921, has not tried to set aside or modify substantially these remarkable enactments, and has made no significant additions to them. They still stand as unexampled contributions to the financial, industrial, and social interests of the nation. Such was the work done by this scholar, teacher, and idealist within two years of his accession to power.

The World War broke out when the Wilson Administration had been only seventeen months in power; so that the American Government and people were forced to turn their thoughts to such great subjects as the safety of democracy in the world, the righting of old and new wrongs committed by autocratic rulers against their own subjects or against other nations, the security of small states, the abolition of secret diplomacy and concealed treaties, and of war as means of settling international disputes.

President Wilson tried for a time to hold America out of the World War, hoping to play a good part as a neutral while the War lasted and a still better one when peace came; but when his second term began he was ready to put the whole strength of the American people, both material and spiritual, into the fierce struggle going on in France for the maintenance in the world of political freedom, public justice, and international peace. The American people rushed into this heroic adventure with all their physical resources and all their souls. President Wilson had proved himself a great leader of the people in peace; he now

showed himself a still greater leader in war.

Moreover, he insisted on representing the Government and people of the United States in the Conference at Paris on the conduct of the War and the terms on which peace should be made. There he laid down his 'Fourteen Points,' the only programme which the statesmanship of the world produced for attaining the real ends of the War. It was a genuine programme for world's peace, but in style and substance it was full of Wilson's imperative spirit.

In November, 1917, President Wilson closed an address to the Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor at Buffalo with the following words: 'I am with you if you are with me. And the only test of being with me is not to think about me personally at all, but merely to think of me as the expression for the time being of the power and dignity and hope of the United States.'

On January 8, 1918, in an address to Congress, he again set forth his Fourteen Points and summed up his proposal in the following striking terms: 'We have spoken now, surely, in terms too concrete to admit of any further doubt or question. An evident principle runs through the whole programme I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak. Unless this principle be made its foundation, no part of the structure of international justice can stand.'

Eleven months later in the President's Annual Address to Congress, December 2, 1918, President Wilson reviewed the crowded events of the eleven months just elapsed, and again declared his purpose 'to join in Paris the representatives of the governments

with which we have been associated in the War against the Central Empires, for the purpose of discussing with them the main features of the treaty of peace. . . . The peace settlements which are now to be agreed upon are of transcendent importance, both to us and to the rest of the world. . . . I realize the magnitude and the difficulty of the duty I am undertaking; I am poignantly aware of its grave responsibilities. . . . I go to give the best that is in me to the common settlements which I must now assist in arriving at in conference with the other working heads of the associated governments.'

In a short speech which President Wilson made at Mt. Vernon, at a Fourth of July celebration, he laid down four additional Points, supplementing the Fourteen. These were:—

I. The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world. . . .

II. The settlement of every question, whether of territory or sovereignty, of economic arrangement or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned. . . .

III. The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states in their relations with one another. . . .

IV. The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right, and serve to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit, and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned.

These great objects can be put into a single sentence—What we seek is the reign of law based on the consent of the

governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

The great Powers assembled at Paris found President Wilson's thoughts and motives to be those of a man uninformed about European diplomacy and European history, and his mind that of an idealist and not of a practical man accustomed to seek progress by the recognized European methods of discussion and compromise among rulers who habitually live well-armed and trusted with power to make war or peace without previous appeal to their respective peoples or the peoples' representatives. They had no use for idealism in politics and government. On the other hand President Wilson had no use for anything else in that field. And what Wilson thought of his own idealism during the War and during the Paris Conference is told in moving words in the last paragraph of his speech at Boston when he landed there on his first return home: —

And, therefore, probing deep in my heart and trying to see the things that are right without regard to the things that may be debated as expedient, I feel that I am interpreting the purpose and the thought of America, and in loving America I find I have joined the great majority of my fellow men throughout the world.

In the very first days of the Conference of the Allied Powers, President Wilson learned that the daily conferences were not to be conducted in the open, public way he had expected; on the contrary they were to be conducted in private, and their progress was not to be reported to and by the Press of the free nations. The British and American publics got no direct reports of the daily proceedings of the Conference. President Wilson could make no daily report to Congress, and was obliged to fight alone and without support from home for the principles on

which alone he believed that a useful settlement could be made. It is known that he fought hard for his ideas, embodied in definite proposals; but the details of the contest are not yet accessible.

He succeeded in making his Covenant of the League of Nations a constituent part of the Versailles Treaty, but at the cost of abandoning some measures dear to him, and by threatening at a grave crisis to abandon the Conference and go home.

He would not have had even that success, if his colleagues at the Conference had not taken it for granted that the American people and their Congress would follow their President and had, indeed, authorized him to represent them at Paris.

The tragedy now moved fast to its dire conclusion. After the Senate had refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, Wilson undertook a final appeal to the American people in a long series of public addresses, but was stopped half way by a serious breakdown of strength and vitality. Shortly after his return from Utah to Washington a heavy stroke incapacitated him for further public service.

His last words to the people of the United States closely resembled his first. In his Inaugural Address as President of the United States, March 4, 1913, he said: —

Nowhere else in the world have noble men and women exhibited in more striking forms the beauty and the energy of sympathy and helpfulness and counsel in their efforts to rectify wrong, alleviate suffering, and set the weak in the way of strength and hope. We have built up, moreover, a great system of government, which has stood through a long age as in many respects a model for those who seek to set liberty upon foundations that will endure against fortuitous change, against storm and accident. Our life contains every great thing, and contains it in rich abundance.

Surely a noble vision!

Thus Moses leading to the very door
Of promise might not cross its threshold o'er —
Yet towers secure the leader evermore!

Woodrow Wilson was from youth and at maturity a solitary-minded man. He could seize like lightning on another man's idea, make it his own, push it forward eagerly, and apparently forget its source. Again, when he was at the height of his power, he often received letters of suggestion or advice from friends he respected, and returned for them grateful acknowledgments; but this was what he acknowledged: 'You have helped me to clarify my own thoughts.' He did not enjoy criticism of his work either as a scholar and author, or as a political leader and ruler. Toward a friend who persisted in criticizing and differing, Wilson's friendship cooled. When he sought relief from the cares and labors of the anxious days in the White House, he liked best the society of the loving and admiring women of his family. He was capable of treating without due consideration friends of his youth and early prime who later differed from him on important public questions. He himself felt passionate resentment against political opponents who, he thought, maligned him, and he roused

in them a corresponding hatred. In short, Woodrow Wilson, like most reformers and pioneering folk, had a fierce and unlovely side.

And now he is dead, and everybody knows that he gave his life to the country, just as the soldiers did who were mortally wounded in battle but lived crippled for a few months.

What are the American people thinking about him now? They are thinking that Wilson's fight for the League of Nations was, after all, America's fight, and humanity's fight; that the League is not a super-State, but an organization for promoting better acquaintance, consultation, mutual agreement, and coöperation among the nations; that it is a way of procuring the doing of things which America wants done. They are thinking that under bad leadership the United States has kept out of the League ignorantly and selfishly; and that it had better join the League forthwith and try with all its might to make up the time lost.

Wilson's place in history will be determined by the calm unbiased historians of 1950 and after; but those who honored and loved him in life think they know now what the historians' verdict will be.

AMERICA'S RESPONSIBILITY TO GERMANY

BY CHARLES SEYMOUR

I

NOT many weeks ago a gasp of shocked amazement was evoked by the news that the German Embassy in Washington had failed to place its flag at half-mast, following the death of Woodrow Wilson. Most of us, perhaps, shrugged our shoulders. This was merely a fresh manifestation of German political psychology, all serious hope of analyzing which we had abandoned during the war. Others, more curious and more intelligent, sought a reasonable explanation for this act of political *gaucherie*, one which some might argue betrayed a persistent moral obliquity. The result of the search was quite insufficient to explain an inexcusable breach of international manners. But the investigation was not without its value, for it revealed to America a mass of German opinion, little appreciated here, which is likely to be of some political and certain to be of very great historical importance.

The Germans, it seems, are almost universally convinced that they were betrayed by President Wilson, who assumed towards them as a people a responsibility which he was later either unable or unwilling to liquidate. They point to his assurances that America and the Entente Powers were not fighting against the German people, but against their irresponsible rulers; that the purpose of the war was to liberate the Germans as well as all enslaved peoples; that if they would of their own accord remove the militaristic menace lodged

in their Imperial system, they might be certain of a peace of justice.

They point further to the fact that, lured to lay down their arms by such assurances, dismissing first Ludendorff and then the Kaiser, fulfilling all of Wilson's conditions, they trustfully confided themselves to the President's safekeeping, only to be summarily deposited in the tigerish grip of the French. The Peace of Versailles, they maintain, was exactly the sort of peace they might have expected if they had disregarded every one of Wilson's injunctions, the sort of peace which they had feared, the sort of peace which Wilson had promised they should avoid. The responsibility must rest upon his shoulders.

The charge is sufficiently serious to deserve critical study, and there is enough truth in it and in some of its implications to account for a wide acceptance on the part of a people seeking some exterior cause for the misfortunes into which they have fallen. Its very plausibility is enough to trouble historians who, in the interests of their calling, are anxious to prevent the creation of a myth which later may be difficult to destroy. As citizens, furthermore, we cannot remain indifferent to the charge of a responsibility which, if it is real, we ought to assume, but with which if unreal, in all fairness, we should not be burdened.

That President Wilson publicly made a distinction between German

rulers and the German people is established fact. 'We are glad,' he said in his speech of April 2, 1917, asking for a declaration that war existed, 'to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German people included.' It is equally a fact that he called for a peace of justice, which he defined in his Fourteen Points, and which in his speech of September 27, 1918, he declared 'must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. It must be a justice that plays no favorites.'

At the time, the distinction he made between German rulers and people was often bitterly criticized. We ought, I think, to realize that the President's policy proceeded from no special softness in his heart for Germany. There is ample evidence to show that he had been deeply stirred by the invasion of Belgium in 1914 and by German methods of warfare. At the very moment when Wilson was being accused of blindness to the issues raised by the war, in September 1914, and when accusations of his pro-Germanism were common, his friend and adviser, Colonel House, made a record of a significant conversation. Mr. Wilson was at his summer home in Cornish, where the Colonel visited him.

'The President,' wrote the latter, 'spoke with deep feeling of the war. He said it made him heartsick to think how near we had come to averting this great disaster, and he thought if it had been delayed a little longer it could never have happened, because the nations would have gotten together in the way we had outlined.'

'He felt deeply the destruction of Louvain, and I found him as unsympathetic with the German attitude as is the balance of America. He goes even further than I in his condemnation of

Germany's part in this war and almost allows his feelings to include the German people as a whole rather than the leaders alone. He said German philosophy was essentially selfish and lacking in spirituality. When I spoke of the Kaiser building up the German war machine as a means of maintaining peace, he said: "What a foolish thing it was to create a powder magazine and risk someone's dropping a match into it." . . . He was particularly scornful of Germany's disregard of the Belgian treaty as being only a scrap of paper.'

Nor was Wilson under any illusions as to the German manoeuvres for peace during the early years of the war. He realized that the Imperial Government would use him or abuse him for their own purposes without any scruple. Colonel House was in too close touch with German methods not to impress this fact upon him. 'I am always suspicious of German diplomacy,' wrote the Colonel. 'What they say is not dependable and one has to arrive at their intentions by inverse methods.'

During the long correspondence with Germany concerning submarine outrages, the President at times found a difficulty in preserving his patience which, perhaps, few suspected. And he did not hesitate to express to his friends his conviction that the Germans were merely sparring for time. It was no tenderness for them that led him to continue negotiations, but rather his abiding sense of an impelling responsibility to the American people and the world — that he must prevent America from entering the European conflict. As he said in August 1915: 'Two things are plain to me: 1. The people of this country count on me to keep them out of the war; 2. It would be a calamity to the world at large if we should be drawn actively into the conflict and so deprived of all disinterested influence over the settlement.'

II

It is important to underline the fact that Wilson's determination to remain neutral did not proceed from any emotional fondness for Germany; for there are those who insist that his constant readiness to hold out to the German people the possibility of a peace based upon something other than absolute German defeat, after we had entered the war, reflected a ray of personal desire to get something more than bare justice for them. Even after the armistice Mr. Roosevelt intimated in no uncertain terms that the President was too kindly disposed toward Germany, and he urged the Entente Allies to pay no attention to him: 'Let them impose their common will on the nations responsible for the hideous disaster which has almost wrecked mankind.' In reality, as Count Bernstorff insists, Mr. Wilson, especially after 1916, had to fight a definite bitterness within himself aroused by German manoeuvres; he felt no temptation to be 'easy on them'; it was as hard for him as for many another American to be just to them. Thus at Paris, in conference with his advisers, he said: 'I have no desire to soften the treaty, but I have a very sincere desire to alter those portions of it that are shown to be unjust.' And again: 'I think it profitable that a nation should learn once and for all what an unjust war means in itself.'

Wilson's war attitude toward Germany was dictated by policy and not by sentiment. Like all sound war diplomacy, it had an immediate and an ultimate purpose. In the first place, by insisting that so long as the German people continued the war under the leadership of the Imperialists they must expect utter defeat and no quarter, and by holding out the prospect of fair terms if they would yield, he designed to break their fighting spirit. In

the second place, he hoped to commit our associates in the war to a peace of justice, restraining their desire to annihilate Germany as an economic and political power in Europe; thus he trusted to secure a permanent settlement based upon the most complete sense of reconciliation possible.

This was a policy fairly obvious but difficult of execution, and it was carried through with some degree of skill. He planned to use it to secure the defeat of Germany, and then to save Germany from some of the traditional effects of defeat. It was a policy that demanded the utilization of both persuasion and threats. He must hold out to the German people the attractions of an early and a comparatively mild peace; he must picture equally the disasters they would face if they refused his invitation. If the Germans insisted upon making force alone the deciding factor, then he would accept the challenge and they must abide the issue: 'There is, therefore, but one response possible from us: Force, Force to the utmost, Force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant Force which shall make Right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust.'

To the President's friend and adviser, Colonel House, must go great credit both for the inception and the development of this policy. It was a task for which his fine diplomatic hand was well suited, for the understanding of which he had ample information, and the importance of which he always emphasized. We find him accepting gladly the advice given him by a well-informed correspondent in Switzerland, Carl W. Ackerman: 'The solution is: War, relentless war with armies and speeches against the German War Government, but peace with the democratic, or reform, peace forces.' The relation of this policy to the military

victory Colonel House continually placed before President Wilson. We may quote from a memorandum which he made in September 1918: 'I had a good opportunity of giving him [President Wilson] a talk about the necessity of fighting Germany from within as well as from without; that it was as much a part of military tactics to do this as it was to handle the armies in the field. He assented. . . . I took the opportunity to tell him that the German military situation was not so bad, but that the situation was much worse behind the lines and our every effort should be to aid our armies by diplomacy.'

The close relations of Colonel House with the British leaders, furthermore, made possible British understanding of and coöperation with Mr. Wilson's policy. In the spring of 1917, during the visit of the British war mission, the Colonel discussed with Mr. Balfour and his secretary, Sir Eric Drummond, both war aims and war methods. 'I convinced Drummond,' House wrote to the President, May 20, 1917, 'that the most effective thing we could do at present was to aid the German Liberals in their fight against the German Government. The idea is for you to say at a proper time and occasion, that the Allies are ready at any moment to treat with the German people, but they are not ready to treat with a military autocracy — an autocracy which they feel is responsible for the troubles that now beset the world. Both Drummond and I think that care should be used not to include the Kaiser. He has a very strong following in Germany, and if he is shorn of his power . . . he could be rendered harmless. In not designating the Kaiser, the hands of the Liberals will be strengthened because there is an element in Germany that would like to see a democratized Germany under a limited monarchy.

The situation in Russia will accentuate the feeling that it is better not to make too violent a change from an autocracy to a republic.'

Drummond and House finally reached a definite understanding as to the attitude which the two Governments should take toward the German people, and the British stood committed, at least unofficially, to an approval of the President's policy.

Later the British propaganda service directed by Lord Northcliffe, who kept in close relations with the Colonel, bent its energies toward distributing by airplane the President's speeches. The work was done with intelligence and care. Colonel House kept in close touch with German-Americans, and took from them the ideas which German Liberals in the Fatherland were agitating; these he passed on to Mr. Wilson who incorporated them in his speeches. 'Karl von Wiegand was one of my callers,' wrote Colonel House on February 7, 1918. 'I got information from him concerning the German frame of mind and how best to foment trouble between the Liberals and Imperialists in Germany. I am particularly anxious for such information now because of the President's forthcoming address.' Thus, when German phrases and doctrines returned to Germany by way of Wilson's speeches, the Liberals greeted them cordially and as old friends. 'Self-determination,' for example, was a term originally made in Germany, and taken over by the Russians. Its use by the President did much to endear him to the German Social Democrats who had themselves coined it.

At times Colonel House found even Mr. Wilson ready to be caught by the prevailing war spirit and unwilling to restrict himself within the verbal bounds necessitated by the policy of friendliness toward the anti-Imperialist elements in Germany. Thus the

President was inclined to deliver a decided rebuff to the Pope's appeal for peace in August 1917, or to return no reply whatever. He was persuaded, however, to utilize the opportunity for a fresh attack upon Ludendorff and a fresh invitation to the German people. 'We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany,' he said on this occasion, 'as a guarantee of anything that is to endure, unless explicitly supported by such conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves as the other peoples of the world would be justified in accepting.'

There is an Italian delicacy in this phrasing, some explanation of which may be found in Colonel House's letter regarding negotiations with Drummond, quoted above. Wilson did not demand a republic, for which Germany was not then prepared; all that he asked was a government responsible to the people, which was the very thing that they themselves were insisting upon. Equally skillful was the stress which he laid upon the fact that they need not fear, in case they should yield, the political and economic vengeance which certain Allied leaders were then threatening: 'Punitive damages, the dismemberment of empires, the establishment of selfish and exclusive economic leagues, we deem inexpedient.'

III

To assess accurately the effects of the Wilsonian doctrines upon German morale is impossible. The part they played in the final victory must always remain a matter of doubt and opinion. That they did not touch the rulers of Germany until the hour of military defeat is obvious; that in the meantime they had exerted a subtly corrosive influence upon the German masses is asserted generally by those who were in

a position to know. Who can determine with any exactness the character of the defeat of Germany? It was manifested upon the field of battle by the retreat of the German armies, and on the face of it the decision finally attained was a military decision. The laurels of Foch and his paladins are secure.

And yet, it is equally clear that there were many factors not strictly military, which contributed directly to the military victory. The economic pressure upon the German people and armies cannot be forgotten. The generals reported that their soldiers left the ranks in France in search of food. In Germany, Scheidemann stated that everywhere workingmen were beginning to say, 'Better a terrible end than terrors without end.' And there is ample evidence that, long before the German attack of July 1918 failed, and Foch began his counter-offensive, the spirit of the people had been seriously touched by the pacifist propagandists, who almost invariably used arguments based upon Wilson's appeals. Henry Crosby Emery, then a prisoner in Germany, has stated that in June he found the shopkeepers and professional classes convinced that all hope of military victory had vanished and that the only possibility of avoiding complete disaster lay in utilizing Wilson as intercessor with the Allies, before the chance disappeared.

General Ludendorff may be cited as a witness to the effect of declining morale at home upon the ability of the army to carry through the campaign of 1918, both in its offensive and its defensive phases. He wanted soldiers with which to support his great attacks of March and April: 'More recruits could have been raised,' he says, 'if the fighting spirit had been stronger at home. It was on this spirit that the ultimate decision depended — but it failed.' And

again he complains that while he was whipping up the spirit of his troops, 'nothing had been done to strengthen the warlike spirit at home. . . . The large mass of the people was unaffected, caught in the toils of enemy propaganda. . . . The nation could no longer brace the nerves of the army; it was already devouring its marrow.' And in April 1918, before the drive upon the Chemin des Dames: 'I had many conversations with officers of all ranks and they all complained of the tired and discontented spirit which was being brought into the army from home. The leave-men had all been exposed to the influence of agitators, and the new drafts had a bad influence on discipline. All this was lowering the fighting value of the army. . . . It has always been an article of my creed that army and people have but one body and one soul and that the army cannot remain sound forever if the people is diseased.' We must remind ourselves that this was while the German armies were still triumphant, before the successful advance upon the Marne, more than two months before the British victories of August, which Ludendorff notes as beginning the 'last phase.'

The very difficulty of determining to what degree Germany's defeat was purely military in character and how far it resulted from other factors, indirect perhaps, but of indubitable significance, has given rise to a controversy which is apparently closely connected with the question of responsibility. There are those who lay stress upon the military victories of Foch, except for which, as they assert, there would have been no revolution and no yielding to an acceptance of Wilsonian principles. Wilson's assurances of a just peace, they aver, are irrelevant since they were premised upon an early surrender; Wilson himself had stipulated that, if the Germans held to their Imperialist

masters, they could expect nothing but force, without stint or limit. It was not until the war was irretrievably lost that they 'clutched at the Fourteen Points like drowning men at a straw.'

Those who hold this opinion quote Bernstorff, as they might have quoted other German civilians anxious to place the blame upon the military leaders. The former Ambassador states distinctly that the Germans did not lay down their arms through any love for the Fourteen Points. 'This is a falsification of history,' says von Bernstorff, 'as everyone knows who was present at the negotiations. We laid down our arms because Army Headquarters urgently asked it to avoid catastrophe, and only then we called for President Wilson's help in connection with his Fourteen Points.' If this is true, so argue many American editors and so Bernstorff admits, there can be no question of a betrayal of Germany by President Wilson, since Germany was already defeated and helpless when she asked for an armistice; and whatever terms might be granted her would be in the nature of grace and by no means in fulfillment of an obligation.

On the other hand there are those, and in Germany their name is legion, fully convinced that the German Government yielded in accordance with Wilson's promises and while the army was yet undefeated in the field. They quote Ludendorff (certainly not himself entirely unprejudiced since he is anxious to transfer the blame for the catastrophe to the shoulders of the civil leaders) to show that the military force was still ready and able to continue the struggle when Prince Max agreed to the conditions laid down by President Wilson in his notes preceding the armistice. Ludendorff asserts that on October 17, discussing Wilson's note asking whether Germany had really democ-

ratized her government, he told the Chancellor that the case of the army was far from hopeless. 'Of the Western front I repeated what I had said on October 10: "I regard a break-through as possible, but not probable. If you ask me on my conscience, I can only answer that I do not expect it." . . . Our troops had done what we expected of them. The enemy's strength in attack seemed to be falling off. The majority of the German people were ready and willing to sacrifice the last of their strength to the army and it was the duty of the Government to carry out this sacrifice.'

The Government, however, refused to accept the demand of Ludendorff for a final appeal to the people and a last-ditch stand, which, so the General asserted, might save the Fatherland. 'Part of war is luck,' he told the Government, 'and luck may come Germany's way again.' Instead, they decided to accept the conditions laid down by Wilson's notes. Hence, according to the current theory in Germany, the responsibility rested on Mr. Wilson to fulfill the conditions in the final settlement. His failure so to do, the Germans insist, constitutes a betrayal.

IV

Fortunately in this welter of opinion there is one definite fact to which we can tie. What Mr. Wilson offered Germany in his October notes, in answer to their request for an armistice, was not peace or even an armistice, but merely the privilege of applying to the Allies for an armistice. Thus, in his note of October 23, the President, acknowledging Germany's assurance that she accepts unreservedly his peace terms, says merely: 'The President of the United States feels that he cannot decline to take up with the Governments with which the Government of

the United States is associated the question of an armistice.'

Not until November 5 was any definite offer made to Germany of an armistice or peace. On that date Mr. Wilson sent to Berlin a note stating that he had transmitted to the Allied Governments his correspondence with Germany; and that he had suggested that, if they were disposed to accept peace upon the terms and principles indicated, their military advisers and those of the United States be asked to submit the necessary terms of 'such an armistice as would fully protect the interests of the peoples involved and ensure to the associated Governments the unrestricted power to safeguard and enforce the details of the peace to which the German Government has agreed, provided they deem such an armistice possible from the military point of view.' In view of the agreement (with qualifications) of the Allied Governments, Mr. Wilson further informed the Germans that Marshal Foch would receive their accredited representatives and communicate the terms of an armistice.

This note is of vital importance. 'It constitutes the formal and written offer of the Allied and Associated States to conclude with Germany (a) an armistice convention, and (b) a treaty of peace. This offer, it is conceived, was accepted by Germany by the act of sending representatives through military channels, to meet Marshal Foch for the purpose of arranging an armistice. By the acceptance of the offer a solemn Agreement was reached which served, both morally and legally, as the basis of the armistice convention and the treaty of peace.'¹

The note of November 5 contains the text of the memorandum of observations by the Allied Governments on the

¹ TEMPERLEY: *A History of the Peace Conference of Paris*, I, 382.

correspondence between President Wilson and Germany. In this memorandum those Governments 'declare their willingness to make peace with the Government of Germany on the terms of peace laid down in the President's Address of January 8, 1918 [the Fourteen Points], and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent Addresses,' subject to two qualifications. These reserve complete liberty as regards the 'freedom of the seas,' and interpret 'restoration of invaded territory' as meaning that 'compensation will be made by Germany for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from the air.' To these qualifications President Wilson agreed.

Both the Allied and Associated Powers and the Germans accepted this pre-armistice agreement as the basis of the peace. The protests of the German delegation against the Versailles Treaty in May 1919 were based upon their allegation that the Treaty was not in accord with the principles of the agreement. The Allied and Associated Powers, although they denied the validity of the allegation, explicitly acknowledged the validity of the basis: 'The Allied and Associated Powers are in complete accord with the German delegation in their insistence that the basis for the negotiation of the treaty of peace is to be found in the correspondence which immediately preceded the signing of the Armistice of November 11, 1918.'²

Great credit again must be assigned to Colonel House for his services in the attainment of unanimity among the Allied and Associated Powers in laying down the pre-armistice conditions. The representatives of France, Great

Britain, and Italy were loath to accept the Fourteen Points and it was only by dint of the exercise of his most persuasive faculties, not unmingled with the sort of threats which that astute diplomat knew how to make without ruffling the temper of his colleagues, that he finally secured their adhesion. It was the fulfillment of Wilson's policy, which had aimed at first breaking Germany's morale and then winning the European Powers to the plan of a peace of reconciliation based on Wilsonian doctrines. The advantage to Germany was obvious, and at the time Germans rejoiced that the Entente, as well as the United States, had committed themselves by the agreement. As Bernstorff later wrote, 'We got by it a moral right.' He might have added, a legal right.

V

Germany thus surrendered, not unconditionally nor upon the basis of vague promises and assurances made by President Wilson, but upon the basis of a formal agreement with the Allied and Associated Powers. It is true that the content of the agreement was nothing other than the principles enunciated by Mr. Wilson, modified slightly by two reservations. But responsibility rested not upon the President, who had not entered into any separate agreement with Germany, but upon the Allied and Associated Powers. Insofar as he had previously incurred any moral responsibility in the assurances given the Germans, that responsibility was now transferred to the Powers, and the German Government by accepting the pre-armistice agreement as the basis of the peace implicitly recognized that fact. As chief of one of the Powers, President Wilson might still be regarded as sharing to that extent the obligations contained in the Note of November 5. But any attempt

² *Reply of the Allied and Associated Powers to the Observations of the German Delegation on the conditions of peace*, p. 2.

to place upon his shoulders an undivided responsibility for the fulfillment of such obligations rests upon a distortion of historical fact.

The thesis that Germany was lured into surrender by President Wilson and then betrayed by him into the hands of France can thus hardly be maintained. She laid down her arms, possibly in disregard of the counsel of desperation given by Ludendorff, certainly on the basis of an understanding with all the Allied and Associated Powers. She was warned that the terms would be severe, although she might expect that they would be just insofar as there was justice in the Fourteen Points. The fact that the thesis of betrayal is so widely held in Germany is merely evidence of the extent to which the passions of war and its aftermath can distort intellectual processes.

If one raises the question of the responsibility of all the Powers to Germany, a different and a separate problem must be faced. How far did the Allied and Associated Powers fulfill or evade the obligations of the pre-armistice agreement when they imposed the Versailles Treaty upon Germany? It is a question the answers to which have already filled many volumes. This much may be said for Wilson's liquidation of America's share in the joint obligation: it was chiefly through his efforts, and von Bernstorff admits it, that Germany was not permanently despoiled of the Rhineland and Saar; it was due to his firmness that the hideous total of indirect war costs was not added to the bill of indemnity which France and Great Britain desired to present.

There is, indeed, a larger responsi-

bility that rests upon American shoulders of which President Wilson was acutely aware, a moral obligation for the fulfillment of which he strove gallantly to the end. It is not of a legal nature, but he looked upon it as compelling. During the war and in the making of the peace, one principle was assumed as valid by all American leaders: the principle of solidarity with our associates in the war. It was affirmed by Mr. Wilson, it was reaffirmed with equal or greater emphasis by Senator Lodge. We would not desert them during the war nor would we make a separate peace.

That principle of solidarity we destroyed, regardless of the appeals of President Wilson. By our withdrawal before the settlement was complete, before the job was done, we encouraged Germany to evasions and left France in a position where she had no recourse but the exercise of her own force. In deference to the principle of solidarity, France and Great Britain had both made serious concessions, yielding major war aims to the American demand for a peace that pointed the way to a new international order. Such concessions on the part of the Entente were made always upon the assumption of continued American coöperation. America did not fulfill her side of the implied bargain. We left our associates who had carried on the struggle for two and a half years before our entrance into the war, and we made a separate peace with Germany. In this situation is to be found an unfulfilled obligation to those who fought by our side in the war, beside which our responsibility to our late enemy would, in any event, sink to infinitesimal proportions.

INTELLECTUAL CURRENTS IN CONTEMPORARY GERMANY

BY KUNO FRANCKE

ALL that I have to say about the intellectual life of the Germany of to-day may be summed up by a word of Nietzsche's: 'The Germans have as yet no to-day; they are of the day before yesterday and of the day after to-morrow.' For perhaps never has the tragic truth of this word been more impressively revealed than now.

It is indeed hard to see how the German of to-day can obtain a view of the present in any way satisfying or acceptable. Wherever he looks, he sees popular misery, foreign oppression, national disintegration and decay. How, then, could it be otherwise but that the whole trend of contemporary German thought should turn either toward the shades of the past or the yet unborn forms of the future?

I

Memories of the past are naturally uppermost in the minds of the older generation, especially that part of it which preëminently shared in the splendor of the Wilhelminian age: the bureaucracy, the army and navy, the university professors, the landed and industrial aristocracy. How everything seemed to flourish and progress in the powerful Empire founded by the Iron Chancellor! German industry and commerce encircled the globe. German city administration was recognized all over the world as an unequalled model of civic efficiency and integrity. The social legislation of the

Empire assured to the German working class a material basis of living such as no other country offered. The universal military service guaranteed a bodily vigor of the broad masses and a widely diffused sense of public duty, perhaps more sharply pronounced than anywhere else. The German universities and polytechnics were unquestionably the most productive institutions of research in the world and attracted a body of students who in methodical training and thoroughness of scholarship surpassed the youth of most other countries. The cultivation of art, particularly of music and the stage, was valued in a much higher degree than elsewhere as a public task, and had led in the widest circles of the population to a susceptibility to artistic impressions and to an intensity of interest in æsthetic questions which again had hardly a parallel among other peoples.

That this mighty empire and this brilliant civilization rested after all upon feet of clay, that they had been put in the service of a policy which ignored the fundamental conditions of healthy progress, respect for personal freedom and earnest desire for international brotherhood, and therefore was bound to conjure up fatal conflicts within and without — this is a truth which was hardly realized even by the most enlightened before the war. That its realization to-day should come particularly hard to those who themselves were instruments of that policy — the intellectuals of

the old régime — is easy to understand. And yet, what a service could these intellectuals have rendered to the young struggling German Republic, and thereby to the Fatherland, if they, particularly the teachers in the Gymnasias and the university professors, had wholeheartedly accepted the new political responsibilities which the collapse of the old order brought for them; if they had earnestly pledged themselves to the Weimar Constitution and the ideals of popular government contained in it; if they had made themselves the mouthpiece of an enlightened internationalism. Instead of that, a defiant pessimism seems to have settled upon the minds of most of these men. They take no part in the efforts to substitute a new public consciousness for the played-out monarchy; they ascribe all popular misery to what they call Socialist misrule or Jewish conspiracy; they rail at all measures of internal reform; they clamor for a return to Bismarckian principles; they even acclaim the methods of a Ludendorff.

From this atmosphere of resentment and despair there has arisen the book which as no other work of scholarship has fascinated German readers of the last half decade: Oswald Spengler's *Doom of the Occident* (*Der Untergang des Abendlandes*). That this book is in its way an extraordinary achievement cannot be gainsaid. It is a brilliant speculative survey of the higher life of the European nations, including their Oriental predecessors and winding up with the present. It is saturated with learning, it presents a vast amount of organized material, it abounds in striking characterizations both of individual figures and of general movements. Its most original contribution to the philosophy of history is, however, the pervading thought of a contrast between culture and civilization.

The customary division of European

history into ancient, mediæval, and modern times Spengler replaces by the conception of a multitude of individual, autochthonous cultures, each of which has its own 'soul'; and the customary assumption of a continuity of development from one national culture to another he replaces by the thesis that each individual culture completes its own circle of life separately, from infancy to manhood, senility, and utter extinction. The senile age of culture is civilization; in other words, civilization is that stage of human development when the soul-life of a given culture has become torpid, when unconscious production has been hardened into conscious reflection, when the dynamic has given way to the mechanic, when science takes the place of art, when the chief concern is no longer the creation of ideas, but only their diffusion among the largest possible number of people.

The rise and decay of three indigenous cultures Spengler singles out for particular study, the life-span of each of which he estimates at about a thousand years: Græco-Roman culture, ending with the Augustan age; Arab culture, having its roots in the same soil that brought forth Christianity, and withering away about the eleventh century; Occidental culture, rising in the eleventh century and now nearing its doom. The 'soul' of Græco-Roman culture he designates as Apollinic; the 'soul' of Arab culture as magic; the 'soul' of Occidental culture as Faust-like. With special emphasis he contrasts the first and the last of these types with each other. The Apollinic soul consists in calm and clarity, the Faust-like soul in unrest and longing. Græco-Roman culture consequently finds its highest expression in the mastery of the finite, Occidental culture in the striving for the infinite. The genius of the former is plastic, the

genius of the latter musical. The universe of the former is Ptolemaic, the universe of the latter Copernican. The one produces Euclidean geometry, the other the differential calculus of Leibniz. The one leads to the Aristotelian philosophy of the actual, the other to Kantian Transcendentalism. In short, in every sphere of life a fundamental contrast between classical and modern culture.

But this very polarity of their psychic character brings out all the more clearly the parallelism in the external development of these two — as indeed of all — individual cultures in rise and decay. With Alexander the Great, Greek culture entered upon its senility; it turned into civilization; it no longer produced new ideas, but only put the old ideas into wider circulation. The senile age of Occidental culture set in at the beginning of the nineteenth century, with Napoleonic imperialism. The Faust-like soul of the Occident has lived itself out. It has realized all its possibilities. It has exhausted itself in philosophy and religion, in art and science. The only work left is collecting and classifying what has been achieved and applying it to practical purposes. Not the creation of new ideals of culture, but a life in the service of civilization is the demand of the hour. And the only hope of the future lies in a new Caesar or a generation of Caesars able to weld all the forces of civilization into one mighty mechanism which will keep automatically in motion until it wears out.

'If under the impression of this book' — these are Spengler's own words — 'youths of the new generation should turn to the hammer instead of the pen, to the rudder instead of the brush, to politics instead of metaphysics, they would do what I wish, and I could not wish anything better for them.' Without sentimental wail-

ings to prepare ourselves for the coming doom is the only becoming thing. 'The ancient world died without foreboding its death. We know our history. We shall die with full consciousness; we shall follow all the stages of our own dissolution with the keen eye of the experienced physician.'

No wonder that the brilliant paradoxes and daring affirmations of Spengler, in a time dark with despair, were welcomed and feverishly consumed as a sort of soporific. But it certainly cannot be said that this self-constituted physician of his age has contributed much to its health. What the world — and especially Germany — needs to-day is a new faith, a new hope of the future. All the intellectual and moral forces of the people should be summoned to the service of inner regeneration. The conviction should be planted in all hearts that from the ruin of the old Germany a new and better Germany must arise. Spengler does everything he can to stifle this conviction. Rooted solely in the past, he has lost the sense for the meaning of the present, and the future is a blank to him. He, the admirer of Greek tragedy, the keen student of Shakespeare, the reveler in Bach and Beethoven, the disciple of Goethe and Nietzsche, demands from his contemporaries that they renounce all higher aspirations and strivings and chain themselves, in fatalistic contempt of the world, to the practical routine of the day. Why? Because he thinks the age doomed to perdition; because he believes that the death knell of Occidental culture has struck. For the sake of this whim, like a modern Cato, he calls upon his fellow countrymen to commit moral suicide.

II

Fortunately, a more productive form of relief from the distressing present

than this exclusive dwelling in the past is afforded by the innate German love of work and the innate German interest in the affairs of the spirit, which have stood the test even of the desperate material conditions of to-day. The mental concentration which enabled Spengler to bring to its consummation, in the midst of national disaster, a work of such massive learning and such marked originality is itself a striking illustration of this fact. But it is not an isolated illustration.

Nothing perhaps is a greater surprise to the American traveling in Germany to-day than the undiminished scientific and artistic zeal making itself felt everywhere. Large museum buildings, such as the Pergamon Museum and the German Museum at Berlin, are, in spite of all difficulties, being slowly carried forward toward completion. Last autumn the city of Augsburg devoted a whole week to the study of Romanticism, through addresses of prominent scholars on Romantic literature, exhibitions of Romantic painting, and performances of the works of Romantic composers and dramatists. This winter, even the smaller German cities offer a regular repertoire of drama and opera far exceeding in seriousness and dignity theatrical conditions in Boston or Chicago. And professors of many different German universities were unanimous in telling me last summer that they never had had such students as now. A feverish thirst for learning, they said, seemed to have taken possession of them; and no privations or hardships, no unheated rooms, no lack of light, no empty stomachs, no threadbare clothes, no difficulties in obtaining a book or scientific instrument, no hard bodily work in factories or warehouses could dampen the enthusiasm with which these youths plunged into intellectual pursuits. It was natural that under

pressure of economic distress a majority of the students should turn to the technical and exact sciences; but the humanistic studies also, such as philosophy, history of literature, history of art, showed no marked decrease in numbers and surpassed former times by the ardor and devotion of their followers.

These testimonies of professors are borne out by many manifestations of university life that have come to my notice: artistic achievements such as the annual Händel festivals at Göttingen; welfare movements such as the widespread activity of student organizations in support of Professor Damaschke's schemes of land-holding reform; moral efforts such as the propaganda of the Eucken Alliance for cultivation of liberal and enlightened religious views — all symptoms of an academic idealism which in the midst of national collapse stands out for the reconstruction and heightening of individual life.

It was my good fortune, twice during the last few years, to take part in an academic celebration which revealed in a most impressive manner this spirit of unquenchable idealism: the so-called *Kieler Herbstwoche für Kunst und Wissenschaft* (Kiel Autumnal Week for Art and Science). Well known is the old *Kieler Woche*, an international regatta instituted by the former Emperor as a German counterpart to the famous 'Cowes Week.' Twelve years ago, I was present at this old *Kieler Woche*, and I shall never forget the fine June day when from the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern I saw the beautiful Kiel harbor before me filled with the vessels of all nations, a large part of the German navy arrayed in gala formation, the flags flying from all steeples and houses of the town, and a festive multitude crowding the shores and the streets. Then came the war and the

collapse. But in the autumn of 1920 I could witness the first new Kieler Woche — not an imperial naval review and sporting event, but a feast of science and art, arranged by the University and the City of Kiel, and supported by eminent scholars and artists from all over Germany. In the deserted harbor there lay the last sad remnants of what had once been the proud German navy; the last great German floating dock was being put in readiness for the tugs that were to tow it away to England; from the distance there were heard the dull reports of the blasting of the surrounding forts. But all this did not seem to affect the people of Kiel. Again the city had put on its array of flags; again a festive crowd moved through the streets; and young and old, high and low seemed bent only upon showing what this new *Kieler Woche* was to be: a holiday of the spirit.

The festivities began on Saturday evening with a private performance, by members of the University, of Goethe's little allegorical play, *Palæophron and Neoterpe* — the old time and the new conversing with each other and forming a covenant for the future. On Sunday morning there were special services in all the churches, in the afternoon a performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, in the evening Hauptmann's *Weavers*. And then there followed six days of such a wealth of intellectual and spiritual treats as it is hard to describe. Every forenoon an address by some leading man from the foremost of German universities, beginning with Einstein on the theory of relativity and ending with the Rector of Bonn University on the comparative study of law. Every afternoon some symphony or oratorio. And every evening both a drama and an opera of the highest rank, the dramas leading from Goethe's *Egmont* to Byron's *Manfred*,

the operas culminating in Wagner's *Meistersinger*. Never have I seen an audience stirred to such a height of feeling as at this performance of the *Meistersinger*. It seemed as if Hans Sachs, represented by Feinhals of Munich with perfect art, was instinctively felt to be the embodiment of the very best in German character, its simplicity, purity, earnestness, its proud modesty, and its moral strength. He was joyously acclaimed as the genius of his people, as a pledge of the national future. One forgot the stage; one forgot the anguish of the present; one seemed to see a time when Germany, drawing forth new life from the deepest roots of her being, will again take her place, admired and beloved, among the nations.

Last autumn I had again the privilege of sharing in this University Week of my native town. One hardly sees how it was possible to plan such a celebration under the present chaotic conditions of German life, and one cannot admire enough the courage which inspired the organizers to the following announcement of their programme: —

Joy has become a rare guest amongst us; economic and political disasters threaten to crush us. And yet we have dared, this year also, in simple forms befitting the time, to arrange an autumnal week for Art and Science. For more than ever do we need an opportunity to lift ourselves, through earnest introspection and noble enjoyment, above the cares of the day.

This time there were no flags from the housetops, there was no festive crowd in the streets. But again a number of other German universities had sent their representatives, again actors and singers from the foremost German theatres took part, and again a programme of genuine worth was carried through. The academic ad-

dressess related for the most part to the age of the Renaissance and the Reformation. The musical part was in the main a memorial tribute to Max Reger: his widow had been invited as a guest of honor, and almost every day brought a performance, mostly in churches, of one of his great compositions. The dramatic series began with *King Lear* and led through Strindberg's *Spectre-Sonata* and a dramatization of Holbein's *Dance of Death* to Hugo von Hofmannsthal's *Everyman*. In short, this time also the Kieler Herbstwoche contained enough of beauty and thought to raise both contributors and recipients to a higher level and to impart to them strength for the inevitable sufferings of cruel reality.

'We need such a store of food for the coming winter' was one of the touching words of thanks which I heard after an address which I myself had been permitted to deliver during this week.

III

All the academic efforts thus far considered are after all only makeshifts or diversions. They contain nothing essentially new; they derive strength from the ideals and achievements of former generations. But there is no lack of efforts in contemporary Germany which at least make the claim of offering something essentially new and of pointing the way from the misery of the present to a freer and nobler conception of humanity.

Three remarkable men who, each in his own way, stand for this new ideal of life I shall attempt briefly to characterize: Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster, Rudolf Steiner, and Count Hermann Keyserling.

Foerster is a much-disputed figure. To some he is anathema, a traitor to his country; by others he is acclaimed

as a leader and as a prophet of true national greatness. Perhaps he has gone too far in his condemnation of German policy of the last decades — at least during the war it would have been wiser not to seem to abet the defamation of Germany by her enemies. But a genuine patriot Foerster is, nevertheless, and the martyrdom of conviction surrounds him with the halo of tragic experience.

For him, the salvation of Germany lies in the radical turning away from the Bismarckian policy of centralization and the appeal to might. Germany, he thinks, by her national temper as well as by her geographical position is predestined to become the great mediator in European life. Federalism, in his opinion, was always the fundamental principle of German internal politics; and in foreign affairs the tolerant and cosmopolitan German was naturally averse both to the narrow, centralized nationalism of the French, and to the harsh imperialism of the English. The imitation of these altogether un-German tendencies by the Prussian monarchy had been the ruin of the German State. In the first place externally. For by the appeal to might, a people living in the midst of neighboring rivals was bound to condemn itself to being overpowered by them; in its own interest it should have appealed to reason instead of to might. But spiritually also Bismarckian policy had damaged and impoverished the German people by forcing the wealth of its tribal individualities into the rigid pattern of militarism.

From these aberrations the German soul must be freed. The individual German must become again what he was in the classic age of German culture: a citizen of the world. And German policy must find its highest task in helping to lay the foundation of a true League of Nations.

In order to save ourselves from becoming the centre of war between East and West, we must become the centre of peace. In view of the tremendous tension of the present world situation, the aim of the new German policy must be everywhere to unite and adjust instead of splitting up and intriguing. We must, with tact and loyalty, see to it that the German question is not going to sow discord between the other Governments. In every dissension we must honestly work for European unity and for world accord. On every occasion — even in questions that do not affect us immediately — we must try to smooth out the difficulties of our former enemies, and in every individual case we must help all parties to arrive at a morally fruitful compromise. A German foreign policy of this sort would at once be recognized as a blessing to the world. Through it we should atone for the dynamite policy of the former, militaristic Germany; we should open new paths to all other nations. Thus the one forcibly disarmed people might save the rest of the world from its own armaments.

In the face of the policy of conquest and oppression which the present, militaristic France is pursuing on the Rhine and Ruhr, such words as these will appear to many as the childlike fancies of a day-dreamer. And yet, do they not spring from motives which ought to become general — motives which, if made general, would indeed usher in a new and better era of humanity? And would the vanquished and mutilated Germany not achieve a moral victory more glorious than her military defeat was crushing, if she indeed succeeded by such a policy of reconciliation in kindling that same spirit in her former enemies? A liberating force these thoughts are in any case. They free from the dull pressure of suffering by making us see the meaning of suffering. They turn our glance toward ideals, the mere pursuit of which, irrespective of success or failure, sets all the highest instincts of our being in motion.

Rudolf Steiner also — the originator of the German variety of contemporary theosophical thought — aims at the creation of a new consciousness of international solidarity. It is significant that he should call his system of ideas, not theosophy but anthroposophy — science of man, not of God. He shares with the Indo-English-American theosophists the belief in the spirituality of the universe and the striving for an ever heightened spiritualization of the individual. But he is distinguished from them by holding aloof from all manner of occultism and by the absorption of the whole tradition of German intellectual history. The name 'Goetheanum,' borne by the central sanctuary of the widely spread communities of his followers, is a visible symbol of his intellectual breadth. And much more energetically than any of his spiritual brethren of other nationalities he devotes himself to the problems of social reform.

Here again it is symptomatic of the course which a considerable current of contemporary German thought is taking, that Steiner also sees the deepest cause of the German collapse in the overstraining of the national conception of the State. The German State, according to him, had encroached arbitrarily upon the other two principal spheres of public activity, the industrial and the cultural. The urgent need of to-day, therefore, is to make the three fundamental forms of social life — State, industry, and culture — independent of each other, and to recognize each of these forms in its individuality and special task. The State, Steiner thinks, has to do only with the legal relation of man to man, or, as Super-State, with the legal relation of people to people. If it tries, itself, to carry on industrial enterprises, if it tries to regulate intellectual production, then it loses thereby the power to

fulfill its own mission, the nonpartisan administration of justice; it becomes party itself; nay, it becomes the tyrant of society.

This was indeed, according to Steiner, the condition of Germany before the war. Brilliant as was the development of German industry during the last fifty years, industry, through its close connection with the State, had become an instrument of politics and had thereby called forth political frictions all over the world. And even the much-admired social legislation of the Empire, the invalid and old-age insurance, had been robbed of its inner worth by the fact that it was planned as a political measure for the curbing of Social Democracy and therefore failed to win over the hearts of the laboring class.

Steiner takes a similar view of the scientific and artistic production and the whole educational system of the old Empire. Schools, universities, and academies of art were, in his opinion, only too often managed as breeding-places of a particular set of political views, and, in so far as this was the case, were made to serve purposes alien to their real task. In spite of their undoubted technical efficiency and in spite of many individual achievements of research made possible by them, they accordingly — as a whole — fell short of the chief goal of all education: the creation of a free, broad, unbiased, universally human conception of life. In a word, great as were the successes achieved by the German Empire during the last fifty years, by concentrating the energy of a whole people upon the immediately attainable and the nationally useful, this Empire has not fulfilled a far-reaching and lasting international mission.

It is for the defeated and humiliated Germany to fulfill such a mission, by emancipating the three fundamental

forms of social life from each other. A State which limits its activity to safeguarding equal rights for all, which does not aspire to being an industrial overlord or an intellectual dictator, is certain in its relation with other countries likewise to avoid encroachment upon legitimate rights. An industrial system which does not serve political interests is certain to carry on its intercourse with foreign industrial systems in the spirit of international compromise, not of international threats. An intellectual life which is permitted to develop without any political interference, spontaneously and from within, is certain to seek out its kindred in other countries also and, by amalgamating with them, to help in producing a truly international mind and a living consciousness of the unity of the human race.

Here lie the most portentous, and the most hopeful, tasks of the German future.

Count Keyserling is the most brilliant of the three men considered here in common. The spirited observer of life who in happier days traveled around the globe in order to find himself, who, after the return to his ancestral estate in Esthonia, was plunged through the war into the conflict between his German blood and allegiance to a hostile Government, and finally, through the Russian revolution, was bereft of everything and sent into exile, has now for years placed himself resolutely and without reserve in the service of European reconstruction; and from his 'School of Wisdom' in Darmstadt, from before the very gates of foreign oppression and misrule, there come forth ever new words of life and inspiration.

Keyserling is not, like Foerster, an unconditional pacifist; the repulse of attacks upon the foundations of na-

tional existence is for him a matter of course. Nor is he, like Foerster and Steiner, an absolute opponent of the Bismarckian conception of the State. But the past is for him something irrevocably dead; he condemns any attempt to restore its forms; he lives altogether in the future; in the present he sees only and wants to see only the new emerging from the ruins of the old.

He says: —

Perhaps never before was a people, as a thing of the past, so entirely done for as the German people to-day. The heroic figures of its great tradition are gone; the representatives of its most recent past have proved incapable of satisfying the demands of a new spirit of the times. Neither the Prussian officer, nor the official, nor the professor, nor even the technical expert, as traditional types, can be depended upon as leaders in the work of reconstruction. But on the other hand, never before did a people in like circumstances bear so much future in itself. It is the most youthful, most virile, most promising people of all Europe. Thanks to the breadth of its intellectual basis and to the afflux of fresh elements through the immigration of exiled Germans from abroad, it has suffered less in quality through the war than most other belligerents.

Now its task is to understand its character and its mission correctly and to remodel its type accordingly. Since types are creations of the spirit, such a remodeling is always possible; and Germans are particularly easy to remodel, since no other people is so easily influenced by ideas. If Germany remodels herself in accordance with the needs of the time, then her speedy rise is beyond all question. For she has before her a goal of such tremendous import that all the experiences of the past pale before it.

What is this goal? Keyserling has tried to answer this question chiefly from two points of view, the political and the industrial.

The assurance of a great political task of Germany for the new Europe

Keyserling finds, paradoxically, in the essentially unpolitical character of the German people. Politics, in the diplomatic sense of the word, as a manifestation of the national craving for power, is doomed — he thinks — to play in the future only a secondary rôle.

Inadequate as have been, hitherto, the attempts to regulate the relations of countries with each other through the resort to an international court, the whole development of modern civilization nevertheless inevitably leads to the conception of humanity as a unit, within which the claims of individual nations for power must be subordinated to the law of the whole. The rule of might is therefore bound more and more to lose caste, to appear as something second-rate, something out of date.

Now the German character is conspicuously unfit for wielding might; and it was a fatal mistake of the Wilhelminian age not to have taken account of this national peculiarity. In spite of Nietzsche's hysterical cries for power and mastery, the German character stands, essentially, not for power and mastery but for insight and understanding. The average German likes to adapt himself rather than to rule; he is less organizing than organizing; his patriotism — in so far as it is not simply feeling for home — rests not so much on pride in political dominion as on appreciation of æsthetic and spiritual creations. The chief motives of his moral conduct are truthfulness, conscientiousness, objectivity, respect for higher values, diligence, joy of work — in other words, the less the German is fitted to be a politician, the more valuable is he as a citizen.

The political service of the German people for Europe should therefore consist in demonstrating the superiority

of citizenship over politics, by creating a model democracy and a model socialistic State. The old State has paved the way for such a change in many directions. What is needed now is to instill a new spirit, the spirit of freedom, into the old organization; to break entirely away from the principle of class; to appraise the workman, not as a marketable commodity, but as a member of society; and thus, not so much to fulfill the Socialistic party programme as to carry out the fundamental principle of Socialism: that every man must be treated, not only as a means to an end, but above all as an end in himself.

This task of supreme importance could and should be accomplished by Germany, the only land of the Occident where knowledge predominates over the will, where everyone has his own individual view of the world and guides his own activity thereby. If, however, Germany does accomplish this task, then she is sure of an immense proselyting power. For everywhere in the Occidental world there exists the same longing for this new life; and it is only a question of where first it will come to fulfillment.

An equally wide horizon Count Keyserling opens up to the German people in industrial life. Not only the policy of might is — as we have heard — destined to play a comparatively subordinate part in international affairs of the future; the State itself is bound to lose more and more in importance as compared with the great industrial combinations.

Even before the war the internal balance of power had shifted in this direction. The greatness of England rested to no small degree in the fact that she had fallen behind politically in so far as the idea of Empire was borne, besides the State, by a variety of other free organizations. America's marvelous rise resulted largely from the circumstance that there the State left

leadership in industrial development to the enterprise of private corporations. As to Germany, her true power among the nations — which was far greater than most Germans knew — did not rest so much upon her army, which after all was only continental, as upon the fine meshes of her industrial cobweb, spanning the globe; and this power was destroyed only because the German Government carried on a policy inimical to the true interests of German industry, so that the true power of the country was overruled by the spirit of what in reality was the most insignificant and impotent part of the national body.

To-day the defeated, feeble, bankrupt German State is not in a position to take part in national reconstruction in any other way beyond what has already been indicated: the suffusion of public life with democratic and socialistic ideals. The actual task of reconstruction lies with the leaders of industry, the heads of the great private corporations. The Syndicate of the 'Associated German Industries' means more than Government and Reichstag put together. Now the interests of these industrial combinations themselves demand supra-national agreement. For them, more than for any other group of society, it is a question of the reconstruction — not of any single people, but of Europe. In their own interest, therefore, they must work for international reconciliation, for a real peace.

The great question of to-day is, Will the German industrial leaders be equal to their task? Will they be conscious of the fact that they are not private individuals, but rulers responsible to the national conscience and responsible for the national welfare? Will they refuse in common with the invaders of the Ruhr to enslave German workingmen and to sell German sovereignty of German soil? Will they see that the moment has come for them

to demonstrate by great acts their right to assume the leadership formerly left to the State? In other words, will they save the German national dignity and the German soil? Will they actually carry out the socialization of the State, demanded by the age? Will they, by genuine international fraternization, permanently secure the peace of Europe?

Should the industrial leaders fail to live up to this momentous task, should they for personal gain sacrifice national sovereignty and the vital interests of the German workmen, then Germany's last hour has come, then Bolshevism will destroy the last vestiges of German greatness of the past. But if the leaders of industry grasp the momentousness of their task and show themselves equal to it, then a new era of German achievements in industrial life also is assured. For it was her industrial organization which gave Germany her leadership before the war. If this organization now fills itself with the new spirit of democracy and of international accord, if thereby it comes to be the embodiment of the collective work of the whole people and the foremost representative of European unity, then Germany will be able — not as heretofore isolated, but in conjunction with the rest of the world — to employ her best strength.

Not only the Prussian but also the nationalistic period of German history belongs irrevocably to the past. But it means more and is more fruitful to be a foremost part of progressive humanity than to maintain one's self against all other nations. It means more to work for the benefit of all than for one's self alone. In the new, industrially united world the best qualities of the German mind will soon assert themselves and will bring back to Germany the human leadership which, in other forms, she had in the classic epoch of our literature and philosophy.

Men like Foerster, Steiner, and Keyserling are perhaps too prone to overlook the obstacles which block the way to the goal seen afar from the height of their intuitive hopes. Surely, only the purest faith and the most exalted self-renunciation will be able to pass unscathed through the ordeals which beset the path of the German future from all sides. But even though the immediate future is dark, it means much to have men of this stamp point to the distant peaks on the horizon. And the constantly widening influence which particularly Count Keyserling, as the outstanding intellectual figure of to-day, is exerting upon the German mind seems a pledge that the remaking of the national type for which he and his kind are working is bound to become a reality.

THE SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRIES SINCE THE WAR

BY CHARLES E. STANGELAND

I

A FEW years ago it was possible to make use of one of the Scandinavian languages in the Finnish railway station in Petrograd. If one continued one's journeying westward, the same language served all purposes until one reached the shores of Greenland. In Finnish towns and cities Swedish was spoken by practically all educated people, and partly understood by perhaps most of the people, though only about one tenth of the population of Finland is Swedish. In the new independent country of Iceland people speak Icelandic generally, but Danish is quite commonly used also. If one regards Finland as partly Swedish in language, culture, and tradition, one may count about twelve million people in the Scandinavian part of the world, including therein Sweden, Norway, Denmark, the Farö Islands, Iceland, and Greenland.

In each of the Scandinavian countries strong nationalist trends were apparent long before the war; but the great struggle seems indirectly to have accentuated such tendencies among these peoples, though not in the same manner as in the states which have come into being subsequently. Norwegians demanded, and peacefully secured, independence from Sweden in 1905, and Iceland has become an independent state since the War, as has Finland. Denmark's territory was enlarged in consequence of the treaty of peace, and now includes the Danish

parts of Schleswig, thus settling, it is hoped, the complicated and difficult question of Schleswig-Holstein, and satisfying aspirations which have meant much to this little country, since 1864 in particular. The Åland Islands, inhabited by Swedes, have become a part of Finland as the result of a decision made through the League of Nations.

The only serious present question of a territorial and nationalist nature among the Scandinavian countries themselves relates to Greenland, the Danish sovereignty of which the Norwegian government is inclined to dispute, or wishes to limit to some extent. Historical bases for dispute seem rather far-fetched as between any two of the Scandinavian countries, however. Parts of Sweden once 'belonged to' Denmark, other parts to Norway. Sweden once held sway in Finland and along the shores of the Baltic. The history of the northern countries is intertwined, and *irredentas* can hardly be of serious concern to any one of them now.

But still Swedes insist on being Swedes, and Norwegians insist on being Norwegians and developing a distinctly Norwegian language, though their great poets (Wergeland, Ibsen, Björnson) have all written in what may fairly be called Danish. Icelanders insist, too, on particularism in language and culture; and though the population of the island is hardly a hundred thousand, they now have their own

university. The exhibition of national consciousness in bilingual Finland presents a peculiar situation, but it is symptomatic of the times, as is Denmark's interest in the minority Danes south of its present territory.

Denmark has become about as rational a national entity as is possible in most parts of Europe to-day, and has given a commendable example of tolerance of minority rights to those Germans who now live within its boundaries. At the Interparliamentary Conference which took place in Copenhagen a short time ago, the rights of minority nationalities was a leading subject of discussion. Minority race representatives complained one after another concerning unfair and unjust treatment accorded them. Apparently the only group that did not feel aggrieved was the German one in Denmark. The spokesman for German Danes, Pastor Schmidt, who is also a member of the Danish Parliament, stated frankly that he had no complaint to make.

Denmark was one of the most neutral of all countries during the war, and the sane politics of its foreign office served to restrain what might otherwise have evolved into dangerous and extreme chauvinism. There are extremists among Danish nationalists, but they are of small practical importance. Fascism and Communism play unimportant rôles in the country, though the tendency of its politics may be characterized as socialistic in a very real but temperate sense.

Finland is the outpost of Scandinavianism in the east as Denmark is in the south, and it now has, for the first time in its history, national independence. The first period of independence brought with it a fierce and bloody civil war, which was in essential features a war of classes. Finnish radicals had naturally been intimately

associated with the revolutionary movement in the days of the tsars, and their efforts looked not merely toward national autonomy, in which conservatives shared, but also toward social and economic reconstruction. In the triumph of the Bolsheviks in Russia they wished to share, and their hopes of a better day and a new social order were akin.

However, the Red Revolution in Finland was not successful, though the subsequent government and the political arrangements on which it is based must be regarded as relatively advanced and radical, viewed from an American standpoint. The 'conservative' government carried on a war with Soviet Russia over Karelia, the region lying to the northeast of undisputed Finnish territory, as a result of which Karelia received a sort of autonomy in a compromise peace. The dispute with Sweden, as already intimated, left the Åland Islands with Finland, but — by way of compromise again — gave the Swedish population some measure of local self-government.

Inasmuch as the majority of Finns are not Swedish by speech or Nordic by race, the problems relating to cultural coöperation with the purely Scandinavian countries remain unsolved. Racially and temperamentally Finland looks toward the east perhaps more truly than toward the west; and the energetic insistence on the cultivation of the Finnish language as such means that the cultural nexus within the Scandinavian world must become less direct and probably in a short time less real also. The future may then witness a growing *rapprochement* with the social and economic experimentation of Russia, and an increasing cultural tendency of a non-Scandinavian character. The problem is complex, and connected with the class struggle which seems to have reached a truce only.

Finland is also, by reason of its geographical situation, obliged to coöperate with the other new and smaller Baltic states with which it has real interests in common and for which it is a leading factor. Finland's relations to these smaller states may be an advantage for Sweden in a political sense, and tend to make Sweden feel greater security. The status and future of Finland are thus seen to have a direct bearing on Scandinavian fears and hopes in more than one sense, and especially on those of Sweden. Any future shifting of the Baltic scene is of concern to Europe as a whole, but not least to Scandinavians.

The country which of all the Scandinavian lands seems to have felt least interest in Scandinavian coöperation and unity is Norway. The situation of the country, facing, as it does, the west; its industrial and other activities, so largely connected with the sea; popular sympathies, drawing it historically chiefly to the west and southwest; the temperament of its people, consisting so largely of isolated peasants and seafaring folk; its suspicions of Swedish as well as of Danish tactics and motives—all unite to make the Norwegian a difficult coöperator from the point of view of his nearest neighbors. And it is fair to add, in view of the history of Norway's relations to Denmark and Sweden for the past five hundred years, that such a psychology is comprehensible and, humanly speaking, pardonable. During the war there existed a rather close coöperation of these countries with one another, but this has become less since then, though, except for special problems, relations remain quite cordial.

Norwegian interests are intimately related to those of Great Britain, as a shipping nation, and the large commerce with Germany has of course diminished, as Germany's post bellum

difficulties have increased poverty and diminished wealth there. Moreover, Norway has far greater interests in the United States in proportion to its population than any of the other Scandinavian countries. Practically every Norwegian family now has representatives in the American Northwest, and the cultural reaction therefrom is of some importance. Norwegian engineers find opportunities in the United States as well as at home; and Knut Hamsun's life in the Northwest a generation ago certainly left its mark on this Nobel Literary Prize winner. Knute Nelson and Thorstein Veblen represent in some real sense contrasting types of the Norwegian, though both are also types of the American. Fridtjof Nansen, Grieg, Ibsen, Björnson, Hamsun, represent native types whose variety in turn is a reflection of the isolated independence of the Norwegian, as well as of his cultural and temperamental peculiarities.

II

It is a fact that the Scandinavian countries experienced a period of unusual, if unsubstantial, prosperity during the war, in spite of the blockade and the restrictions placed by the Allies on their domestic industrial activities as well as on their foreign trade, and in spite of losses due to submarines and the like. Sweden was in the most difficult position economically, inasmuch as prohibition of some of its most important articles for export was very stringent. In consequence thereof there was much unemployment, the prices of necessary imports became exorbitant, and at times many articles were unobtainable. A great deal of credit is due to the Socialist leader, Mr. Branting, in surmounting many of the difficulties which arose. The tonnage of these countries, and Norway's in particular, became of great impor-

tance, to Great Britain especially; and though dispositions were largely in fact forced, there was small reluctance to yield to the inevitable, for the profits made were often fantastic. The abnormally large returns on shipping investments led to exaggerated conceptions of post-bellum possibilities, and speculation soon affected in some way practically the whole commercial class, and many others who could not resist the seemingly golden opportunities.

But with the peace came a great depression and deflation and bankruptcies. The orderly rearrangement of commerce and political affairs failed of realization; and Russia remained long in a state bordering on chaos; conditions in the leading industrial state of the Continent, Germany, grew rapidly catastrophic; and the new rivalries and passions of secession and succession states added to a situation which is still seriously affecting all of Scandinavia.

So far as financial problems are concerned, it seems that Denmark has gone furthest in measures relating to unemployment benefits and similar arrangements for lessening suffering among the masses. Such a policy was necessary if large parts of the people were to be kept from proletarianization, a condition from which the working classes in this country had so brilliantly emerged during the last generation. The general standard of life has, as a result, been fairly well maintained, and revolutionary or communistic tendencies have failed to appeal to large masses, contrasting in this respect with Norway and, to some extent, with Sweden.

It is felt, however, that such arrangements for the protection of the unemployed have not been free from abuses. During the days of war prosperity the laboring man, like most other people, was tempted by his increased earnings

to live on a scale to which he had not been accustomed, in spite of the high prices prevailing. When hard times came between 1920 and 1922, discontent seemed at times to become of threatening proportions, and there occurred an epidemic of strikes and lockouts. Employers insisted on lower wages, and employees wished to have the higher scales maintained unless prices were reduced correspondingly. The result was a series of compromises. Readjustment was painful and expensive. Many a swollen fortune, suddenly acquired, disappeared, and scandalous exposures were not uncommon. The great number of extra bureaus with functionaries, called forth by war needs, could not be disbanded by the state at once, and not least because this would serve to increase unemployment and discontent. When Landmandsbanken, one of the pillars of Danish financial life, fell, with lesser banks, and great industries failed, in 1922, it seemed to many that Denmark was not far from a ruin from which it would take years to recover.

The ultimate saving element proved to be now, as it had been so frequently in the past, Danish agriculture, with its sound technical bases, its coöperative ingenuity, and almost model effectiveness. Danish peasants had, of course, shared in the good times of the war, and from their profits there remained considerable surpluses, while large sums had been invested in improvements of all kinds. It seems now to be a fact that Danish agriculture has found itself again, and that its greatest difficulties have, at least for a time, been overcome. The fact that the great neighbor to the south is no longer able to serve as a market to anything like the extent of ten years ago is a handicap, and a dangerous one. Danish prosperity, it is generally admitted, depends largely on an orderly

and prospering Germany. Danish industries have, since the end of the war, suffered much from German competition. Factory owners could not manufacture their products at even a small profit in the face of German imports based on a wage-scale which was but a small fraction of the Danish.

Similar conditions affected the other Scandinavian countries. Finland suffered less economically from the post-bellum depression, partly because its low (depreciated) *valuta* gave it a competitive advantage not unlike that of Germany, while it did not suffer from Germany's present handicaps.

Perhaps Norway has suffered more than other countries of the north, though there also the period of greatest economic misery has been passed. The slump in shipping stocks and the decline in freight rates reacted sharply in this country, partly because speculation had been more rampant and partly because ships and shipping play a larger relative part in the economy of Norway than in any other similar population. Fortunes were made and later lost in Christiania, Bergen, and other seaports, in a way reminiscent of the wildest boom days of the West that was, in the United States.

Sweden has likewise lived through a critical period since the end of the war. Its currency has been maintained practically at par continuously, unlike the Danish and Norwegian, which show considerable depreciation; but this has proved a serious handicap in Sweden in all matters relating to foreign competition. This country has far greater natural resources than Denmark and Norway, and its territory is much larger. And, too, Sweden is far more dependent on its industrial products — lumber and iron products especially — and has great water-power resources. Norway occupies an intermediate position in these respects,

lacking Denmark's agricultural advantages, as well as the more extensive natural and power facilities of Sweden. The present outlook for all of Scandinavia is intimately associated with a settlement of the continental problems as a whole. Unless this comes soon, it seems inevitable that a greater depression than any experienced so far will engulf the northern peoples.

III

Socio-political tendencies in all the northern countries involve the relations of Social Democracy and Communism to 'bourgeois' society; and each of them presents distinctive features in this development.

The Danish Social-Democratic party, which is exceeded in size and influence only by one other party, is strongly opportunistic, and its character is not revolutionary and, indeed, only mildly Marxian. The leadership in labor unions and in the party is held by the same men, or by men whose coöperation in politics and industrial matters is practically perfect. While statements of a typically belligerent sort are to be found in the Socialist press as well as in the more conservative organs, a middle ground is taken by most journalistic agitators. The extreme radicals (Communists) and the extreme conservatives are of small practical import. The middle ground, represented by Denmark's radical daily *Politiken*, is fairly typical; and such radicals find no chasm between themselves and the Socialists, only differences of opinion and of tactics which in practice are not of too great importance. The Socialist daily *Social-Demokraten* stands nearer to its radical contemporaries than it does to the Norwegian paper which until recently had the same name, but which is Communistic. The Danish Socialist party is a party of *petits*

bourgeois, prosperous, fairly satisfied workmen, mechanics, and small shopkeepers, and in general its aims are not obstructive, but reformatory. In this respect it might be compared to the Nonpartisan League movement of the Northwest, but it is less hated and feared than this American movement is—or was. The Socialist, labor-union, and coöperative movements in Denmark are all in a real sense conservative of the existing bases of economic society, but critical and reformatory in details.

Conditions are different in Norway, where the Communist movement has swamped the Socialist party. There are a number of possible explanations of this diverging trend. The industrial evolution of Norway is more recent, and its capitalists and employers have no doubt lacked that suavity of character and temperament which is so characteristic of all Danes. Life is not so easy in Norway, with its harsher climate, its greater distances, its bleaker and grander landscapes. Inconsiderate exploitation seems to have been more common and facile in Norway on the one hand, while effective organization against this has just begun, and largely in consequence of conditions which have been very hard for the ordinary man. This conscious and united rebellion against existing evils was reaching its height when the Russian Communist revolution occurred, and Norway proved to be a field where workmen were eager to listen to proposals from the great eastern empire that had been ruled by the tsars. A number of very capable leaders, some of whom were familiar with capitalistic society in its greatest development, in the United States, happened to be of communist inclinations also, and so a conjunction of circumstances may be said to account in some measure for existing tendencies among the laboring classes.

One of the leaders of communist thought and activity in Norway, Dr. Edvard Bull, is at once a professor at the University and a member of the Storting, and has been a delegate to the *International* at Moscow. Probably the future of communist tendencies in Norway will depend as much on what may develop in the greater European countries, notably in Germany, Russia, and England, as on its own domestic evolution.

The situation in Sweden differs from that of all of its nearest neighbors. In comparison with Denmark, it seems that there is a more real cleavage between labor organizations and the Social-Democratic party. When Hjalmar Branting was Premier of Sweden, he was less hampered by trades-union obligations than was Mr. Stauning in Denmark while a member of a ministry there. A Danish Socialist minister may therefore feel more certain of having labor sentiment behind him than is the case in Sweden, and such a Dane may also, in consequence, feel more firm in his positions and demands. The Communists are relatively stronger and more aggressive in Sweden than in Denmark, but far less of a factor than in Norway. While Sweden, unlike its immediate neighbors, has a Socialist premier, and, like Copenhagen, Stockholm has a Socialist mayor, Sweden may not yet be regarded as a strongly Socialist country. Social-Democrats represent but a minority of the population, and that part is to be found mainly in the growing industrial centres and cities. The opposition here, as in Norway and Denmark, contains the mass of the peasantry, and the business and shipping interests. It seems probable that the Socialist movement will gain steadily on the more capitalistic parties within the next decade.

The Finnish radical movement was

carried away by the impetus of changes in Russia in 1917-1919, and was of a decidedly social-revolutionary character. The end of the civil social war there brought reaction, of course, and with it anti-socializing tendencies. A considerable part of the Socialists of Finland is not revolutionary, and has now renewed its activities along trades-union lines and ordinary progressivism. Though the situation is complicated by too many features to be mentioned here, it seems probable that the Socialist movement in Finland will continue to be influenced by that of its great, and potentially very great, eastern neighbor. The experiences of the conservative elements during the Red Revolution must necessarily continue to be reflected in the temper of their present control of Finland's destinies; and for a time Finland's domestic economy should show a growing resemblance to Sweden's. But speculation here is less safe than in many other instances.

IV

It is perhaps worth while to remark that, either shortly before the war or within recent years, women have attained full political equality with men in all of the Scandinavian countries, including Finland. Political suffrage is probably as free and complete as it can be under democratic governments, such as we find them here; for no republic is more democratic in effect than these countries, though all but Finland are monarchies in form. Women play important rôles in the cultural life of all the northern lands, as, for example, the position of Ellen Key and of Selma Lagerlöf in the world of letters and morals indicates. Women occupy positions as professors and even as diplomats, though their activities as ministers of the Gospel have met with considerable opposition. This is a

matter of lesser importance, however, for Scandinavians are not so religious either in a formal sense or in an emotional sense as Americans, though the Lutheran Church is the established form in all the Scandinavian kingdoms.

Recent years have witnessed a great variety of methods of dealing with the liquor problem. Denmark remains a country in which there is no real restriction; that is, to use the American phrase, it is 'wet.' The war made it necessary to secure added income to meet the growing budgets, and the internal-revenue taxes have been effective in diminishing the consumption of strong drinks. In the case of the most popular strong beverage, *akvavit*, the price for a time, and largely as a result of the fiscal policy, was twenty-five times as high as before the war. The interesting consideration here is, however, the practically undisputed fact that the Danes are a most temperate people, and intoxication is rare — rarer in fact than elsewhere in Scandinavia.

The Swedes have developed what in America is generally known as the Gothenburg system of quasi-state control and monopoly, and to this has now been added a system of 'rationing,' which permits all but habitual or notorious drunkards to obtain a limited amount of spirits every month. Evasions occur, of course; but on the whole there is little laxity, and temperance is apparently increasing, as is the demand for prohibition of all strong drinks.

Finland now has what amounts to practically complete prohibition; but in effect — so it has been said on apparently reliable authority — drunkenness has been greater by far since the complete legal prohibition of liquors than it was before, and of course a very active trade in smuggled spirits has been developed.

Norway adopted a system of incom-

plete prohibition a few years ago, permitting the sales of beers and light wines, including champagne. The results have not been at all ideal, for intoxication has not diminished in the cities, certainly not relatively, and smugglers have done such a flourishing business in the many fjords and inlets along the coast that whiskey has been obtainable in Christiania, where its sale is forbidden, at lower prices than in Copenhagen, where it is permitted. Comparative statistics indicate that in proportion to the size of the cities drunkenness has been greatest in Helsingfors (Finland), with prohibition; somewhat less in Christiania (Norway), with partial prohibition; still less in Stockholm (Sweden), with a rationing system; and least in Copenhagen (Denmark), with its 'wet' system. It would be unfair to draw final conclusions from the above; but the present situation seems unsatisfactory to all except the Danes, who are watching the experiments of their neighbors with no little satisfaction so far.

Aside from questions affecting the liquor traffic and unemployment, the Scandinavian peoples have been mainly concerned, in their legislatures and administrative offices, with problems of finance and taxation since the end of the war. For a time budgets were four or five times greater than in 1913; and even to-day the Danish budget is four times as large as before the war. Direct and indirect taxes have therefore been very burdensome, and loans have been the almost inevitable recourse. The efforts to return to something like the old bases have been painful, and so far only partly successful. Many a plan formulated in the golden days of 1917-1919 has been relegated to the uncertain future.

Recent years have witnessed an increasing interest in sports and ath-

letics throughout all these countries. In Norway especially winter sports arouse now a general interest probably not equaled in any other country. Skiing is, in fact, a national and almost universal sport among the young (though it is not confined to them) in Norway, as anyone may see who happens to be at the Majorstuen electric railway station leading to the Holmenkollen and adjacent mountains near Christiania. It seems almost as if the city were engaged in an exodus *en masse* every Sunday morning.

In all the Scandinavian countries sailing and yachting, in the warmer months, are also very common, though from the nature of the case not so universal. The large speculative and other gains made during the war have apparently given an impetus to yachting, making it possible for many who theretofore could not afford a small boat, to possess one. But with the following hard times many a yacht passed from Scandinavian hands, and found an owner in England.

Swedes are known throughout the world for their excellent and effective gymnastic training, which has no doubt a great deal to do with the development of the fine physical types one finds among them, not least among Swedish women. Though the Danes are now, as they have been, a people of less robust natures than their northern neighbors, and have displayed less interest in sports, athletics, and gymnastics, a great change is in process, a change which began before the war, but which is gathering strength. Football is a general sport, and cycling is nowhere more common than in Denmark, with its gentle landscapes of water, islands, low hills, and woodlands. Within recent years gymnastics have become very popular, and the leader in the development of this healthful tendency, Niels Bukh, has established

a school for the cultivation of all sorts of outdoor and indoor exercises near the charming little city of Svendborg. This institution promises to do much for the Danes, and it is perhaps already the leading one of its kind in the Scandinavian countries.

An institution which has been doing much for Danish culture, and to some extent for culture in Norway and Sweden, is what is known as the *høiskole*. The English translation of the word is high-school, but the word in its translated form is misleading. Such schools are situated as a rule in quite rural environments, and their constituencies are largely composed of young men and women of fairly mature years, from the countryside. The term is one of six months, and the students may or may not be confined to one sex. Lectures are given in history, literature, art, and so forth, and instruction in the more important other 'subjects' relating to ordinary life. There is much singing of Danish and other folk-songs. The teachers are men who are enthusiastically devoted to the cause of culture as such, and Danish culture in particular; and so successful have they been in creating sentiment and interest among wide masses of the people that Danish popular culture is probably of a quality superior to that found in any other country. Of course, these schools are not only the factors involved, but they are perhaps the most important single contributing element of the past generation.

'Literature' in the Scandinavian countries was not unaffected by the war; but the reactions of the war extended to all other peoples also. Passions ran high, and the literary work of an author was too frequently subjected, not to artistic or real tests, but to the question whether he was pro-Ally or pro-German. Some writers who had hitherto devoted themselves to their

art as such, and who had never found it worth while to mingle with the people and to learn their longings and needs, suddenly became fired with the prevalent hysteria in their feelings for the Allies and in their fanatical hatred of, and contempt for, all that was German. The opposite happened, too, but to a comparatively small extent, inasmuch as the British press dominated the world, and laid its deep impress also on Scandinavian newspapers, and so on public war-opinion.

During the war and for a time thereafter, even within artistic and literary circles (excluding journalists, whose position makes them adaptable instruments, as a rule), conditions were such that old friendships were broken, and arrangements of a social nature became difficult problems for hostesses. It would not do to invite N. N. to dinner with P. P., because the one or the other had recently expressed an opinion favorable to one of the belligerents — and especially if that one happened to be Germany. The extensive war-propaganda literature competed with the morning papers in interest; but it went the way of all flesh ultimately, and served as packing paper, or was disposed of as old paper.

Reconciliation and sanity are returning gradually, though even in the Scandinavian neutral countries there are some 'bitter-enders' of hate still. The objectivity of which the war had deprived so many is returning, and the disillusionments of the subsequent peace have been largely instrumental in bringing this to pass. During the war, and for some time after the Armistice and the Peace conferences, anyone, especially in Denmark and Norway, who ventured to point out some failing on the part of the Allies was maligned on all sides, even at times by his nearest friends. Such a questioning attitude was regarded as pestiferous. At least

one publishing house, the largest in the northern lands, Gyldendals, — whose director was the late Peter Nansen, who was decidedly friendly to Germany, — managed to maintain a very fair position. It accepted manuscripts that were friendly to both sides in the contest; but, as Nansen smilingly declared, 'In this way I benefit the German cause indirectly, for I receive thirty manuscripts antagonistic to the Central Powers to one that is friendly.'

Money was made out of everything during the war — old rags, wet canvases of no merit, and rotten sausages exported to needy Germany. Artists, writers, sculptors, artist craftsmen, all became accustomed to comparatively large incomes; but few had the foresight to lay in stores for the seven lean years to come. Even the few who lived modestly, perforce, on their usual incomes were drawn down into poverty in the lean years which soon began.

The following example is typical of many. One of the most distinguished painters of the Scandinavian countries, an elderly widower with several children, lived with his sister in their city apartment. Her little fortune was safely invested and brought dividends regularly. During the war, when necessary expenditure doubled, though the sister's dividends did not, the brother and sister soon found it necessary to draw on their invested capital. Then, with scarcely any warning, they were obliged to vacate their apartment. It was impossible to find another, and they were compelled to build a little cottage of their own, though it was at a time when such undertakings cost about three times what had been the rule. Finally, the sister sold her remaining available property and bought stock in one of the very best banks of the country. The bank failed, and this meant that the last bit of money they possessed

was gone. The cottage was sold at a forced auction, because another bank, crippled by the failure of the first one, held a mortgage on the house and needed the money. The aged artist, who had always been a slow worker, is now — long after the war — in dire straits and is compelled to beg art-dealers to take his canvases for the merest pittance.

What happened to great fortunes in Russia after the Communist Revolution, and to large numbers of the middle class in Germany following the peace, with its depreciated marks and other trials, has happened in large circles of Scandinavians in the natural course of events during these past years, and particularly to artists and intellectuals. The moneyed aristocracy, which in Scandinavia, as in most other parts of the world, was superior to the aristocracy of birth, — and rightly so, — finds itself almost ruined, and superseded by a new, uncertain, and often vulgar set of parvenus. This redistribution of wealth, with all its evils, furnishes a precedent whose reactions may ultimately hasten revolutionary social tendencies.

V

Two names stand out as preëminent among the writers of to-day in Scandinavia, — Knut Hamsun and Sigrid Undset, both Norwegians. Their personalities and styles are diametrically opposed. Hamsun's reputation has increased by leaps and bounds during the last fifteen years, and his is one of the few Scandinavian literary names known in the United States. Sigrid Undset arrived at fame through a monumental work which promises to give her such immortality as a Scandinavian may hope for. This work is an historical novel entitled *Kristin Lavransdatter*, in three large volumes,

written with all of a man's advantages, though the author is a woman. The work describes the love of a man and a woman for one another, and that still greater love of a mother for her children. The humanity of the work is so real and deep, its feeling so genuine, its art so perfected, that it will yet have a circulation rivaling that of Hans Christian Andersen. The work was written during the war and just after its end; its historical bases are admirable and correct; but he who reads it feels himself living at the time described — and a hundred years from to-day readers will still find it so.

The war has had very slight influence on real literature in these countries, fortunately. Present tendencies are rather remote from the earlier *l'art pour l'art*, and this is no doubt due in part to translations of American novels, with their traditions of swift and exciting action. Such translations in cheap editions have been overrunning the Scandinavian book markets, especially since the end of the war. The hurly-burly of the times demands books that are easy reading, books that may be enjoyed at one's meals, on street cars or trains, and between telephone calls. The peculiar texture and composition which this implies — it has nothing in common with art, though it pretends to virtues it does not know — are not native to northern peoples. Scandinavian temperament is more vague, speculative, veiled; it loves that which is not said, but which is nevertheless understood; it favors large perspectives. Efforts are now being made by a few to imitate and profit by the style of the imported novel.

Little Iceland has entered the modern literary tournament, arriving with music and a fanfare of trumpets. Iceland is a country of strong, violent action. The traditions of the sagas

run in the blood of its people. The Icelander's insistent force and daring courage, in combination with mystical currents in his nature, promise much in a literary and artistic sense. We who are now at life's zenith may yet, before the shadows lengthen, live to see the literature of Iceland surpass that of Norway in the days of Ibsen and Björnson.

The stage has produced nothing of epoch-making importance in these countries within recent years. Comedies have never been strong points, theatrically speaking, with them; but it is the comedy which attracts the crowd, and dramatists and playwrights have therefore endeavored to meet the demand. If Ibsen had written his tragedies to-day instead of twenty or forty years ago, they would not have proved so effectively interesting. People do not care to witness such plays as *Ghosts* to-day; they are too 'morbid,' even in Scandinavia, to compete successfully with light comedy.

Sweden is the land of great dramatists. The sombre nature, the tremendous landscapes, the great lakes, forests, mountains, supply the scenery of tragedy and make its artistic rendition almost a matter of course. Norway, with its long deep fjords and mountain walls, its narrow valleys, the parsimony of much of its soil, is the natural home of dreams and longings, wonderings concerning what may be beyond — beyond the seas, the valleys, the fjelds. Denmark is the land of light-hearted serenity; one wonders there that its art is so serious while its character is so care-free.

The oldest son of Björnsterne Björnson, — Björn Björnson, — a remarkable combination of poet, musician, actor, and *régisseur*, has just returned to Norway, after spending a number of years in Munich, to become the director of the National Theatre of Nor-

way in Christiania. This theatre undoubtedly has the best troupe of actors in the Scandinavian countries. His recent production of *Thora Parsberg* was a real triumph, which is a good omen for the future of the theatre. He and the late Herman Bang have been for years without peers in their technique and manner of putting plays on the stage, and they both possess a capacity for suggestion which has caused actors to render what often might seem impossible or incredible.

In Fru Dybwad, Norway has the completely modern woman on the stage; her acting, with its tremendous nervous force and realistic qualities, the soulfulness of her voice, and her physical presence, are those of a great and true artist. She is possibly the greatest actor on the Scandinavian stage, and has often been classed with Bernhardt and Duse.

In Bodil Moltke Ipsen, Denmark has an actress who contrasts sharply with Dybwad. The play sometimes seems unimportant in her hands, while her rôle is all. Her naturalness — which may or may not be combined with art — makes her words seem so spontaneous that one believes for the moment that they are the actual creation of the moment. She cares very little for style or tradition. She *is* Maria Stuart as she *is* any modern woman. Her costumes vary, her figure remains the same — and her triumph is certain.

Another great actress is Betty Nansen, who has her own exquisite theatre in Copenhagen. She has, incidentally, demonstrated a woman's ability to manage and direct a theatre as well as to act therein. The most perfect comedy that Scandinavia has known for years has been presented at her theatre in plays by Strindberg and Björnson, she and Fjelstrup taking the leading parts. This man, who a score of years

before had exhibited great talent as a comedian and player of character parts, fell into obscurity for a number of years, but suddenly reappeared on Betty Nansen's stage and created a furor of enthusiasm. He died two years after he had thus become the talk of Copenhagen again.

In conclusion, it may be worth while to call attention to a new tendency which is developing in a literary way, and which will no doubt be reflected on the stage later. This has to do with the occult or supernatural; but so far no book of first importance has been written in Scandinavia representative of this mystical religious school. A not very well-known actor, playwright, and instructor, Anker Larsen, who recently won the Gyldendal literary prize with his book entitled *The Rock of Wisdom*, discusses religious problems in the sense suggested, and his work is the best of its kind so far published. The best feature of his book is not its tendency, however, but its human and poetical qualities.

Ellen Key is now an old woman, whose name is gradually becoming obscure in this part of the world. Her books, with their fine humanity and pure and humane morality, have accomplished their purpose here. Selma Lagerlöf's work is also of the past, though her fame remains, in great measure. Georg Brandes — in spite of his eighty years — remains productive and is the acknowledged spiritual leader of Scandinavia. His sense of justice and broad objectivity caused him during the war — as also since the peace — to speak out the truth to all sides, so that he has enemies in all lands. Brandes may be known not only by his friends but by his enemies — and he may well be proud of both. As the shadows close about him he may close his eyes, serenely confident of the future and its judgments.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY FISHIEST STORY¹

WE came to Elbow Lake while the sun was still in sight above the silent pine and cypress groves that hemmed us in. We pitched our tent on the sandy shore about midway of the nearer arm. For the lake called Elbow is a crude drawing of the arm bent at the joint whose name is so commonly used by pipe-fitters, architects, makers of furniture, and navigators of inland waters. Elbow Lake is, or was, not a true carpenter's square; it was rather a giant enlargement of the Australian Pigmy's boomerang, some two or three miles around, set down in a sandy basin, more than thirty miles from nowhere.

For three days we fished. We did it with a seine six feet in height and sixty in length. Clad in pure Nature's garb, we fished. Those of us who were the best swimmers took the pole at one end of the seine, and carried it out through the deep water in a great circle, and brought it back to the pole at the other end, where it had been held in water three or four feet deep.

We rolled the seine evenly on the two poles held close together. The fun began when we had brought it in to make a circle five feet in diameter. Sometimes nothing happened; which, from the standpoint of a true philosophy, is also a part of fun, since fun is dependent so largely on the occurrence of the unexpected. But, at other times—things began to happen.

O Man, of fifty-odd, can you not still feel those thrills? A splashing would begin near the centre of the netted circle of quiet water. The net would

stretch and widen at the side. Perhaps another splash would come at the other side. A sensitive naked shin might receive the sudden impact of a cartilaginous nose, backed by some sixty pounds of fish-flesh in rapid motion. Nursing my own black-and-blue spots, I always felt sorry for the ichthyic cause of each; for I opine that it is not the custom of either the *Ichталurus* or the *Polydon Spathula* to incur sudden collision with anything more solid than the ooze of favorite feeding banks.

The ultimate thrill came to the young man who squeezed his bare body between the end-poles of the seine and, with groping hands, located the fishy prey in the agitated water. Sweeping passes below the surface would be rewarded by the touch of something solid, something smooth. Reaching arms would feel and find their way around the slippery body of a shiny 'channel-cat,' or the still more smoothly coated 'spoonbill,' which has an extremely elongated nose and is most delightfully free of the sharp-pointed barbs with which Mother Nature says, 'Noli me tangere,' for the whole family of catfish.

The *Ichталurus*, or channel-cat, is a well-rounded, smooth-skinned, and sufficiently good-looking fish. Its heavy-boned skeleton is well padded with firm, white flesh, which cuts into rounded steaks that broil to a delicious, 'chewy' brown over the red coals of pine or cyprus in a hollow of the sand. Giants of his kind are found in the quiet back-waters of the Mississippi River. You may see his captors carrying a magnificent specimen, a pole from shoulder to shoulder through his

¹ This is a true tale, the title notwithstanding.

gills, while the tail drags on the ground between them. Such a six-foot cat will weigh over one hundred and twenty pounds. At Elbow Lake, our channel-cat averaged sixty pounds and were from four to five feet in length.

But the 'spoonbill cat' is the hero of my tale. He is as smooth and *svelte* as the under-side of a flounder moulded into a stream-line harmony that is reminiscent of the latest dirigible. His true name is Polydon Spathula, and I have yet to find a self-respecting ichthyologist who did not chide me for calling him a 'cat,' even though I always preface it with 'spoonbill.' It is the spoon that makes him a delightful companion for a swim. That spoon 'bill' is a thick cartilaginous protuberance, some ten inches long, into which the shapely shoulders die away in graceful speed-lines. It is over two inches wide near the end, but narrower near the nose. It is just the shape of a spoon-handle and gives an easy and unbreakable hold. This, I am sure, points a Texas origin for the phrase, 'to lead one around by the nose.'

It was on the last afternoon of our fishing that my chance came, and with it the performance of a 'stunt,' inconsequential enough in itself and of no particular difficulty, that has afforded recurrent and thrilling memories of careless youth, men with hard faces and soft hearts, sun-glinting water, the taste of delicious food, — poorly cooked, but, oh, so sweet to outdoor hunger, — the smell of pines and — my one true fish-story.

We had fished well around and past the 'elbow' of Elbow Lake. We were a good half-mile from our camp, by land, but only a little over a quarter of a mile diagonally across the water. I had just recently made the trip around the elbow with a channel-cat. Its many hazards were of recent experience and sore in memory. Of course it is sport,

but a sixty-pound fish weighs heavily after strolling half a mile. Add to that the fact that prickly pear was plentiful, and that pine-roots have a way of turning up sharpened knurls just below the velvet of pine needles that form a carpet for bare feet; that tarantulas are common, and that a diamond-backed 'rattler' will sometimes start 'purring' close at hand, while your burden is still very much alive and gives violent evidence of the fact at very unexpected intervals. The violence of that sixty pounds of catfish is disconcerting when you are carefully balanced on one foot with the other descending uncertainly between two clumps of prickly pear. I had only recently made the round trip by land when the boss sawyer, *ex-officio* boss of the seine, spoke to me.

'Captain,' he said, 'it is your turn next.' He was a wily boss sawyer, that man. All day he had been calling me 'Hombre' and other names devoid of honor.

Unable to resist the soft blandishment of the title, I squeezed between the upright seine poles and began making passes with submerged arms through the opaque water. My hands came in contact with a round fish body. Its owner, startled by the touch, gave a mighty kick with powerful caudal fins. He slipped through and away. I let him slip. I too was wily. I had felt the prick of a shoulder barb. It was a channel-cat. Not for me, the portorage of another of his kind, over that rough half-mile of scrub and prickly pear.

There had been four splashes in the narrowing circle of the seine. I had hopes of a better choice. Soon my hands came into contact with another piscine form. Encouraged, I pushed and held it firmly by leg-pressure against the meshes of the seine. My hands passed up and over a velvet skin, scaleless and smooth, to barbless shoulder, and down the graceful stream-

lines of head and nose to the hard protuberant 'spoon.' Nose under water, with a bubbling sound that meant *Eureka*, I seized the tough and cartilaginous 'bill' with more joy than I now have in the grasp of a squash racket for the next fierce rally.

'I've got him!' I yelled, and brought his nose to sight.

'A spoonbill,' yelled the gang, and let me out.

Squeezing between the seine-poles, I stood in three feet of water and gave thought. Up the bank beside me was a rough scramble through roots and creepers, to more roughness at the top. Then a long hike must follow before sixty pounds of burden could be dropped in camp.

Lakeward, the prospect was enticing. Our tent stood attractively among the trees, less than half a mile distant by the water route. The decision was instantaneous. Once taken, it has lingered in fond memory with warmth, like that of the successful high dive before a crowd of more timid friends, or like that of the neat and polite rejoinder at a banquet, to the discomfiture of a temperamentally covert antagonist.

'So long, fellows,' I called; 'me for the camp'; and pushed out into the quiet water with my spoonbill in tow.

At this point, in my younger days, I was wont to 'embroider' somewhat, telling how sociably my companion and I made the swim together, how willingly he lent a hand, or tail, to the acceleration of our progress, how we talked it over — all that. Now I see that such treatment was inartistic, crass, juvenile. In this narrative I amend the fault.

With apologies to many groups of interested auditors, some of whom unkindly referred to me as Apollo's favorite instrument, I honestly aver that nothing happened. The reason is simple. My interpretation of it is, I am convinced, based on flawless logic and

an accurate estimate of tri-dimensional navigo-dynamics. It is briefly this. A fish is built, organized, and intended to swim forward and not backward. The action of caudal fins is propulsive. The slightest pointing of the front end of a fish is enough to change his direction to suit the pointer. Thus, with a firm handful of spoon-shaped bill, the slightest pressure on the horizontal or vertical plane was sufficient. The fish could do nothing but give his aid for the remaining direction, which was forward. That is why nothing happened. For, honestly, nothing happened.

Yet memory tells a different tale. It tells of a laughing crowd in the shallow water, good-natured, jeering, and well-wishing, with an apprehensive warning from one or two. It tells of smooth and smiling water, stretching away to the green of pine woods below the translucent blue of a cloudless sky. It recalls the sensation, nearest of all my pictured concepts to the dream of Eternity, of fatigueless immersion, with just enough of motion, in a medium well-nigh ethereal, supportless yet completely supporting at every point of every surface; a something to carry along that was not a burden; a rounded graceful body that just fitted within the circle of the arm when one stopped stroking and paddled lazily with feet alone; a body that was just as warm as the water but cool to the touch, sleek and smooth, like a baby's skin; an object toward which to point, and the approach to which was leisurely and constant; a gray tent, picturesquely pitched on the bank among the pines.

So our swim was ended and, sorry as I now am to say it, I dragged my luckless captive up the bank and dumped him among the sixteen hundredweight of fish that, to-morrow, would fill one of the wagons and compel us to take turns in walking the thirty miles home.

Big John, as cook, was 'mindin' camp.' He watched me come ashore. I had often been called captain, and once, major, when making a hair's-breadth catch of a swiftly moving train. Big John made no comment until I deposited my wriggling catch among his now quiet mates. Then he spoke.

'You sure have got your nerve with you — colonel,' he said.

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

I KNOW that I stand on debatable ground, on a crumbling wall with disintegrating foundations, when I mention the Garden of Eden.

Mr. Wells, with his drop of ooze, and terrific struggle through centuries of slime and muck up to the first slippery uncertain foothold of man, does not appeal to me. I prefer the short cut of the Hand of the Lord (I say it reverently), who recognized in the Beginning the need of the beauty and comfort of a garden for the soul of man.

The garden in which as a child I lived and moved and had my being was to me the veritable Garden of Eden. I was glad the angel with the flaming sword was removed from our front gate. I had a lurking fear of the serpent in certain shady spots, and I regretted the absence of Adam and Eve, but I hoped that the Lord would come again to walk in his Garden in the cool of the day. And then one day I knew better. Alas for the day when we know better!

I am writing no article of garden lore or instruction. He who runs — or walks for that matter — may read directions and instructions for formal and informal gardens. I aim only to tell a little about some gardens in an old New England village, remote from the highway, where the sweet smell of our posies is not mingled with gasoline.

Our Home Town occupies a place on the map, but we call it among our-

selves *Ville des Fleurs*. We are bounded on the North by seed-catalogues, on the South by fertilizers, on the East by garden magazines, and on the West by an unsurpassed glow of love of gardens. We do not talk about the weather in our town — we talk about the gardens; and every woman in town is a member of the Flower Club. She who has the first snowdrop in the spring telephones the glad news and gives a Tea Party. Twice a year, in May and October, armed with trowel and pail, doughnuts and coffee, we go forth in search of plants for our wild gardens.

One of us has a rich relative whose garden is one of the show places of America, and who sends to her country cousin plants of the choicest and rarest peonies in the world. They are planted in a large semi-circle eight feet across, and when they are in bloom there cannot be many so beautiful sights in the country. Their owner gives a luncheon each year, and as we sit at little tables within the circle and around the outer edge, enjoying our hostess's strawberries, our souls are filled with delight over the wonderful flowers. More than one of our club meetings has been devoted to the history and culture of the peony. Each of us gives a party of some kind at the height of the bloom of our particular pet flower, — for we are individualists in our gardens, — and we take turns in decorating the pulpit on Sunday. One of us cut two hundred and fifty canterbury bells for a recent Sunday, and they were not missed from the garden. Every Sunday afternoon someone carries the flowers of the day to a hospital in a neighboring town.

We specialize in flowers; 'His own is beautiful to each.' One of our gardens is all blue and yellow. Do you know it? The lovely blue scilla in the early spring, with yellow tulips, forget-me-nots and pale yellow polyanthus, blue and yellow lupin, anchusa, and yellow

chinese primrose, larkspur and yellow lilies, cornflowers and marigolds, yellow daisies and blue asters.

The French lady who spends her summers with us has a pink garden. Nothing but pink: pink tulips, lupine, peonies, sweet-william, mallow, rosy morn, Elizabeth Campbell phlox, and hollyhocks. Our youngest gardener grows nasturtiums. Not yet has she learned the joy of digging, and she claims that her flowers can safely be left to themselves. The whole place is a wild riot of reds, yellows, and orange.

There is a white garden in our town. It is a memorial, and for the one who tends it, the spirits of little children play among the lilies.

In the winter we study and read and tend our window gardens and plan for the coming summer. Not many of us can leave the cold of New England but we live in spirit in a land of perpetual summer, and sympathy is wanting for those who lament the winter.

Is there no serpent in our Garden of Eden? There are days when he and a long trail of descendants race triumphant through our gardens. There are days when mosquitoes bite, when cutworms cut, when borers bore, and all flesh is as grass; nevertheless there is a remedy in tabloid form for each invader.

I own a little book — it bears the date of 1843 — and it has a quaint dedication: —

Flowers — they bloom by the lowliest cot —
May they gladden and brighten and bless your
lot!

A PLEA FOR THE SHORT-LEGGED

To all and sundry who have the placing of telephones, looking-glasses, hooks, washbasins, and so forth, on trains, steamships, in hotels, and so on: —

My height, five feet one and one-half inches, exceeds that which tradition ascribes to Napoleon the Great — the Little Corporal — by one and a half inches. Height, the anatomists tell us, depends chiefly on the length of the legs — hence my title.

When I shave, or wish to adjust my necktie, I usually find that I can see only as far down as my mouth; my chin and neck in the one case and my chest in the other are invisible because the mirrors are set too high.

I can rarely reach a telephone mouth-piece fixed on a wall even by standing on tiptoe. Usually I have to shout into the receiver from a distance of four to six inches. As for a prolonged conversation, it is impossible to stand a-tiptoe for more than a minute.

As for hooks, it is impossible to hook — and especially to unhook — an overcoat or other garment, even by an extreme uplifting of my arm aided by tiptoeing.

Washbasins are placed so high that it is difficult or impossible to get a double handful of water to wash my face with.

I am heartily in favor of uplifting the community, but I fain would downlift, too, — if I may coin a word not recognized by Webster, the Century, or even the N. E. D. — such mirrors, basins, hooks, and telephones. *

We, the short-legged, develop upward at the expense of our nether extremities. Our heads are as good as those of the long-legged; we even think some are better.

Combining the adult short-legged and adolescents who later will attain long-leggedness, we are many and, as becomes our lack of height, we humbly crave the relief which can so easily be given to us.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Dhan Gopal Mukerji is a Hindu of Brahman parentage. At fourteen, he was consecrated to the priesthood, served in the hereditary temple, renounced the world and entered upon two years of beggary. The pilgrimage over, he returned to his priestly duties but, when he was sixteen, 'distance summoned him' and he left the temple for the hills. Study at the University of Calcutta only induced greater restlessness. A traveling scholarship took him to Japan. There Mr. Mukerji broke the ties of his country, his past, and his caste, and sailed for San Francisco. While 'working his way' at the University of California, he fell in with some young I. W. W.'s and with them toiled in the California fields. After securing his degree, this apostle from the East set forth to deliver his message to the West. Then, after a decade came a spiritual summons to return to India. Mr. Mukerji's reunion with his brother, his appreciation of modern India, and his devotion to the Holy Man, his instructor—these are to constitute a unique serial for the *Atlantic*. Seldom has there been written so interpretive a study of India. **Isabel Cooper** was staff artist under Mr. Beebe in the tropical reserve station in British Guiana where she devoted herself to the exquisite work of 'reproducing the perishable appearances of wild creatures.'

In the February *Atlantic* some acute generalizations on women and public affairs provoked a discussion that is still being heard. **George Madden Martin's** present assertion that American women are using their franchise to endow Uncle Sam with a father's privilege will, we believe, offer new material for debate. **Clarence Edward Andrews**, for the pleasure of June voyagers and others, has told a delightful story of a gay but little-known Paris. ¶With striking analogies and fresh words, **Willard L. Sperry**, Dean of the Theological School in Harvard, has ad-

ressed himself to a thumb-worn but essential argument. **Florence Converse**, poet, novelist, and a member of the *Atlantic* staff, contributes to this number verse which possesses at once a classical restraint and a modern agility. **Seal Thompson**, assistant-professor in the department of biblical studies at Wellesley, is a member of the Society of Friends. It will be remembered that this year marks the tercentennial anniversary of that gentle fellowship. **Ernest Weekley**, whose *Etymological Dictionary* is a rare compound of independence and common sense, has written an historical account of the ways of words and their shepherds. ¶With 'Mrs. Nardo,' **Florence J. Clark** concludes her series of individual and dimly familiar character studies. For twelve years Miss Clark has been a worker at the Henry Street Settlement of New York City.

It is with a feeling of loss which will be shared by many readers that we publish the last **Charles Boardman Hawes** story. Mr. Hawes died last July. His final book, *The Dark Frigate*, appeared posthumously in October and at the same time an announcement was made by the *Atlantic Monthly Press* of 'The Charles Boardman Hawes Prize of two thousand dollars for the best manuscript of an adventure story of the same general character and excellence as the tales contributed to American literature by the late Charles Boardman Hawes.' ¶In our letter of acceptance, we requested **Valeska Bari** to tell us something about her earlier work. Her deft reply we quote in part:—

I am afraid that your lack of familiarity with my work does not distinguish you from the rest of mankind. Even my devoted family have never acquainted themselves with my masterpieces on laundries, canneries, newsboys, and other grubby subjects. I have written purposeful things for the State of California and the Government of the

United States. . . . I went to Porto Rico for the Federal Children's Bureau and remained about a year and a half. I wrote a report on the island which contains more facts but probably less truth than the sketch I sent you. . . . I myself fall into the Census classification of 'native-born of foreign-born parentage' and I know what assimilation means.

William Whitman 3rd is a young Harvard poet who makes his first appearance in our pages. ¶It is with gratification that the *Atlantic* publishes **President Eliot's** memorial to ex-President Wilson, an essay portraying those two men who have lent largeness and dignity to our time.

* * *

Charles Seymour, professor of History at Yale, and curator of the University collection of documents dealing with the World War, continues his discussion of Wilsonian diplomacy. ¶Recently returned from his fatherland, **Kuno Francke**, a professor at Harvard, has written with a definite optimism what he calls 'an intellectual estimate' of contemporary Germans. **Charles E. Stangeland** is a political economist who was for some time in the United States diplomatic service. Of late years he has been living in Denmark, where, in collaboration with his wife, **Karin Michaëlis**, a famous Danish author, he has prepared this paper on the Scandinavian countries.

* * *

All letters intended for the Contributors' Column must be short. Two hundred and fifty words is a reasonable limit and briefer communications are much to be desired.

* * *

This genuine criticism may poll a liberal feminine sympathy, now that the home has sometimes become as political as the country store.

NEWTONVILLE, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Is it too late to venture a few remarks in defense of the American woman and her interest in public affairs?

In the first place the average American woman was quite indifferent as to whether or not she should be given the ballot. There were many ad-

vantages connected with it and many disadvantages: we average women felt that if we had the vote we ought to do our best to use it intelligently and that a really thorough grasp of politics and government, such as we ought to have in order to vote wisely, would require more study and time than we could give it.

However, now we have the ballot and what can we do with it? We look about us for a good starting point and what do we find? Remember we are women, with feminine minds and a feminine way of going at our work. By its very nature, our work must be done in a most methodical way. We must put down eggs when they are cheapest, can fruit when it is ripe, clean house spring and fall. We would go at politics in the same way: the feminine mind hates procrastination where work is concerned.

We read with joy the speech of President Coolidge. We agreed with his recommendations and a Congress of women would have lost no time in getting to work on them. When four months have passed without accomplishing anything we are irritated and impatient, particularly as that time has been filled with a disgusting display of childish squabbling.

A Congress of women would never have put over so foolish an act as the Prohibition Amendment knowing from their experience with children that there is no surer way to make a child (or a man) determined to do anything than to forbid him to do it. There are other ways.

If the men in Congress were to act in such a way as to merit the respect and confidence of women, the interest of women in politics would increase. As candidates they promise well but when they get to Washington something seems to happen to them: they don't accomplish what we sent them there to do. We get tired of waiting for them to do something besides talk and at last we lose all interest in them and their doings. . . .

Does n't some of the fault lie with the men?

E. L. A.

* * *

They tell us that it is dangerous to argue with a Virginia lawyer. We won't.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Apropos of Mr. Harvey Wickham's letter in regard to cats, I must take issue with his statement that the cat occupies a greater place in literature than does the dog. If I were a betting man, I would wager a ten dollar Confederate note against a million marks — value a year ago — that the dog occupies a much greater place in literature than the cat, and that, for every time a cat is mentioned in literature, the dog is mentioned from five to ten times.

Does Mr. Wickham know that the cat is never mentioned a single time in the Bible, whilst the dog is mentioned repeatedly? In Shakespeare, the cat is mentioned forty-three times — the dog one hundred and seventy-five times.

It is true that in French literature the cat does occupy a prominent position, but in English literature, the feline is seldom mentioned in comparison with the dog.

R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

* * *

Ever since February, when 'M. E. B.' began her discussion of 'Death as a Dream Experience,' the Editor of the Column has been moving in a maze of dreams. This month two more extraordinary scenes have been included, but, after them, must fall the final curtain.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

If it is not too late for the subject I should like to join the Contributors' Column by relating a dream I once had.

I had not been very well, was sleepless, nervous, and irritable. A friend mixing a dose of bromide, a drug with which I was not familiar, persuaded me after my husband had gone to his office, to lie down and take it. My ignorance of the medicine caused me apprehension. What if I died? Naturally my husband might believe I had committed suicide. In the midst of these thoughts I fell asleep. Suddenly I thought I was dead, and found myself in a very large room filled with people wandering aimlessly around. I realized I had slipped off this mortal coil. I had no sensations of the 'passing,' except that just before, a shrill whining sound, like a strong wind shrieking through the shrouds of a vessel, rushed violently through my head.

Suddenly a thought came to me, and going up to a man with a cap on his head, and who seemed to be prominent, I asked 'Is there any way I can go back?' 'No,' he answered. 'I want to speak to my husband,' I went on, 'just for a moment and I want him to see me and hear an explanation I should make.' The man shook his head negatively. 'Just for a moment,' I pleaded. 'Well,' he said, 'go over in that corner and look.'

I did so and found a staircase, but so high up it was entirely out of my reach. Returning, disappointed, I asked, 'Does no one ever go back?' 'Whenever any one goes back,' he replied, 'the lights on the Fountain go out.' For some reason I took it that the 'Fountain' was in the presence of God, and inquired: 'Have you ever seen the Fountain?' 'No,' he responded dejectedly. I was horrified. 'How long have you been here?'

I questioned. 'Ten years!' 'Oh,' I cried aghast, and, throwing myself on the floor said, 'On earth we spend our time in idleness and crime.' 'Yes,' said a voice, 'if we only thought of that before it was too late.'

I was the most surprised person in the world when at this moment I awoke. I could not believe I was alive.

I was spent and exhausted, and it took me more than the day to recover. Why? Had I really made the journey there and back, which accounted for my prostration?

A MERE WOMAN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I dreamed that I was dying. I was in bed, lying on my right side. I was breathing slowly, more and more slowly, and I knew that as the time between breaths increased the moment was near when breathing would cease altogether. I was perfectly comfortable and as I thought of the difference between the real process of dying and my fears I wished I might tell the world. Finally I drew the last breath and was out of the body, hovering over and looking down at it. I noticed the hair, lying on the pillow, and thought it did not look like mine — there was more of it, it was straighter, and streaked with gray as mine was not. The face was in shadow and not noticed in the brief moment I was there. Then I woke, in my own bed.

The dream was so extraordinary that I woke my husband and told it to him. While I was talking the clock struck two. Early in the morning we were wakened by our telephone ringing. My husband answered it. As he came back into the room he said 'Dear Mrs. G — has gone'; adding, 'She went between one and two o'clock.'

Mrs. G — was a very close friend of ours. We knew she was ill but did not think it serious and were greatly shocked. After my first expression of grief I exclaimed, 'It was her hair that I saw in my dream!'

L. W. M.

* * *

In response to the many letters which we have forwarded to the Victim of the American Malady, she has written us: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I just once and very briefly thank you for all your courtesies to me? It has been helpful to me to see the comments on my Atlantic articles. The consensus of opinions expressed in them suggests that I don't go far enough with my theme. But am I not right in regarding the *Atlantic* as something other than a handbook containing rules and formulæ for conduct? Is it not rather more like the Prince's kiss which can start the

Sleeping Beauty and all her household into action without being called upon to stay and boss the job?

I meant to make certain sleepy ones think, but far be it from me to dare to direct their thinking!

THE VICTIM.

And of the various cures which have been offered to the Victim, this would appear to be the simplest:—

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

After reading 'A Very Personal Experience' in the April *Atlantic*, I find myself hot with indignation at the young wife who could be so stupid as not to have seized her opportunity to make both her husband and herself happy companions by entering into the games of golf which the article says were 'good for him.' The golf would have been equally good for her and built her up mentally and physically to a point where she would not have developed into a morbid, egotistical woman. Oh, the fun of those hours in the evening of talking over together the games of the day—whether played with her husband or some other companion. She, too, could have napped.

On winter evenings the hard-working husband would not have been sleeping but enthusiastically keeping in form by entering into the putting contests played on the living-room rug.

As for women friends, a golfer is never lacking, for there is no game more sociable. Every tiny New England town has its women golfers and they are likely to be worth knowing.

Nothing is so pitiful—so stupid as the golf widow! Her laziness causes many such ungenial marriages as illustrated. The added expense of the woman's game is very little and made up to the American husband by the absence of the doctor's bills.

MARJORIE ROSSETTER.

* * *

The proud 'right of Englishry' may not be withheld.

HUBBARD WOODS, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I was surprised to read in Mr. Masterman's article in your April issue, the statement, 'for—so far as I can remember—Mr. Asquith is the only Prime Minister of any party who had any claim to be an Englishman, for the last eighty years.'

If Mr. Masterman means by an Englishman an undiluted Englishman, or at least one whose parents were *both* English, the field is certainly narrowed, though if we deny England credit for a prime minister because one of his parents was

Scotch, or Welsh, or Irish, likewise we should deny Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, credit. It is not fair to complain that the Celts are ruling the English (if anyone can tell what the Celts are) if the prime ministers and ministers designated as Celts turn out to be at least half English. Mr. Balfour is generally called a Scot, but his mother was a Cecil, English of the English. Rosebery is called a Scot but his mother was English, a daughter of Earl Stanhope. But if the difference is to be made, Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman would be ranked as Scotch. Lloyd George would be ranked as Welsh. Bonar Law though born in New Brunswick would be credited to Scotland, as would Lord Aberdeen and Ramsay MacDonald. Palmerston was descended from the Irish branch of the English family of Temples. Baldwin's father was English, and his mother was Scotch. Let us call Palmerston and Baldwin 'mixed,' along with Rosebery and Balfour.

But Peel, who was prime minister from 1844 to 1846, two years within Mr. Masterman's eighty, was clearly English; so was Lord Derby, so was Lord John Russell, and so was Lord Salisbury. Adding Asquith whom Mr. Masterman admits to be English, we have five prime ministers in eighty years who were, if we go back to parents only, purely English, five who were Scotch, one Disraeli a Jew, and one Lloyd George who was Welsh. Four were of 'mixed' English and Scotch blood. In character and ability and numbers, the English seem to hold their own. I am curious to know why Mr. Masterman denies the right of 'Englishry' to these four premiers.

* * *

The friendship of lonely people is what the *Atlantic* most covets.

YSLETA, TEXAS.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Back in Arizona, where I lived, fifteen miles from the nearest town, a forest ranger stopped to rest his horse. He saw the *Atlantic*, and fell upon it as one starved. Did I read it? I did. Did I have any other copies? I had. Would I lend them? I would. And, three months afterward, he returned the magazines. They fed his soul—as, indeed, they have mine. If you ever realized the utter desolation of a ranger's life you would know how great a thing reading means to him. I have talked with these rangers, just off their reserve, on leave, on the way to town. Perhaps they had seen no one for weeks, and news was asked at once. And papers and magazines would be scanned to repletion.

I think I owe the editor and the publishers this tribute.

EDWIN B. HILL.

